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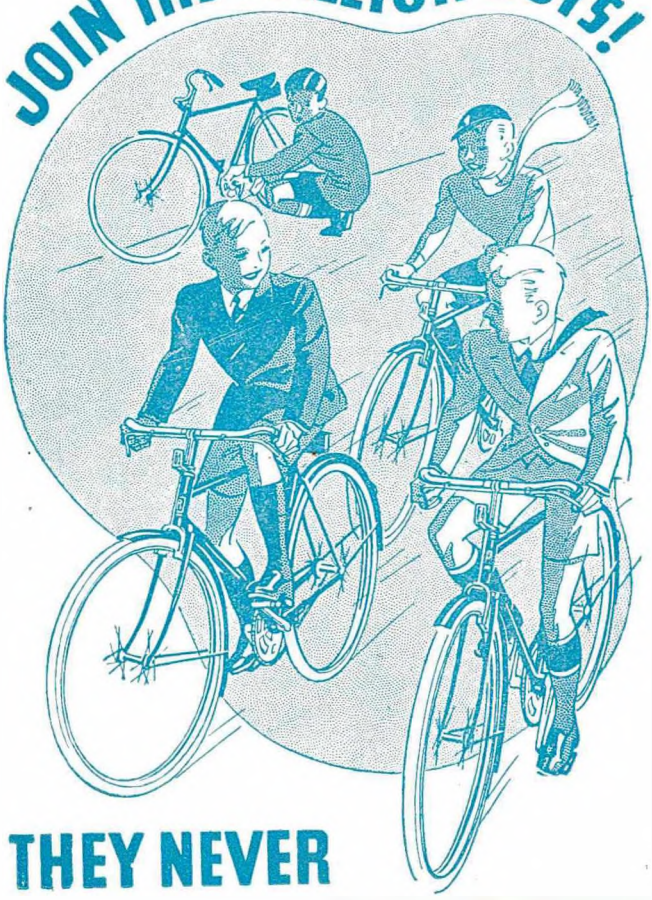

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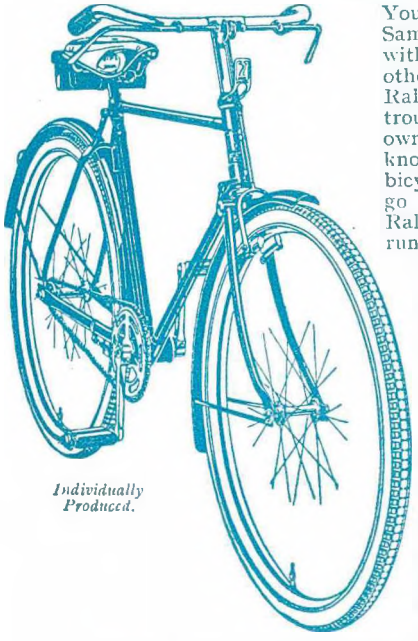

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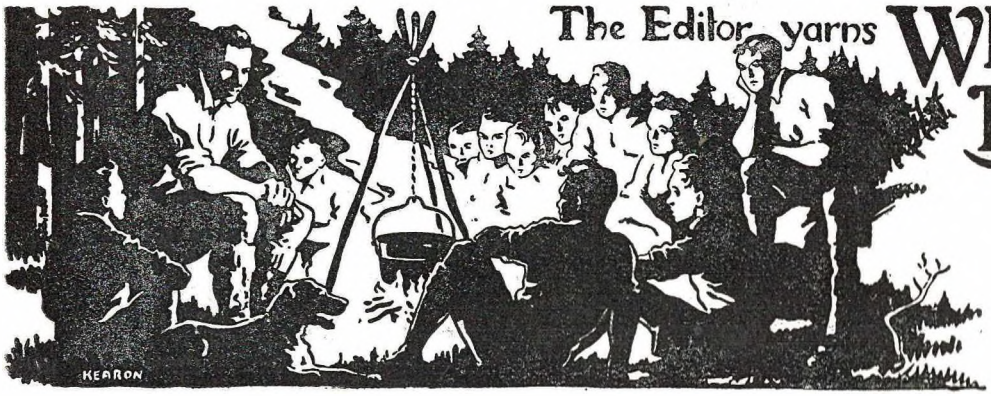
This month

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli

(" Whatever boys do [makes up] the mixture of our little book.")

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :—

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*All manuscripts must be sent to 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. Contributions are not returned unless stamps are sent to cover postage. Payment for published manuscripts is made quarterly after publication, and, unless otherwise specified, the receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the United Society of Christian Literature. The* Boy's Own Paper *is published on the 25th of each month. The annual subscription (including postage to any of the countries within the Postal Union) is 8s. 6d. (Canada and Newfoundland, 7s. 6d.)*



The Editor yarns WHILE THE DIXIE BOILS

4, *Bouverie Street, London, E.C.*4.

' Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight ?
Who hath heard the birch-log burning ?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night ? "

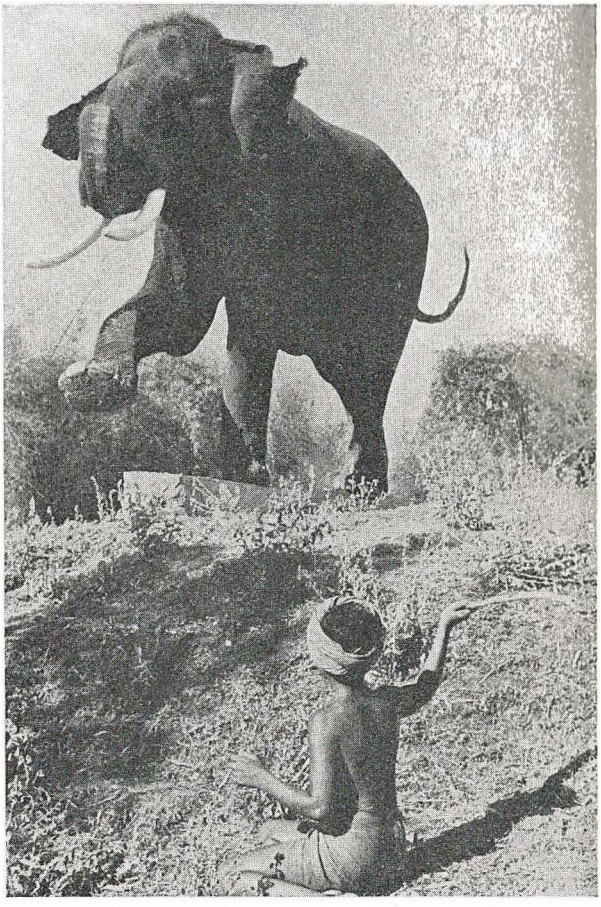
WE who camp in Great Britain and Ireland know the magic of night in the open air, and our ears become so attuned to the various noises that we soon learn to interpret them instinctively. As we sit by the camp-fire, or lie blanket-wrapped under the canvas, we hear a fire-branch fall into the embers ; a whistle and a distant rumbling—the mail train, or the chugging " goods " ; the *cre-cre-cre-creee !* of a frightened, sleep-disturbed bird, instantly followed by the warning yap of a farm dog ; a snapping twig announcing footsteps that sound much like an intruder, but which turn out to be the keeper on his way home. Suddenly a lot of wind is heard amongst the trees of the wood. It comes nearer, rustling the fern fronds outside the tent, an empty bucket blows over with a demoniac clang, and now we *feel* the wind as it shakes the tent, banging our belt-buckles against the pole. Then it is gone, as quickly as it came, and we hear the *koot-koo* of the owl again.

I remember one night we heard an ominous and persistent thump, thump, thumping, which, at that witching hour, set our imaginations conjuring up all kinds of alarming things. Thump, thump . . . silence ; thump, thump (nearer, this time) . . . another silence ; THUMP, THUMP . . . so near now that fifty per cent wind-up and fifty per cent curiosity compelled us to poke our heads under the tent-flap, just to see what kind of dragon the nightmare night had brought us. There it was, a jet-black shape silhouetted against the star-pricked sky. Its hind leg moved, and stabbed against the fence-post, till the bark of that post peeled in the starlight.

" Gerr oot there ! " somebody growled ; and the cart-horse galloped away with a sound like charging cavalry.

* * * * *

Kingdom of the Wild. Now if that hoss had been an elephant, I don't think we should have gone to sleep again in a hurry. Elephants ! Wild tuskers ! A-h-h, have you ever thought about what goes on in the jungles at night ? In those fascinating places the silence of the night is made up of the many little sounds that go to make one vast, teeming silence—the low, ceaseless chirping of millions of insects and, on hot, sticky nights, the soft rustling of grasses and trees under the breeze, with the tinkling of a distant river for music ; and that silence is broken by the sound of a porcupine's quills rattling in a thicket, or a hog-bear digging and snuffing between the tree stems.



[*Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*]

Yes, the Indian jungle is a veritable Kingdom of the Wild, whose trees lie all speckled and furry under the moonlight for miles and miles, and where the mists vapour from the rivers, streams and pools. And if you listen hard enough, you might—if you were lucky and had ears trained and accustomed to jungle sounds—hear far and far away, the *hoot-toot* of a wild elephant. That means the gathering of the clans, so to speak ; that the wild tuskers are making for the secret heart of the jungle, there to dance.

You will never see that wonderful, terrible, awe-inspiring dance of the wild elephants. It is a thing given to no white man or boy to behold. But you can get some idea of it from the film called " Elephant Boy ", which film should be visiting your local cinemas by the time you read this. But, best of all, I recommend the story from which the film was taken, altered and adapted. The

(*Continued on page iv*)

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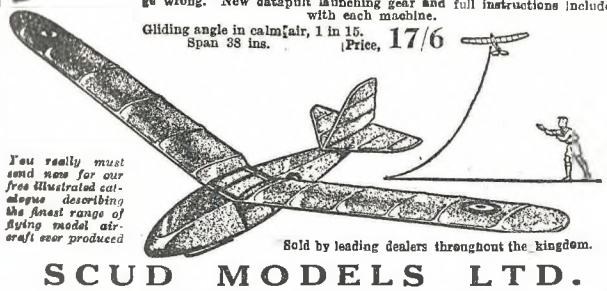

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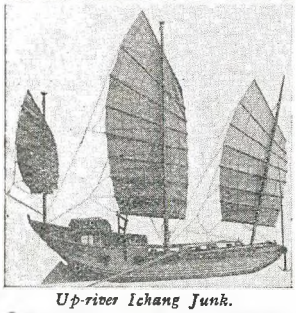

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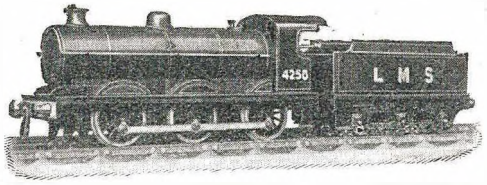

by BASSETT-LOWKE

The Model illustrated is their gauge "O" 0-6-0 Goods Locomotive—a smart, yet inexpensive model of the "Maid of all Work" of British railways. The outline is a combination of L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. externals and the engine is available in either company's colours.

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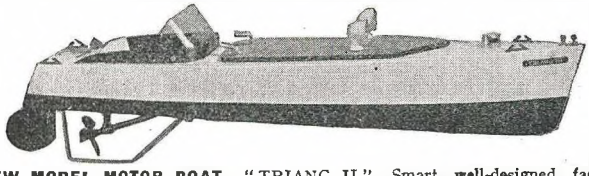

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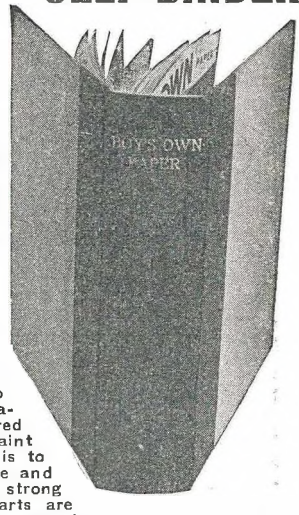

How many times have you hankered for a way in which to store away your monthly "B.O.P.s" other than piling them together on your table, or stowing them away in a cupboard? Perhaps you have tried your hand at binding them yourself, but found the method not too satisfactory, the glue and stuff having messed up a few of the pages; or in any case the issues have become the worse for wear.

We have had a hunch that this sort of thing might be troubling you, and so have had special binding cases made to meet that emergency. The illustration does not show the bright red facings nor the handsome gold paint at the back; nor how simple it is to open this self-binder in the centre and slip your B.O.P. under one of the strong thread cords. Your Monthly Parts are then firmly held in position and can be opened quite flat at any page.

Thus you have a book that grows month by month—a book with so handsome a binding that it can be taken and shown at your school or college. It can be left on the best table in the best room of your home, and will enhance the style of all three. It can be put in your bookcase or on your bookshelf, and will add dignity wherever it goes. The price is only

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THE EDITOR, "BOY'S OWN PAPER" (SELF-BINDER) DEPT.,
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tale is called " Toomai of the Elephants ", one of the Jungle Book stories ; and there is no need for me to tell you who the author of that book is. Messrs. Macmillan have produced Rudyard Kipling's story in a two-and-sixpenny edition, beautifully bound and printed, with twenty-nine illustrations taken from the film, of which the one on page ii is an example. But when all is said and done, the magic words and word-pictures of Kipling surpass the wonderful photography and acting of the film version. The film is wonderful, one of the few that are jolly well worth seeing. The book is magical. And there the difference lies ; for magic was ever more fascinating than wonder. I'll tell you why one day. . . .

After seeing the film, you'll want a record of young Toomai's strange adventure. Well, this is a book to keep, for there's magic in it. That is to say, it never grows stale, but is always a delight to read, no matter how many times.

* * * * *

" DEAR EDITOR—I have read the ' B.O.P.' for a good while now, and somehow felt doubtful about becoming a member, half afraid it would not keep up to standard. . . . But it did ; yes, and seems to improve monthly.—Yours, W. L. CRUMP."

I quote this letter (from a reader who lives at Mulhuddart, County Dublin) because it goes to prove that, among a lot of other things, I am not exaggerating when I tell you that the July number of the " B.O.P " contains some pretty good stuff. " The Empire Flying-Boats ", for example, written by our old friend, H. J. C. Harper, tells you how these boats were designed and built, their engines, accommodation, speed and routes ; while another article entitled " London to New York in A.D. 2000 ", describes a trans-atlantic crossing ten miles above the earth. Then there is an article on those wonderful travellers, the migratory birds. Eighty miles an hour some of 'em fly, and keep it up for days and days. And long distances, too. The sandpiper often visits Australia.

Bud Cotton, a cowboy attached to the Canadian Government buffalo herd at Wainwright, Alberta, relates in his own racy style some of his experiences as guardian of those shaggy monsters of the plain. " Buffalo Trails " the article is called ; and it's fact, not fiction.

Wallace Carr has written a humorous detective yarn called " Detective for a Day " ; while " The Magic Carpet ", by " Sarvy ", smacks of that flavour of the East which only men who've been there can get into their writing.

" The flying forepaws struck lower than their mark. The bared teeth missed his throat, catching the woollen sweater over his chest, striking through the sweater, through the shirt beneath, and into the flesh. The boy felt a sharp pain, felt warm blood on his chest as the teeth of the infuriated animal loosed their hold." An extract from V. M. Moffitt's great story, " Wild Dog ". But Bud decided to give the beast a sporting chance. I guarantee that this yarn will live in your memory long after you've read it.

Of course, there's another Michael O'Dare yarn and a long instalment of the " Broxton " serial ; and then

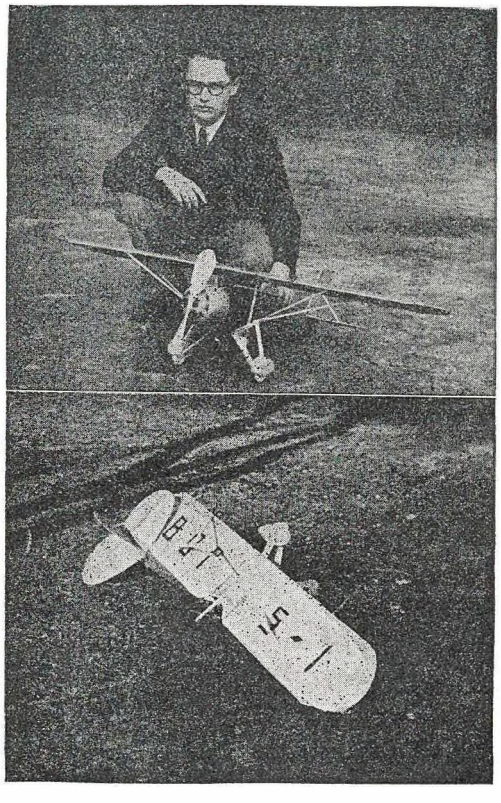
(*Concluded on page vii*)

PRIZE CORONATION POEM

There's a quick'ning of our hearts, a bright'ning of our eyes,
As we hear the whispered echo : " Here they come ! "
The pageant swims before us, surpassing wild surmise
With its majesty, its glory, and the hum
Of eager approbation from the waiting crowd, who cry :
" God bless the Coronation of His glorious Majesty ! "

With loyal feelings moved, we one and all acclaim
The crowning of His Majesty the King.
In the depths of farthest nations the feelings are the same,
With the loyalty that only love can bring.
And there is found the echo of the waiting crowd, who cry :
" God bless the Coronation of His glorious Majesty ! "

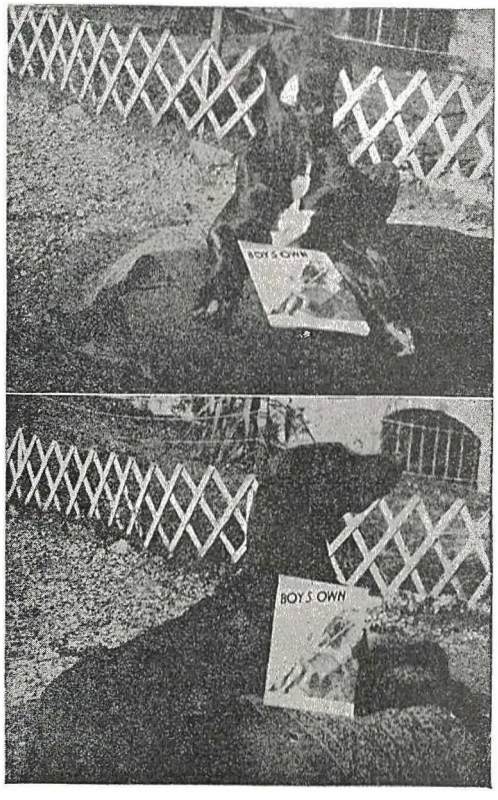
B. SAMPSON, Southsea, who receives 10*s*.



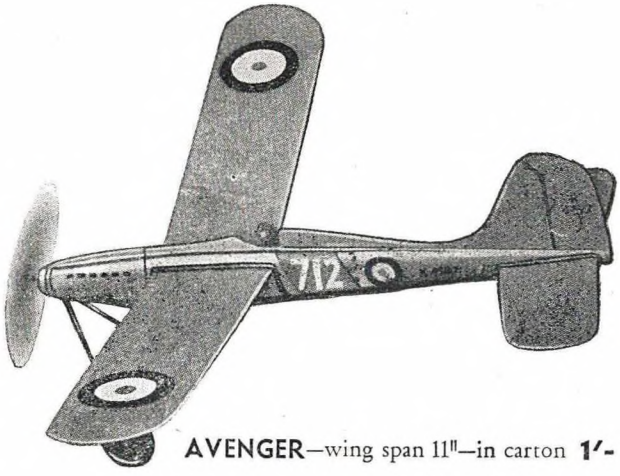
ONE BOY AND HIS DOG

Left. Skywayman-Rigger-Pilot George Leasim, of Boulogne. He built the model plane " B.O.P.—S.I.", an open two-seater made of balsawood, with wing span of approximately 4 feet: motor rubber-band type, with a 45-foot long rubber twined between prop and tail. Alas ! " B.O.P.—S.I." crashed on its first trial flight.

Right. His dog. As the camera cannot lie, there is no denying the fact that George's pal appreciates the " B.O.P."

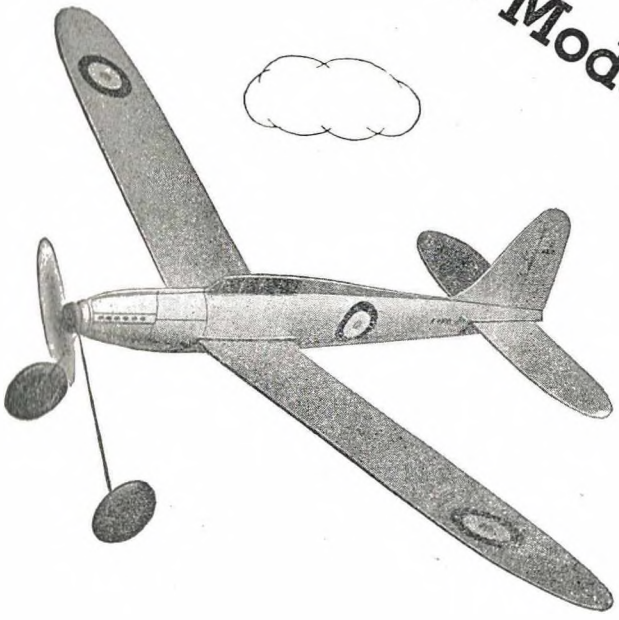


And now a FROG Model aeroplane for a shilling



AVENGER—wing span 11"—in carton **1/-**

Complete with patent high-speed winder and packed in specially constructed box **1/11**



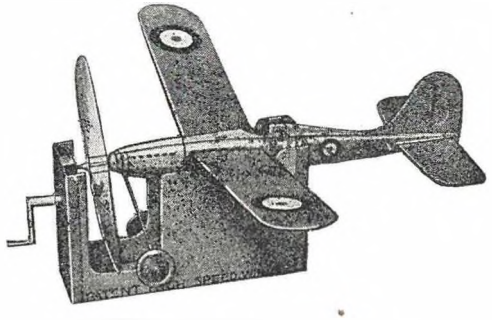
RAIDER—wing span 13¼"—in carton **1/11**

Complete with patent high-speed winder and packed in specially constructed box **2/11**

These wonderful new FROG Aeroplanes bring Model Flying within the reach of every boy. They are built with the same care as the famous FROG MK. IV, and an entirely new method of manufacture is used. The RAIDER and AVENGER follow R.A.F. practice and are modelled on the lines of high speed dive bombers, and single seater fighters.

Both models are almost unbreakable and have a tubular fuselage, sprung undercarriage, balsa wood wings, and are finished in the R.A.F. colours. They have an exceptionally good flying performance, and may be flown both in and out of doors.

This illustration shows how easily these models can be wound for flight with the patent high speed winder.



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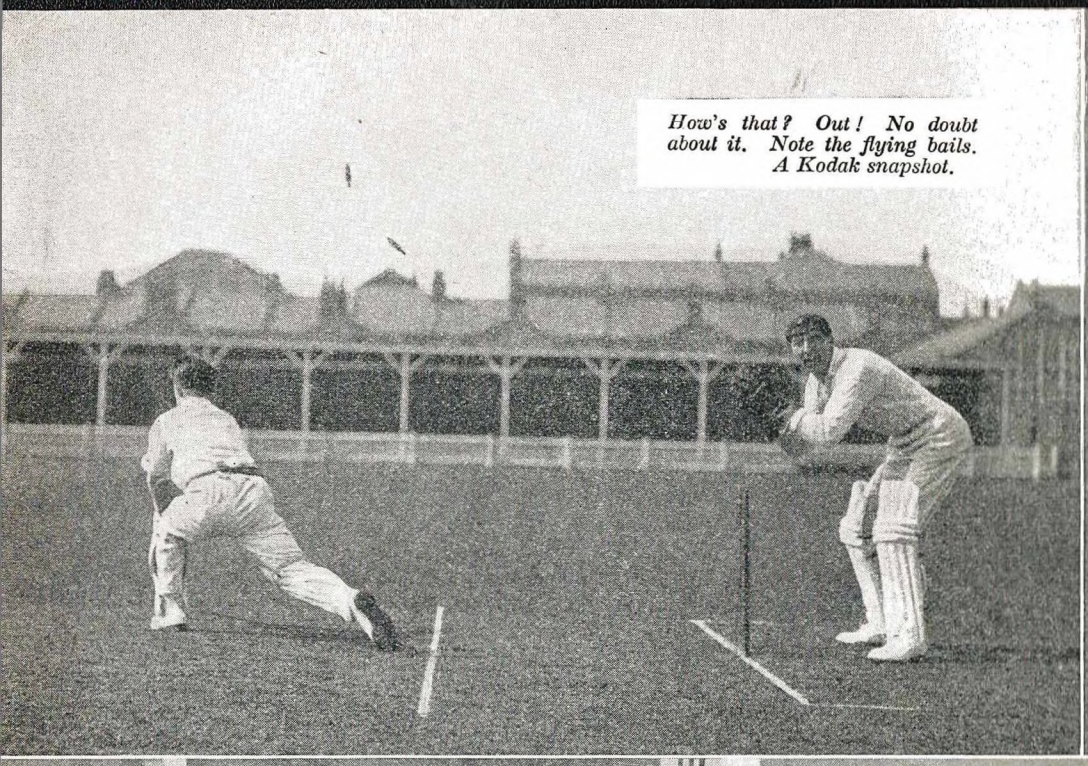
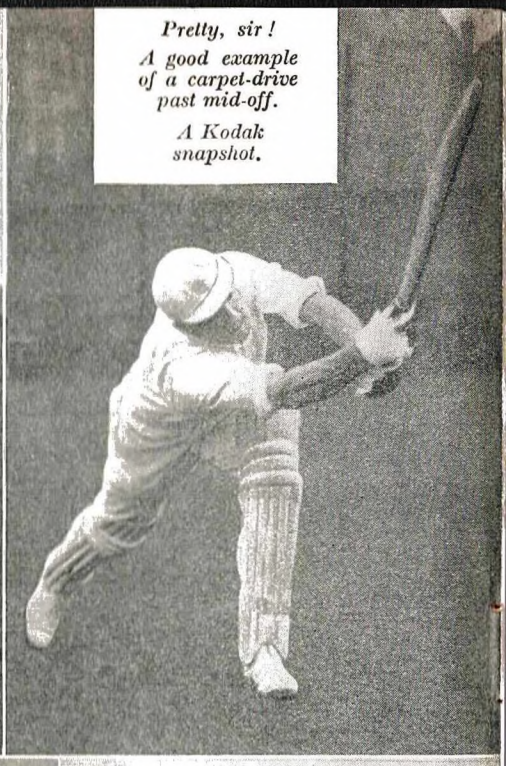
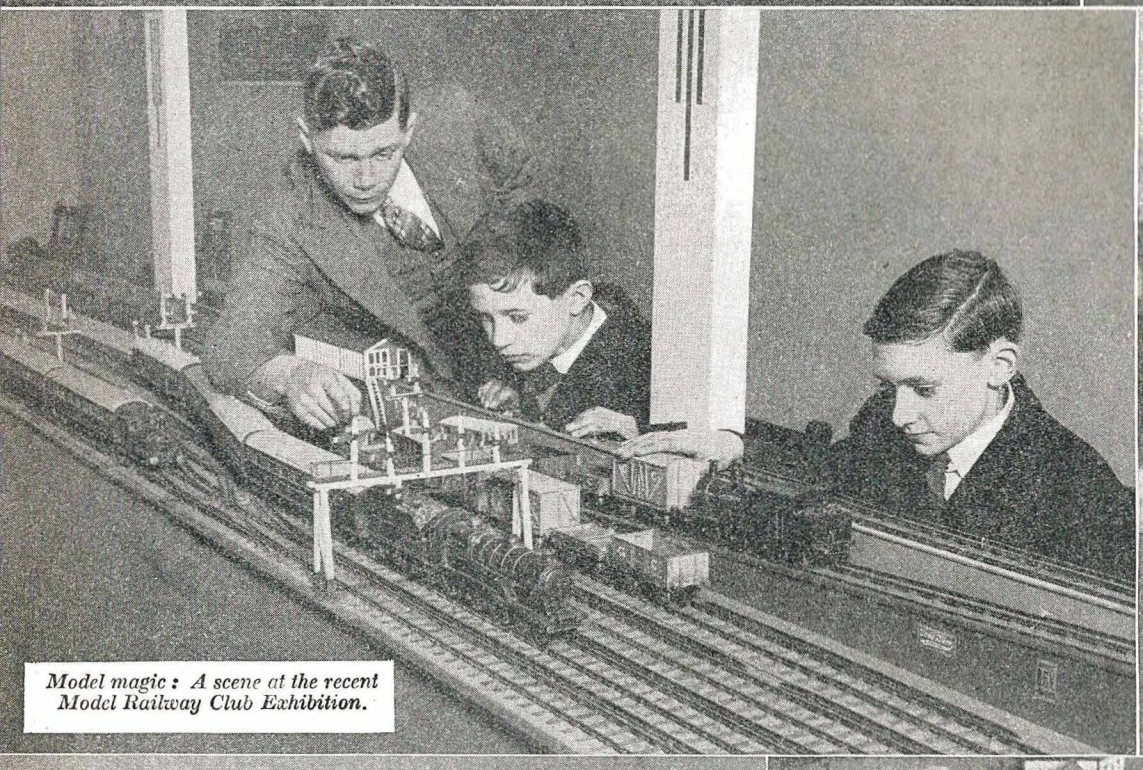


How's that? Out! No doubt about it. Note the flying bails. A Kodak snapshot.



Pretty, sir! A good example of a carpet-drive past mid-off. A Kodak snapshot.



Model magic: A scene at the recent Model Railway Club Exhibition.

Well held, sir! A nice piece of fielding. A Kodak snapshot.

Iinuma and Tsakagoshi at Croydon after their record-breaking flight from Tokio to London

Laying out the aeroplanes at the tiny airport in the land of Lilliput. (Beaconsfield)

(*Continued from page iv.*)

" Hedgerow ", Jester, Padre, Starman and Stanley Phillips of stamp-collecting fame have their say. Then there're a few points about rowing, which will come in jolly handy now that the hols. are looming ahead, and a course of simple physical jerks, the doing of which will take up only ten minutes of each day, yet get you in trim for rowing, walking, cycling, camping, swimming and those thousand-and-one other things you'll be up to now that summer is in full swing.

Oh yes, there's a How-to-Make article, and a contribution on the Principles of Television. After reading it, you'll be able to tell your pals what television really is. And, for some reason or other, " Bywayman " is on the road with the " Fly-by-Nights ", who won't get home 'til morning.

* * * * *

Sold Out! These are by no means all the features the July number will contain. . . .

Golly! it's a topping evening. Just time for a bathe before the dixie boils. I've already had two bathes to-day. Jolly bad example, I know. And that's why I feel drowsy, I suppose. Reckon I'll feel drowsier still after supper.

Gosh, won't we sleep to-night! Out under the stars, too, for the sky is an unsullied mass of—well, velvet almost, except westward, where the sun is melting behind the trees like a golden ball. I'm afraid I shan't be awake to-night to look for Jupiter, who rises above the south-east horizon at about ten o'clock.

Hi! Before you get your towels just listen to this, you chaps. Last month the " B.O.P." was sold out before publication day. Therefore, you must, jolly well must, order your copy *ek dum*, as they say in India, which means " at once ". I should hate to know that a chap had to beg, borrow or pinch a July copy. Much better to order that copy now.

Come on! I'll race you to the water. . . .

BOOKS, HOBBIES & GADGETS

By THE EDITOR

Flying as a Hobby. The increasing popularity of flying as a hobby has created an enormous demand for model aeroplanes of all types and sizes. Perhaps the most popular of the flying models is the FROG Mk.IV, which has become famous throughout the world. It is a scale model of a modern fighting aircraft, has an extremely good performance, and, as the main parts are instantaneously detachable, it is not easily damaged even in a serious crash. A cheaper model from the same famous factory is the " Silver Arrow "—an air liner, which follows the same proved methods of construction. At the other end of the scale is the FROG Hawker Hart Mk. I, an exact scale flying model of the well-known high-performance bomber, which sells at two guineas. For those who find as much interest in building their machine as in flying it, there is a large range of FROG scale model construction kits which give a good performance when completed. At prices as low as half a crown, they are within the reach of everybody.

* * * * *

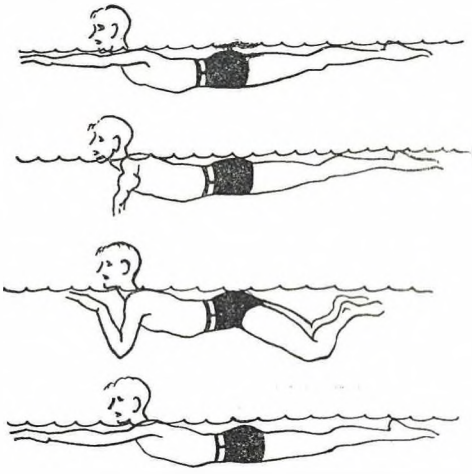
Cricket by Cricketers. Many boys have asked me to recommend to them a book on wicket-keeping. I know of no better and cheaper book than " The Game of Cricket as it should be Played " (Foulsham & Co., 1*s.* net). It is divided into five parts: Batting, by Jack Hobbs; Bowling, by Maurice Tate; Wicket-Keeping, by Herbert Strudwick; Fielding, by Jack Hobbs; and the Rules of the Game. There are numerous diagrams and illustrations, and photographs of the three great players in action.

* * * *

" The Conquest of the Stratosphere ", by Charles G. Philp (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Most people imagine that to go for a balloon trip is one of the easiest things to do, but they will be sadly disillusioned after reading Mr. Philp's exciting book.

To reach a height of a dozen miles or more above the earth's surface needs a tremendous amount of preparation, expensive apparatus, and a wonderful courage. To return safely to earth is apparently more difficult than the ascent. And this is fully explained by the author. The book is written in diary and narrative form, and one can imagine that you are one of the party—without the risks.

Full accounts of the chief stratosphere flights since Professor Piccard reached nearly ten miles up, to the last attempt by the Americans who reached nearly fourteen miles, are given. But the object of all these flights is not to seek adventure, nor to make records, but to study the cosmic rays, which come to us from outer space, these rays being regarded as of great significance to modern science.—C. J. McNAUGHT.



ORDINARY BREAST-STROKE.

[*Reproduced from " The Boys' and Girls' Swim Book ", by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.*]

* * * * *

Smith's Voting Competition. There are many reasons why every one of you should enter for the simple competition on page x, and the most important is the marvellous " Raleigh " All-Steel Bicycle that is to be given away—and what boy would throw away the chance of obtaining one of Smith's famous Cycle Speedometer and Mileage Recorders for nothing? Choose what, in your opinion, are the six best reasons why one of these handy gadgets should be fitted to every bicycle, and write down on a postcard the appropriate initial letters in your order of preference. Simple enough, isn't it? Well, let's have a bumper entry.

* * * * *

Learn to Swim. There seems no end to the number of swim books emanating from the facile pen of our old friend, Sid G. Hedges, and yet he manages to find a fresh angle each time. Mr. Hedges' latest book, " The Boys' and Girls' Swim Book " (Methuen & Co., Ltd., 2*s.* 6*d.* net), is written specially for youngsters, from " tinies " upwards. There are twenty-six chapters and over a hundred clever line drawings by Stephen Lewis (one of which is reproduced on this page), and every phase of the pastime is covered. Every boy or girl who works slowly through Mr. Hedges' course of lessons should find no difficulty in becoming a clever, strong, happy swimmer.

* * * * *

" ' Tabloid ' Guide to Photography." This is the title of a booklet for which readers would be well advised to apply. An interesting and informative little work, it explains, step by step, the development of the exposed film to the production of prints and enlargements. Intended for the beginner, the language is simple and non-technical, but those who have already processed their own materials may well derive benefit from the methodical steps suggested. The booklet is priced at 2*d.*, but readers of BOY'S OWN PAPER can obtain one free of charge by mentioning this paper in their application, which should be made to *Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome & Co., Snow Hill Buildings, London, E.C.*1.

* * * * *

To Budding Poets. There are a lot of budding poets among the readers of the " B.O.P."—as evidenced by the large number of entries received in our recent Coronation Poem Competition, and also by those submitted to me from time to time for publication. I am glad, therefore, to recommend to you a handy-sized volume called " The Poet's Path", published by Longman's at 2*s.* 6*d.* net. It is an anthology for boys and girls, and contains poems written specially for youngsters, by such famous writers as Sir Walter Scott, " R.L.S.", Kingsley, Browning, Wordsworth, and many others. The study of them will help you a lot in your own verse-making. The book should certainly be in every school library.

* * * *

" Adventures Under Ground " (Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is a new collection of Mr. T. C. Bridges' stirring tales of daring and adventure, the present volume consisting of authentic narratives of actual exploits beneath the earth's surface. Here are tales of adventures and rescues in the caves of Britain; in diamond, coal, and tin mines; with treasure seekers in the caverns of South America; in great sea caves, tunnels, sewers, and even wells.

One story concerns an American farmer named Johnson, who resolved to explore the depths of a mystery river which plunged into a cleft near his home and emerged half a mile away, beyond a great ridge of limestone. One day, with the help of a friend, he dived into the unknown. On rising to the surface inside the tunnel he found, to his horror, that *he could not get back.* His only hope was to follow the source of the stream and try to find the outlet on the other side. Alternately wading and swimming, he came upon a large plank and, finding that it would bear his weight, pushed out into the swift current and was speedily carried to the farther end of a cave, where, at last, he felt a strong undertow which he knew must be the suction of the stream passing out through a tunnel. There was no tell-tale glimmer of light to guide him, but:

" It was no use waiting, for already he was chilled to the bone. He emptied his lungs, let go his hold on the plank, and allowed himself to sink. The current seized and flattened him against the wall, and for seconds that seemed like hours, he was pinned there, unable to move. By pushing against the wall with both hands he managed to get his feet down, and in a flash the current had him and he was shooting down the rock funnel like a bullet through a gun barrel. There was an instant of hideous suspense while Johnson wondered whether the tunnel was large enough for his body to pass, then all in a flash he saw daylight and was flung up to the surface of a whirling pool."

Luckily his friend was waiting for him—with the idea of recovering his body!—and pulled Johnson ashore, more dead than alive. Although chilled and exhausted after his terrible experience, the intrepid explorer rapidly recovered; but he was cured of all desire for further cave-hunting.

The above is only a brief outline of one of Mr. Bridges' many tales, all of which breathe the same stirring spirit of adventure. Get the book for yourselves, and revel in the magic influence of the author's facile pen.

* * * * *

Boats and Canoes for the Summer. I have received details of the wide range of canoes and other craft marketed by *Messrs. Pouncy " Meta-Craft ", Ltd.*, whose new address is *Bridge Street, Christchurch, Hants.* They include outboard runabouts, sailing dinghies, motor dinghies and launches, Canadian and sailing canoes, kayaks, and other types, all of which have been designed by Mr. Arthur J. Pouncy, the well-known canoeist. In addition to the finished products, the firm supplies constructor kits for building various craft. A kit for a 12-ft. kayak can be had for only 55*s.* A number of inexpensive second-hand and demonstration craft are also offered. Write to the above address for copies of the " Meta-Craft " lists, mentioning the " B.O.P."

THE KING GEORGE VI COINS

The new coins include two different shillings and threepences. On the right of the middle row is a specimen obverse.

Top row : Crown, half-crown, florin, shilling. *Second row :* Sixpence, a round threepence, Scottish shilling.
Third row : Twelve-sided threepence, penny, halfpenny, farthing with the " Royal Wren " design.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A SMITH'S SPEEDOMETER and MILEAGE RECORDER

Given Away

SMITH'S

50 Cycle SPEEDOMETER & MILEAGE RECORDERS

and

2 RALEIGH CYCLES *in this months simple*

Voting Competition.

Boys!

RECORD YOUR VOTE ON

THE SMITH'S SPEEDOMETER AND MILEAGE RECORDER

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:—

In the February issue of "**THE BOY'S OWN PAPER**" we invited you to state just why a SMITH'S SPEEDOMETER should be fitted to EVERY bicycle in the country.

The quality and quantity of the entry was so good that we now invite all "B.O.P." Readers to enter for this simple VOTING COMPETITION. We have chosen ten reasons from the Prize-winning entries of the last Competition and invite you to choose the first six in order of merit. You will see that they are marked in alphabetical order from A to J. So all you have to do is to mark your entry accordingly. For instance, if you think "KEEPS CYCLISTS WITHIN THE SPEED LIMIT," you write this down as No. 1—C on your list, and so on—to number six in order of merit.

HERE ARE THE TEN REASONS CHOSEN:

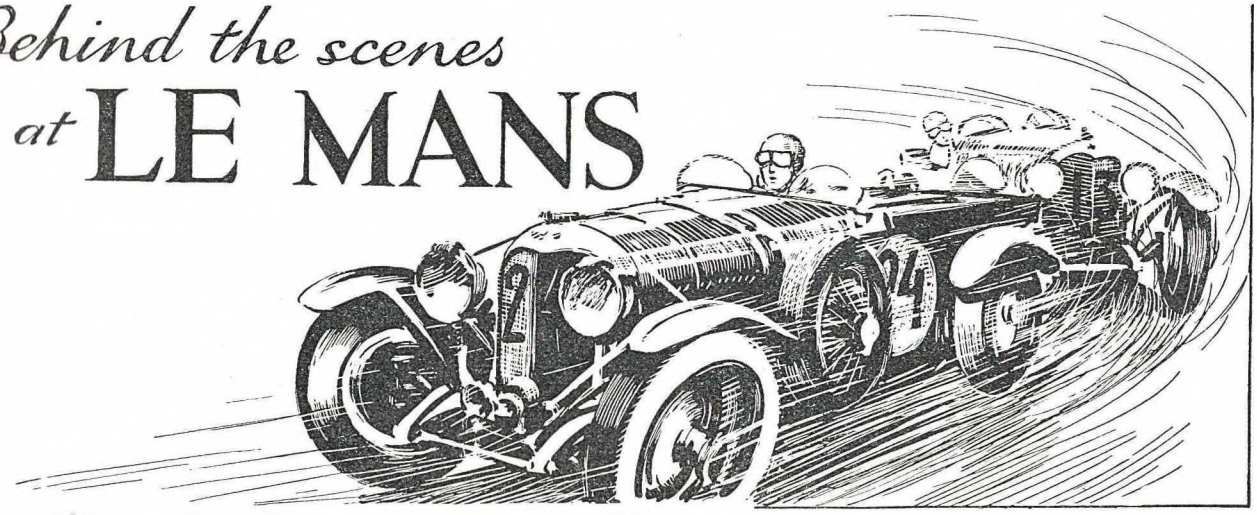
A. "An indispensable part to any bicycle"
B. "Accurately judges the speed of others"
C. "Keeps Cyclists within the speed limit"
D. "A constant enjoyment to every Cyclist"
E. "Measures road distances"
F. "Enables Cyclists to easily anticipate Tyre Replacements"
G. "Enables Cyclists to calculate their average speed per hour during a tour"
H. "Makes it easier to judge the efficacy of alleged 'Short Cuts'"
I. "Creates a pride of ownership, thus encouraging the Cyclist to keep his machine in good condition"
J: "Adds enthusiasm to cycling"

Send in your entry on a Postcard giving your name, age and address to—SPEEDOMETER "**B.O.P.**" **Office,** 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. Enter for this Competition whether you have a Cycle or not, because your effort may win the first prize, a **RALEIGH** BRITISH MADE BICYCLE. Tell your friends and get them to enter. All entries must reach us not later than JULY 7. In the event of a tie, neatness of entry will be taken into consideration. The Editor's decision will be final, and no correspondence may be entered into regarding this Competition.

EVERY BICYCLE SHOULD BE FITTED WITH A SMITH'S SPEEDOMETER

This Competition is run in conjunction with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

Behind the scenes at LE MANS



IN short-distance motor racing such as is generally seen in England the prize is won by the driver able to produce most speed from his car. For the few short minutes that form the duration of the race maximum stress is laid on the engine, and only in the event of a runaway win can a driver think of easing up over the last few hundred yards.

But over the long distances that are covered in the Continental races on the road, such as the various Grands Prix or the two 24-hour races that occur respectively in France at Le Mans and in Belgium at Spa, the driver is of second-, even third-rate importance, the responsibility falling almost entirely on the pit manager, who directs the car by means of signals from the pit.

BY CHARLES METCHIM

who has twice competed in the 24 hours race at Le Mans—the Grand Prix d'Endurance—and is a member of the British Racing Drivers' Club

The term " pit " applies to the replenishment and repair depots, one being alloted to each car in the race. They are placed side by side opposite the grandstand, and consist of small rooms, open to the road in front save only for a broad counter on which the tools and spares are laid. In these pits the long-distance races are lost and won.

It is rather like a game of chess, the pit managers, aided by their highly trained staffs, matching their wits one against the other. A group of expert mathematicians and timekeepers keep each manager conversant with the situation and the moves of rival cars. Lap scorers tell them when their car is likely to need refuelling. Each tries to catch the other napping by signalling his own car to go faster at strategic moments, or to go slower whenever possible to spare the engine. And so the game is played to the end, and is won by the " pawn " that is most responsive to its master's wishes.

The writer has twice competed in the 24-hours race at Le Mans—the Grand Prix d'Endurance—and was lucky enough to have one of the most skilful managers in the game. The following article is an endeavour to give an impression of what occurs in a pit during a long-distance race, and it may be mentioned that the incidents here related are true. So now, as they say on the wireless, we are taking you over to the pit of car No. 24, taking part in the 24-hours race at Le Mans.

The Race Is On!

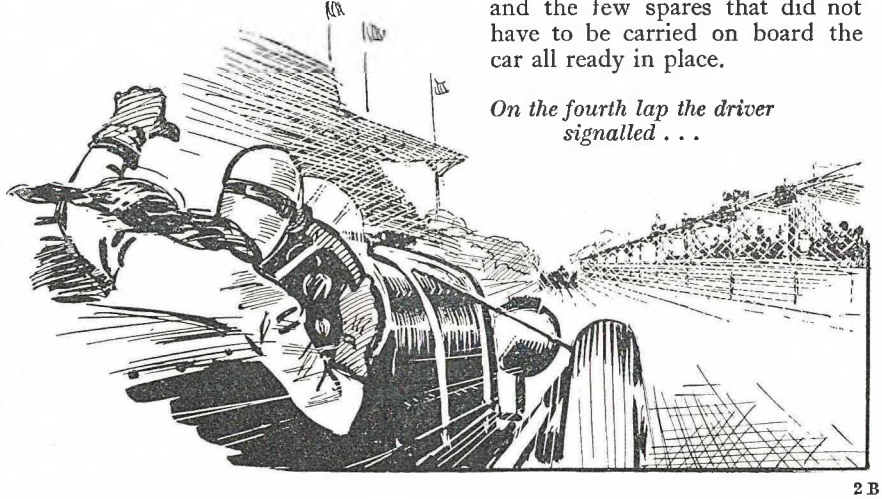
Three minutes to zero hour—4 p.m.

The pressing mass of spectators lining the nine-mile road circuit watches and waits expectantly. Drivers look with misgiving at their cars lined up on the opposite side of the road. Already the road has been cleared and the mechanics have gone trotting back to their pits.

Winston, mechanic to No. 24, swarms over the counter.

" Everything O.K. ? " asks the manager. He neither receives an answer nor expects one. For, of course, everything is O.K.—they had got everything right before ever they left England, and needed only a few carburettor tests and a few laps of practice on the course itself. Everything that could be done had been done. Despite himself, the manager runs his eye round the pit again. Camp-bed arranged at the back for the driver coming off duty, the coats hanging on the wall and a case of provisions beneath, the two timekeepers with their formidable battery of stop-watches, slide rules and tables at the far end of the counter, and the few spares that did not have to be carried on board the car all ready in place.

On the fourth lap the driver signalled . . .



" One minute to four," warns the loudspeaker in sepulchral tones.

A hush falls over the crowd. At the end of the long line of drivers a huge tricolour is raised, wavers . . . falls. In the pit the stop-watches click simultaneously. The race is on !

Drivers streak across the road to their machines. A moment of whining self-starters. Then engines roar into life and a mob of cars goes swarming past the pits.

" There he goes," says Winston as a dark-green car with No. 24 painted on its side swoops past.

" Hope he won't over-rev," thinks the manager. Many a time, in the excitement of the moment, throttle pedals have been stamped flat, imposing strain on engines that have barely warmed up, and that the searching twenty-four hours of racing never fails to find.

At the end of the counter he posts himself and trains his glasses down the road towards the distant corner from where, in less than six minutes' time, the cars will appear. Dark dots come into view and, with a swelling crescendo of exhaust notes, the leaders flash by the stands.

The opening laps are the most difficult of all for the control. Cars roar by so quickly that it is an almost superhuman feat to record their passing. At last the stragglers tail past, and the chief timekeeper mops his brow. " Got the lot, I think," he says. In an incredibly short time the pack comes sweeping by again, and the timekeepers moan as the road in front of them becomes blurred with rushing shapes.

Gradually the field spreads out and the race settles down. The manager has watched only his own car's speed at first. Carried away by the heat of the fray, No. 24 had done a second lap considerably faster than had been pre-arranged, and caused the manager to show the " slower " signal the next time the car passed. The manager wanted all the speed at the end of the race, not at the beginning.

On the fourth lap the driver signalled that his instruments were registering correct temperatures and was shown a " faster " sign. The line on the time keeper's graph climbed up fifteen seconds. This was the required speed the manager wanted for the opening rounds, and now the O.K. signal is shown for No. 24, and the car settles down to a steady speed with scarcely two seconds' variation for each lap. The manager stands over the time keepers, watching the hands of the stop-watches creeping round, and, punctually almost to the second, No. 24 roars by.

The preliminary moves are over and the pit, too, settles down. The timekeepers continue their wearisome task, noting each car as it passes. Squatting at the back of the pit by the camp-bed, two French *plombeurs* play a mysterious game of cards. Their job is to break the seals and replace them on the fuel-tank caps when the car comes in for its fill-up. In this race this may only be done at intervals of not less than twenty-four laps, or two hundred miles, and the tanks are sealed to see that this rule is not broken. The gauger, whose sole duty it is to fill up the petrol tank when the car is in, stands on the counter, giving the car the O.K. signal each time it passes. The mechanic dozes in a corner. Slowly the laps mount up.

At last the timekeeper turns to the manager and says : " Two more laps to go."

" Car coming in in two laps," says the manager to the rest of the pit. " Better get your togs on, Jim," he adds to the relief driver ; and Jim, who has been expecting the car to break down any moment and do him out of his turn, reaches for his helmet and goggles hopefully.

" He'll be by in one minute," says the timekeeper.

" Get the ' Come in ' signal out, Saunders," says the manager to the gauger, " and make jolly well sure he sees it." The gauger stands on the counter, holding the board out on its pole as far as it will go. On it is an arrow pointing vertically downwards.

" Due in fifteen seconds," says the timekeeper.

" Here he comes," says the manager a moment later, staring down the road, glasses to his eyes.

In the distance an exhaust note swells to an angry roar, and in a welter of noise a dusty green car flashes past. " He saw it," says the gauger, putting down the board.

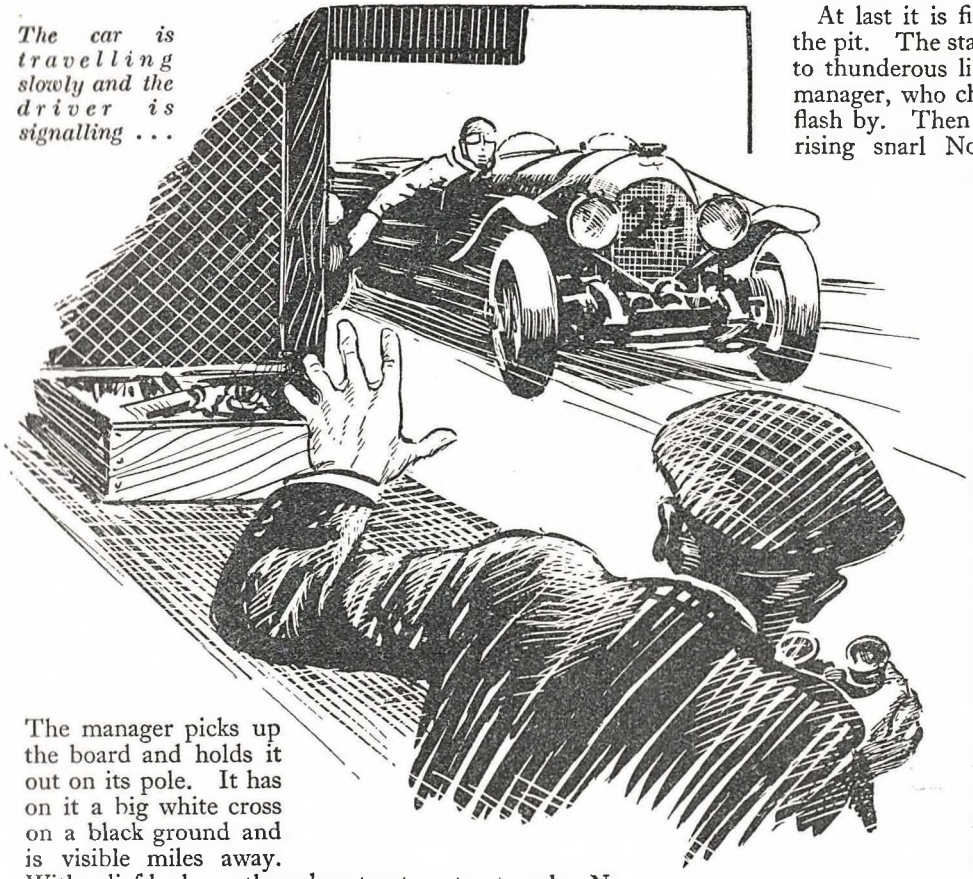
" Stand to," says the manager. " You "—turning to one of the *plombeurs*—" stand on the extreme left, and when the car comes in run round the tail and break the seal from that side." The manager hurriedly translates into French, and the vacant look dies out of the *plombeur's* eyes. " You stand next to him, Jim," he says to the relief driver, " and leave a gap for Frank so that he can get into the pit quickly when he stops the car. And now I want the hose here." Saunders, the gauger, swings the huge hose on its pivot to the point indicated. This hose leads back over the roof of the pit to a big tower holding 150 gallons of petrol that rears its head twenty-five feet above the ground. Next, the manager stations the mechanic by

Gurgling and hissing, the thirty gallons of petrol go foaming into the tank.

the water and oil tins, while to the right again stands the second *plombeur*, who is to attend to the seals of the radiator and oil tank. Lastly, on the extreme right, the manager climbs on to the counter with the signal-board, on the back of which is the " distance " or identification signal showing the driver exactly where his pit is. One pit looks very much like another after a few hours' hard driving !

" Due in forty-five seconds," says the timekeeper.

The manager puts down the signal-board and trains his glasses down the road. A dark-green dot swings into view.



The car is travelling slowly and the driver is signalling . . .

The manager picks up the board and holds it out on its pole. It has on it a big white cross on a black ground and is visible miles away. With relief he hears the exhaust note cut out, and as No. 24 comes gliding up to the pit he lowers the board to the counter level. The car stops with a hiss of brakes, the radiator almost touching the signal.

" Wait for it," warns the manager. The rules allow five men only in the road at the same time, so the driver leaving the car must get into the pit first before the others can leave it. Stiffly the driver heaves himself out of the car and is hauled into the pit. " Now snap to it," orders the manager.

Refuelling

An avalanche of men go leaping out on to the road. The *plombeurs*, wires and seals dangling from their mouths, fly to the front and rear of the car. In a trice they have broken the seals with their pliers, under the watchful eyes of the race officials who have come running up as they see the car drawing in. The relief driver snaps open the petrol-tank caps and—waiting ready behind him—Saunders, the gauger, forces in the hose nozzle and pulls the trigger. Hissing and gurgling, the thirty gallons of petrol go foaming into the tank, and as the gauger withdraws the hose the relief driver snaps the cap shut.

" *Plombez*," orders the manager, watching from the pit counter. The new driver leaps into the car, while the *plombeur* affixes fresh seals.

Simultaneously, at the front end of the car, the other *plombeur* has broken the seals of the radiator and oil tank, and the mechanic, following after him, shoots in water and oil, the ever-vigilant manager instructing the *plombeur* to seal up as he finishes.

All the time no word has been spoken save only by the manager, while, unperturbed at their desk, the timekeepers continue to keep track of their rivals' progress.

At last it is finished and the crew swarm into the pit. The starter whines and the engine awakes to thunderous life. The driver is watching the manager, who checks him a moment as two cars flash by. Then the manager nods, and with a rising snarl No. 24 goes accelerating up the road.

" How long ? " asks the manager.

" Sixty-six seconds," replies the timekeeper.

Months of training had brought this art of refuelling to perfection, and the lining up of the crew before going over the counter had proved a success, too. In an earlier race the staff had gone over the counter on to the road in a disorderly mob, dodging in front of one another to get to the fuel tanks. One had tripped and spilt oil on the road, and the officials had been justifiably rude about it. Nearly four minutes had been taken, and every minute lost meant the gain of a mile and a half to the rival cars.

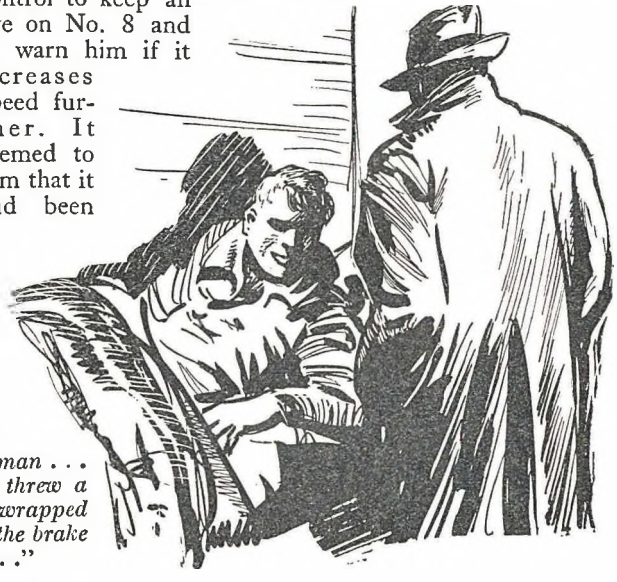
The manager watches the car for a few laps and then looks at the chart with its gradually rising lines. His car is lying fourth, and at this early hour he is well pleased.

A Flat Tyre !

Darkness slowly falls and headlights are switched on. In the pit the mechanic wires up the signal-board to a battery, and the driver of No. 24, hurtling through the gathering gloom, sees the welcome O.K. sign winking at him as he passes the brightly lit stands.

At the end of the next twenty-four laps the car is again in to refuel, and goes away with the first driver once more at the wheel.

The manager, examining the chart, sees that No. 24 has lost a place to No. 8, a very fast Italian. He warns the control to keep an eye on No. 8 and to warn him if it increases speed further. It seemed to him that it had been



" Sorry, old man . . . but the tyre threw a tread and wrapped itself round the brake cables . . ."

working to the same plan as No. 24, working at a speed that, if maintained to the end, might well end in victory and yet at the same time still left something in hand. He scanned the chart again. It looked as if his deduction was correct. No. 8 had kept up an unvarying lap speed and had made no attempt to match the speed of the leading cars in the opening stages of the race. Then, seeing that No. 24 was playing the same tactics, the manager of No. 8 had given a signal for more speed, so that there might be a margin of safety between his own car and No. 24. The manager of the latter car was uneasy, as he felt uncomfortably certain that if it came to a show-down the Italian car was the faster.

Yet another refuel ; and gradually night gives place to day again. The manager leans sleepily against the counter. The second driver, a white blur at the back of the pit, lies sleeping, dead to the world, on the camp-bed, despite the crash of passing cars and the loudspeakers giving information on the progress of the race. On the other side the two *plombeurs*, the mechanic and the gauger snore lustily together on an improvised bed of coats and cushions. Only the timekeepers and the manager maintain their ceaseless vigil.

Then occurs an incident that all who know racing dread.

" He's not come by," says the timekeeper ; " fifteen seconds overdue."

The manager straightens up with a jerk. He jumps across to the mechanic and shakes him into wakefulness. " Wake up, Winston ! The car's missing ! "

The mechanic stumbles to the counter and stares down the road, bright in the freshening dawn. Remorselessly the stop-watches tick away those agonising seconds. Still no sign of No. 24.

Every member of the crew is wide awake now, tense and strained.

" Run round to the broadcasting-box," says the manager to the gauger, " and try and get some news." The gauger runs out into the fresh morning air.

" What's up ? " asks the second driver, sitting up in bed.

" Car's overdue," snaps the manager, hardly able to keep the anxiety out of his voice. " Better get your togs on," he adds. " Only four more laps before the next refill, and Jim'll be pretty tired when he turns up." (" If he ever does," he thinks to himself.)

In an agony of mind he steps on to the counter and, glasses to eyes, watches each dot that appears gleaming in the sun, dropping them as he distinguishes the number. Another dot comes into view, and the manager raises his glasses to his eyes again and holds them there. He hardly dares to look. But it is No. 24, sure enough. The car is travelling slowly and the driver is signalling, sweeping his arm up and down.

" Tyre," barks the manager, scanning the approaching car closely. " Near-side rear."

Quick as a flash, Winston has the spare wheel, jack and wheel clout ready, and jumps up, waiting. Frank grips the latter implement and squats beside him.

The car comes slowly in and stops. The rear-wheel tyre is in tatters. Haggard with fatigue, the driver staggers out and automatically reaches for the wheel clout.

" Get into the pit," says the manager in a voice that brooks no denial.

The driver is hauled over the counter, and on to the road leap the mechanic and relief driver.

With rapid blows, the relief driver eases the hub and, as it loosens, the back of the car lifts with a jerk as Winston gets the jack to work. The latter moves quickly to the counter and lifts the spare wheel off, placing it against the side of the car to the driver's right. He then runs round him and, as the driver removes the wheel with its flat tyre, takes it from him and slings it into the pit.

The driver has placed the new wheel on the axle and, as he begins to spin the hub, Winston stands ready by the jack. As the hub tightens, the car slumps to the ground as the jack is lowered. The driver leaps into the car, while, seizing the clout, Winston hammers the hub tight. Then he slings the implements into the pit and jumps in after them.

" Off you go ! " shouts the manager. The car shoots away.

The manager walks across to the driver who has just come off and who is lying prostrate upon the camp-bed. " What caused all the bother ? " he asked.

The driver grinned feebly. He himself knew the effects of an overdue car on the pit staff and was not deceived. " Sorry, old man," he replied, " but the tyre threw a tread and wrapped itself round the brake cables just before White House corner, and I had to stop and cut the stuff away. Nearly sent me for six, too," he added.

" Well, don't make a habit of it," answered the manager cheerfully. " Get a good sleep. Frank will finish your spell."

" Poor old Frank ! " murmured the driver, and was at once asleep.

The manager stepped across to the chart. It was getting time to consider things carefully. His car had been lying fifth, and then two retirements ahead had brought it up to third. But the purposeful Italian, No. 8, was still ahead in second place, while ahead again and in the lead ran No. 3.

A Piece of Arithmetic

The manager consults the timekeepers. No. 24 is one lap and one minute thirty-three seconds behind the leader. The time is now eight minutes past five in the morning, and the race ends at four o'clock that afternoon. How much faster must No. 24 go to catch the leader, providing the leader does not increase its speed ? Not exactly a nice piece of arithmetic, but an everyday problem in long-distance racing !

The timekeepers work away with their slide rules.

" About ten seconds a lap quicker, allowing for refuelling stops," says the timekeeper.

And so, as No. 24 comes booming by on the next lap, the driver sees the signal-board with an arrow pointing upwards. He acknowledges it by putting his fingers to his nose and extending them ; next lap he has cut fifteen seconds off his lap time.

The manager grinned cheerfully. He stood behind the timekeepers, wondering how long it would be before the other managers noticed the increase of speed on the part of No. 24. Particularly he watched the speed of No. 8, and each time the red Italian car snarled by his stop-watch clicked and he scanned it eagerly. No. 24 clipped seventeen seconds off the next lap and twenty seconds off the next. Then the manager grunted. No. 8's speed had increased by twenty seconds on the last lap, and there was no fluke in a variation like that. The Italian pit manager was alive to the challenge developing in his rear. One lap later the leader, No. 3, also increased speed as a precaution ; and the weary crowd, thousands of whom had watched the race all night, watched with quickening interest the development of the battle.

And then disaster overtook the leader. Intent on watching the progress of their rivals, the unfortunate driver was signalled in to refuel one lap too soon. The

officials were apologetic, but firm. They were sorry, but it was a rule of the race that cars must not fill up in less than twenty-four laps. And so a perfectly good car was pushed off the course through an error of management. Now No. 8 was in the lead and No. 24 in grim pursuit.

The faster signal flew from both pits. No. 24 managed five seconds quicker still, but the Italian was seven and sometimes as much as ten seconds a lap quicker.

The manager looked gloomily at the revolving hands of the stop-watches that told their tale only too plainly. The situation was grave. If he signalled No. 24 for more speed, he knew Frank would do it, also that the engine would not stand it. The Italian was nearly a lap ahead and widening the gap slowly and surely.

With one and a half hours to go, the crew of No. 24 did a last inspired refuelling and gained thirty-three valuable seconds that had taken the Italian driver half an hour to gain ; and so the chase continued.

Only half an hour to go now, and the manager suddenly clapped his glasses to his eyes as No. 8 flew past. Was he mistaken or did one of the rear tyres show a faint streak of white on the spinning tread ? Next time No. 8 passed the whole team watched it, but were of opinion that it was all right.

" Here goes," murmured the manager to himself. " Saunders, show the ' Flat out ' signal on the next lap."

The driver of No. 24, sweeping up the slope past the stands, saw a board with an arrow pointing vertically upwards. Settling down farther in his seat he pressed the throttle pedal flat.

" Now we shall see," muttered the manager tensely.

The timekeeper looked up. " No. 8 has increased speed further," he said.

A quarter of an hour to go, and the manager snapped his stop-watch shut with a click. " He can't do it," he said despairingly.

Absolutely wound up and thrilled to the bone, Jim had been cutting down the Italian's lead, but all the while the Italian manager saw to it that he would not cut it down sufficiently to wrest the lead away in time. By these tactics No. 8 was able to give his engine something of a respite, while No. 24 was compelled to drive to the limit. The lead was reduced to only three minutes now, but it was too much with only a quarter of an hour to go.

In the distance the relentless red dot appeared and came streaking up past the stands.

" By George ! " roared the manager of No. 24, " look !—look at that rear tyre ! "

Victory!

All could clearly see it—a white patch appearing on the whirling tread as the Italian car flew by. The manager hung perilously out over the counter, trying to see whether the Italian pit had seen it. They had. A red circle was being waved furiously as No. 8 passed. Two minutes fifty-five seconds later No. 24 thundered by in purposeful pursuit.

" I shall have a stroke," said the manager hoarsely. He was staring down the road, glasses to his red-rimmed sleepless eyes, watching for No. 8. Punctually the red spot hove into view, exhaust droning fiercely. Then the note cut out. No. 8 was coming in to try and stave off defeat before the tyre failed completely.

Braking savagely, it pulled up at its pit higher up the road. Mechanic and driver threw themselves fiercely on the wheel. " He lost thirty-four seconds on that last lap by being careful and slowing down," said the manager, hardly daring to speak, glasses glued down the road.

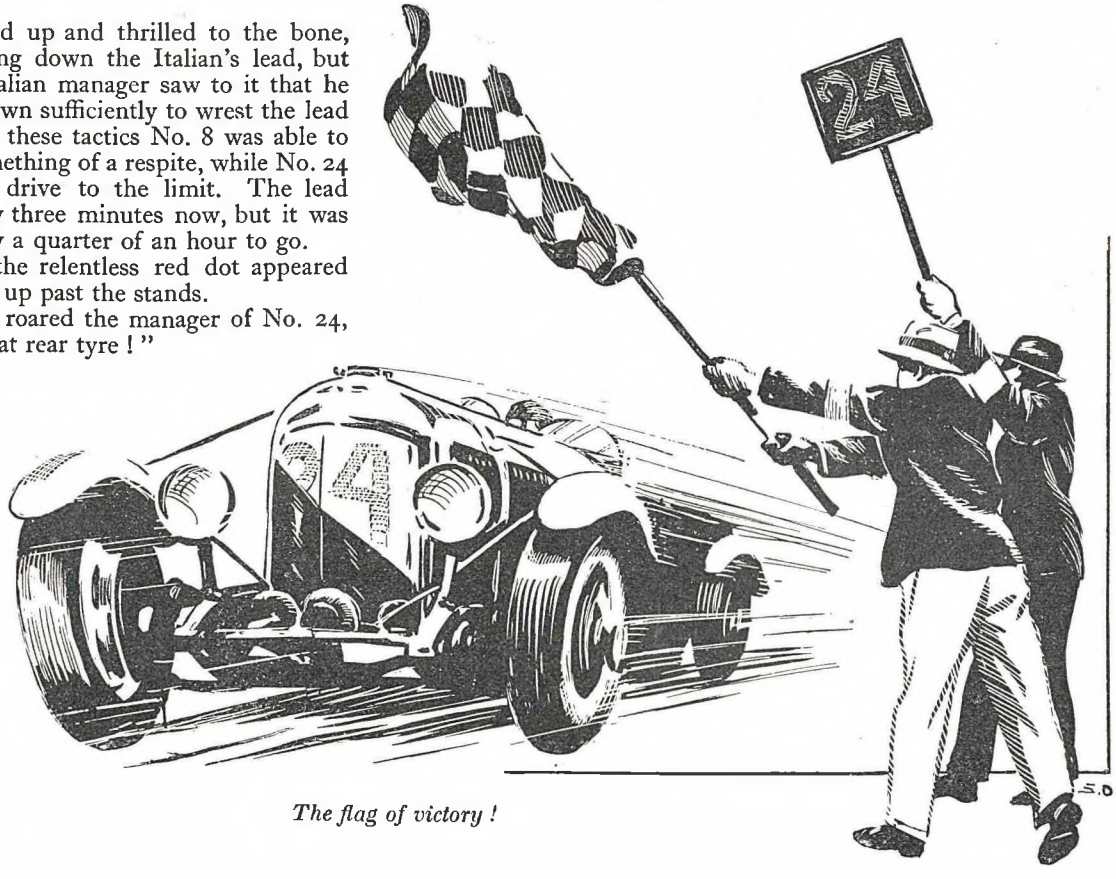
A copper-headed clout rose and fell, sparkling in the blazing sun. The hub spun off and a wheel was flung into the pit. Far down the road a dot appeared.

On the Italian car a second wheel was being feverishly pushed into place, but it was too late. With a fierce roar No. 24 flashed by to take the lead ! Ten seconds later No. 8 slumped off its jack and went in hopeless pursuit. Having to accelerate from a standstill, it would be half a minute behind at the end of the lap. The day was won and lost.

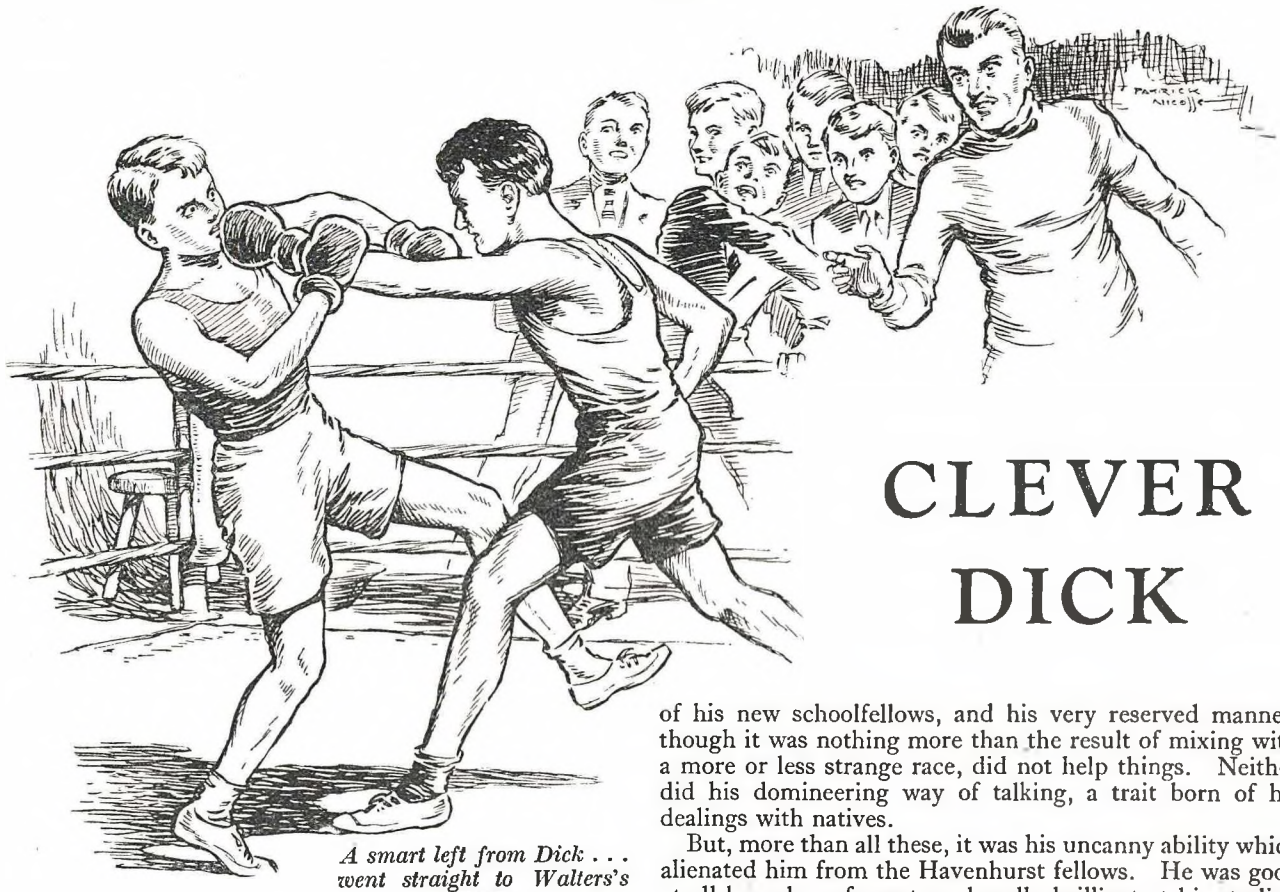
One minute after four, the driver of No. 24 whirled into view of the stands and saw two men standing out in the road. One of them held a board with No. 24 on it and the other was waving a chequered flag—the flag of victory !

Ten minutes afterwards the two drivers were both seated on the tail of the car, being slapped on the back and photographed from all angles. The band struck up the national anthem of the victors' country—" God Save the King."

But the manager knew none of this. He was lying fast asleep on the camp-bed dead to the world.



The flag of victory !



A smart left from Dick . . . went straight to Walters's nose.

CLEVER DICK

A TALE OF A TRUE SPORTSMAN

By H. J. WAY

TWO figures, clad in running-shorts and singlets, came into view round a bend in the road, and the crowd at the school gates, uttering excited shouts, craned forward to get a view of what promised to be a close finish to the annual inter-House cross-country race.

Interest waned a little, however, when it was seen that both runners were of Brookes' House. Neck and neck almost they came on, until the crowd could distinguish who they were. Then renewed shouts broke out, mainly from Brookes' House fellows.

"Walters! Wally!"

"Oh, come on, man!"

"You've got him!"

These and similar cries spurred on one of the runners, but not a voice was raised in praise of the other, a tall, well-built, bronzed young fellow who went by the name of Dick Vine. And yet Dick was drawing a little ahead of the other. In the few yards to the finish he kept his lead, and a red-faced and breathless Walters flung himself over the line about two yards behind.

Walters was immediately surrounded by a sympathetic body of friends, but scarce a cheer was raised for the winner. Dick Vine could not but realise that he had scarcely a friend in the whole of Havenhurst School.

Vine's bronzed face and dark hair gave him a Colonial appearance, and, indeed, until a few weeks ago he had never known any other country but India, where he had been born, and had spent the sixteen years of his life. He had come to Havenhurst when his parents had had to return to England for business reasons.

His "foreign" appearance told against him with some of his new schoolfellows, and his very reserved manner, though it was nothing more than the result of mixing with a more or less strange race, did not help things. Neither did his domineering way of talking, a trait born of his dealings with natives.

But, more than all these, it was his uncanny ability which alienated him from the Havenhurst fellows. He was good at all branches of sport, and really brilliant at his studies. Small wonder that Frank Walters was jealous of this interloper, as he regarded him—for Walters had always been the school's best all-round sportsman.

Had Walters had any really intimate friends, they would have known him to be cunning and selfish; but his outwardly cheery and happy-go-lucky nature was all that most people saw of him, and it made him very popular with a large number of the fellows. It was these "retainers" who saw with chagrin the result of the cross-country race.

An additional sore was Walters's loss of the cup which was awarded to the winner, to be retained permanently after three successive wins. Walters would have kept the trophy this year had he won. So there was ample reason for the black looks flung at "Clever Dick", as Vine had been dubbed—though not by way of a compliment.

"The rotter cheated!" Walters mumbled to his supporters as they made their way into the changing-rooms. "Couldn't have won otherwise! Tried to ditch me in the last field!"

There were sympathetic murmurings, and more black looks cast in Vine's direction. But the latter had heard what his rival said, and for once his temper got the better of him.

"What's that?" he said, pushing his way up to Walters. "All right, you needn't repeat it; I heard all right. You've said that sort of thing before—and you know it's a rotten lie! Look here, just to prove I *can* beat you fairly, I'm willing to take you on in the gym.—any time—and we'll get old Benson to referee. *He'll* be fair, anyway!"

Walters accepted. He could do nothing else, placed as he was. But, dearly as he would have liked to knock Vine out in the ring, he doubted very much if he could even win on points. Dick was as good at boxing as at everything else.

The following afternoon, with Mr. Benson, the gym. master, seeing fair play, Dick and Walters left their corners as the gong went for the first round.

Walters leapt to the attack on the instant, hoping by a strong offensive to finish the fight quickly. But Dick was like lightning on his feet, and by clever feints and dodges, he led the other all round the ring. Not one of Walters's rain of blows really told. Here and there Dick managed to get in one or two body blows, but he was mainly on his defensive. The round ended with both boys flushed and breathless, but with little or no advantage to either.

The boy who acted as Dick's second gave him a few words of encouragement, just as a matter of course, but it was obvious that he was at one with the majority of spectators in hoping that Walters would win.

"Seconds out. . . . Time!" Once again the combatants took the ring, and this time Walters, acting on his seconds' advice, took it a little easier, seeking to draw his opponent's attack.

But Dick was wise to his game. He kept on the move, circling round the other and refusing to close, and now and again getting in blows which made his opponent reel. The second round went to Dick on points, and then Walters, seeing the spectre of defeat looming before him, lost his temper.

He plunged at Dick like a demon, fists whirling, totally regardless of defence. Thus it was that a smart left from Dick found no parry and went straight to Walters's nose. Blood began to flow, which seemed to enrage him still further. A fierce left connected with Dick's jaw, followed closely by a right which knocked the boy from India to the ropes.

Walters rushed at him to finish the fight, but Vine struggled upright, and, feinting with his left, put all his strength into a terrific upper-cut. His opponent went down—and stayed down.

When the defeated Walters had been brought round, he dressed sullenly and made his way out to his study. Dick tried to get a word with him, with a view to conciliation, but the other avoided him. To most of the fellows it was obvious that Walters was in a towering rage at having lost the fight—even though it was little more than he had expected And the murmurings of many of the fellows—even of some of his own supporters—remarking that it was obviously a fair victory for Dick, did not improve Walters's temper.

A few minutes after Walters had reached his study, Dick knocked on the door and walked in. His rival turned and glared, but said nothing.

"Come to see if we can cut out all this rot, ol' man," Dick began, as cheerfully as he could manage in face of the other's reception. "I mean, we've really no cause for fighting; rather, we've a lot in common. What about it? . . . I mean, there's no harm in *friendly* rivalry, but——"

"If you were as clever in your savvy as you make out you are in everything else," broke in Walters with a sneer, "you'd know that I don't pal up with—with *cheats*! I'm a square-dealer, whatever else I'm not!"

"What d'you mean?" returned Dick. "That scrap just now—that was fair enough. All the fellows——"

"Oh—shut up! . . . And get out!"

Dick sighed, then quietly left the study. It was a pity. . . . But some chaps simply would not see reason. . . . He went slowly back to his own quarters.

The Open Mile!

It was the day of the athletic sports, just over a month later, and the ground was packed with spectators, among them parents and old boys. There had been no better feeling sprung up as yet between Walters and Dick, and although they were Brookes' House's most valuable men, and were both in almost every event for which they were eligible, they had little or nothing to do with each other.

Brookes' House was fast outstripping the others, for it was winning most of the open and over sixteen events. As the afternoon wore on, the result became obvious, and the open mile individual flat race came as a welcome relief from the monotony.

This was the only race in the programme which did not count in the House points. It was always an exciting event, and the crowd leaned forward expectantly as the starting-gun cracked.

Six runners—Dick and Walters among them—left the line. One or two began to force the pace, but Dick and Walters kept up a moderate stride for the first lap. Then they began to draw ahead, running almost level. At the commencement of the last lap they were leading the field, still neck and neck.

The spectators round the ropes craned forward expectantly. This was going to be an exceptionally close finish. On came the pair, increasing speed at every yard now. They rounded a corner to come down the final straight . . . and then it happened.

Cheering stopped suddenly, and a gasp went up from the crowd. They had all seen it—a deliberate trip by Dick on the corner. The two runners had drawn close together, and then Walters had staggered, failed to recover his balance, and fallen to the ground.

Dick, without a second glance, continued his dash to the tape, despite the shouts which assailed his ears from all parts of the ground. His victory was greeted coldly.

"A deliberate foul, Vine!" was the general verdict, which was upheld when Dick was disqualified.

As he stood disconsolately on one side, his father came up to him and took him by the arm. "Whatever possessed you, Dick?" he cried. "You'd have won easily—and even if you'd been losing, there was no occasion to foul! I feel you've let me down, Dick."

In a daze, the boy turned to his father. "But I didn't! I mean . . . it's not. . . . Oh, how can I say? . . . It's no good, Dad, I can't explain; only please believe that I didn't really foul!"

If Mr. Vine believed it, no one else did. Dick was shunned by all with whom he came in contact. It seemed as if Walters had been right—that Dick did not play fair at games!

Dick strolled moodily around the field, conscious that many eyes were upon him. The tug-of-war had started now, and he noticed that a Fourth-Former near him was filming it with a small ciné-camera. An idea suddenly leaped into Dick's brain, and he approached the boy.

"I say, Jenkins, did you film any of the open mile?" he asked, sensing uneasily that some of those near him were edging away.

"Eh?" The boy looked up; then, seeing Dick, he turned away again. "Oh, I dunno!" he said. "Don't remember; it was a *rotten* race, anyway. . . . Come on, Brookes'!" And he yelled encouragement to his House.

With a sigh, Dick turned away. He did not notice that

Walters had been standing near and had heard what had passed. It suddenly came to the latter what had been in Dick's mind when he had asked about the films. Walters did some hard thinking. . . .

Two days later Dick went again to Walters's study, and, entering, stood with his back against the closed door.

The senior looked up, astounded. " I wonder you've the nerve to come here," he said coldly. " I told you once that I only mix with those who play fair ! But you've been a bit *too* clever this time, Clever Dick ! " he ended with a leer.

" Now listen, Walters," snapped Dick grimly. " Drop the bluff ! You know it was *you* tripped *me* in that race; only, as you failed, and it looked as if it were my fault, you've been content to let me take the blame. . . . Well, you got away with it while I'd no proof ; but I have it now. You may not know it, but young Jenkins of the Fourth took a movie film of that race. and when shown in slow motion it reveals—everything ! "

Walters half rose from his chair, then a weak smile crossed his face. " Hard luck, Dickie ! " he mocked. " I borrowed that film from Jenkins this morning, so that I could show it to the Fifth fellows. . . . Well, er—I suppose films get *lost* sometimes . . . ? "

Dick started, an amazed look appearing on his face. " What ! You wouldn't . . . ? "

" Why not ? " enquired Walters silkily.

" Well, it's a caddish trick. . . . Almost as bad as—as cheating at games ! " Dick was speaking nervously and hesitatingly. He had thought he had his rival on toast ; he hadn't bargained for this. It was just Walters's luck to have got hold of the film first.

" Just as well that you came to me before reporting to Benson or anyone, wasn't it ? " grinned Walters, delighting in his victim's discomfiture. " I might have given the film back . . ."

Dick clenched his teeth and started forward impulsively, but at that moment the door opened and young Jenkins appeared. Winking cheerily at Dick, he said : " Mr. Benson wants to see you both in Gregory's study—*now*, please ! "

Walters lost his self-confidence and glanced nervously at Dick, but the latter was already following the Fourth-Former out into the corridor. Knitting his brows, Walters followed.

When they arrived at Gregory's study, they found not only Gregory, who was captain of Brookes' House and of school athletics, and Mr. Benson, but most of the Sixth Form, and some of the Fifth. But what worried Walters most was the small movie projector on the table and the screen on the far wall.

" Ah, yes. . . . Now we're all here," said Mr. Benson genially, though there was a serious note in his voice, " I thought we'd all like to see the film of the athletic sports which young Jenkins here took. A very good one, I understand. . . . Right, Bull ! " The lights went out and the film began. Jenkins flushed a little at the compliment to his photography, while Walters's face took on a hunted appearance, and Dick looked mystified.

There is little more to tell. When the film reached the open mile race, Gregory sent it through in slow motion, and the full details of the incident of the foul were shown up. Walters, in trying to trip Dick, had himself slipped and fallen.

There was a hushed silence in the room, and Walters, trying to rise and slip out unnoticed, found Mr. Benson's hand on his arm, holding him back. When the light was put on again, the master rose.

" Well," he said, " after that, I want to be the first to apologise to Vine for misjudging him. The film has proved him innocent of the foul, and I rather think he is to be congratulated now for having stuck it so well, having the whole school almost against him ! "

There were murmurings of agreement from the others, and spontaneous cheers. Dick was escorted by genuine well-wishers when he left the room. One thing puzzled him, however. How could they have shown the film when Walters said he had it ? Unless Walters had lied. . . .

Gregory soon answered that, however. " Oh," he said, " they can make copies of films now, y'know. And young Jenkins had one or two done, so that the other Houses could borrow them and that sort of thing. The one we've just seen was the original, as it happens, and Walters must have had one of the copies."

About Walters's guilt nothing was said. But such is the fickleness of public opinion that, when the news leaked out, not only had Walters to take rebuffs from those in his own House, but he found himself universally shunned throughout the school, just as Dick had been.

Strangely enough, the only one who did not almost outlaw his rival was Dick himself. He never believed in hitting a man when he was down ; besides, he knew Walters's good points, knew that the House couldn't well do without his enthusiastic support.

And later on, when the general uproar had died down, Walters found his staunchest friend in the boy from India whom he had once hated like poison !

" Funny," said Walters, one day after Brookes' had just won the cricket match which made them Cock House, " a few months ago there was all that row going on ; and now we're as thick as thieves—almost ! "

" Well, it's for some good," replied Dick. " Between us we've helped Brookes' to the Cricket Cup for the first time in history ! "

" Thanks to you," put in the other.

" Don't thank me," grinned Dick. " Thank young Jenkins—and his camera ! "

Sherwood Forest

THIS famous Nottinghamshire woodland, associated so intimately with Robin Hood stories, is no longer a forest in the true sense of the word, but there is still much woodland scattered over the area, as a botanical survey has shown. Plantations of oaks, chestnuts and conifers are numerous, with bracken undergrowth in the oak woods often so dense as to crowd out all other undergrowth. Birch trees are increasing in parts. Fifty-seven per cent of the Sherwood oaks were found to be the common oak (*Quercus pedunculata*), 35 per cent the sessil-fruited oak (*Q. sessiliflora*), and 7.6 per cent hybrids between the two (*Q. intermedia*). Formerly covering 100,000 acres, the " forest " has been much reduced. An area of 1,487 acres that contained 49,909 oaks in 1609 contained 37,316 in 1686, and but 10,117 in 1790. Bracken plants often reach five feet high.

E. H.

Officers of the Royal Household

By MARTIN GARRICK

DURING the historic events connected with the British Monarchy that took place in 1936, many of you must have become aware of certain Court and State officials of whose existence you were formerly ignorant. Through the unique Coronation ceremonies, held last month, you have had further opportunities of learning of their various duties and their place in the affairs of the nation.

Many of the titles borne by these officials, such as: Clarenceux King-of-Arms, Norrey King-of-Arms, Garter-Principal-King-of-Arms, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix and others, are more than suggestive of the days of the Norman kings, and, indeed, there are centuries of tradition and romance behind every one of these ranks.

But whilst the duties connected with the majority of these offices are only performed on rare occasions, there are other little-known officials of the Royal Household whose work is of a permanent nature, and yet of whose being very few people are aware. For instance, how many people know that the King's private staff, including the honorary offices, numbers some three hundred persons, whilst there are a further twenty as members of Her Majesty's Household. Add to these another forty or so members of the King's Household in Scotland, and you see how prodigious is the staff over which Their Majesties must preside.

Proclaiming the new King at the Royal Exchange, London. The officials (reading from left to right) are: City Beadle, Clarenceux King-of-Arms, Norrey King-of-arms, and State Trumpeters.

Of course, many of the offices included in this number do not entail a great deal of work, and something like a hundred officials, including those holding rank as members of the Royal Chaplains, the Medical Household and the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, have only occasional duties to perform.

Most of us are familiar with the titles of such Court officials as the Lord Chamberlain, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the Private Secretary and others, although the nature of their work is much less known than their names.

The Lord Chamberlain

The Lord Chamberlain, of course, is chiefly known on account of his being at liberty to exercise his authority with regard to all plays performed in public places, and his sanction must first be obtained before any new one is performed. Many people imagine that he personally examines every new play that is to be produced, but this is not the case. His duties are far too onerous to allow this to be done, and that particular task is allocated to an under-official styled " The Examiner of Plays ".

Actually the supervision of drama and the theatre is but a minor part of the Lord Chamberlain's work, his department being easily the largest and most important one of the Royal Household, and includes all " officers, servants (except those of the bed-chamber), physicians, musicians, comedians and tradesmen " connected with it.

Amongst the many officers under the Lord Chamberlain's control are such little-known ones as the Keeper of the Jewel House, Surveyors of the King's Pictures and the King's Works of Art, Master of the King's Musick, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Keeper of Virginia Water and the Keeper of the Swans, as well as the various Lords-in-Waiting, Grooms-in-Waiting, Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Pages of Honour.

Tradition entails that the Lord Chamberlain himself shall present to the Monarch all who have the honour of being received at the various Court functions (levees, balls and so on), whilst the issue of all invitations comes under his control. He, too, has to endorse the King's answer of petitions and to communicate His Majesty's pleasure to both Parliament and the Privy Council.

The provision of the various State robes is yet another of his duties, as well as that of being responsible for the correct keeping of inventories and records of all the furniture and equipment of the State palaces. The origin, description and value of every new addition must be duly recorded, and in the same way he must be able to account for any articles discarded.

The post of Lord Chamberlain is a permanent one; that is to say, a change of Government does not make any difference to the person holding the office.

The Private Secretary

The Private Secretary is another important and responsible officer of the Royal Household and his duties are particularly onerous. All correspondence that does not require the personal attention of the King has to be dealt with by the Private Secretary, whilst the making of all arrangements in connection with functions to be attended or performed by His Majesty falls to the lot of this hardworking official.

The Lord Steward is another person of high rank in the court, but, unlike the Lord Chamberlain and the Private Secretary, the person holding this office is required to resign should the Government of which he is a member be superseded by a new one.

Amongst his duties is that of authorising the issue of warrants to various tradespeople, and when you see the phrase " By Royal Warrant " in a tradesman's announcement you will know that he has been afforded the privilege

of supplying certain goods or commodities to the Court by the Lord Steward.

The Keeper of the Privy Purse draws and signs all cheques on behalf of the King and gives advice as to which charities shall receive a Royal bounty, and the Master of the Household (usually a peer of the realm) assists the Lord Steward, and, in addition, has often the duty of allocating any rooms to be occupied by guests at the State palaces.

Amongst the most interesting of the officers of the Royal Household are the three Gold Sticks, which were established by William IV about a hundred years ago. Their task is to place before the King all orders issued by the Army Council. Each Gold Stick is on duty for one month at a time, and the office is held by the colonels of the three Household Cavalry Regiments.

There are, of course, many other quite important offices which space precludes me from detailing, but those mentioned should be enough to make you realise the enormous amount of work that goes on behind the scenes in connection with the maintenance of our British Monarchy, with its great traditions and honour.

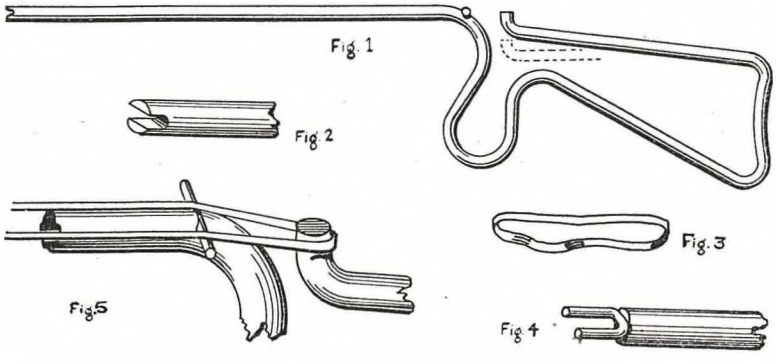
How to make a Wire Gun

THIS gun can be made from a piece of wire not more than 20 in. in length, and the only skill required is that necessary to bend fairly stout wire neatly and with some accuracy as to form.

As to the precise material—galvanised iron wire about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter suits our purpose best. The local ironmonger will probably prefer to be asked for wire of definite wire gauge and therefore let it be said that 10 S.W.G. (Standard Wire Gauge) is in order.

To assist the bending process a vice is, of course, a very desirable machine, and the wire is most easily bent round a piece of steel bar of, say, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter—the sharper bends being manipulated by the use of a pair of round-nosed pliers. Fig. 1 shows the shape of the completed gun, and although exact dimensions are not at all important, it is suggested that the length of "barrel" be about $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. and that of the "stock" about $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Let it be noted that the "stock" is of that form known as "pistol grip", and this is of importance, as will be clear a little later. The back portion of the "stock"—which fits snugly against the shoulder in the full-size weapon—should be a little curved, as indicated—this will provide a more comfortable grip for the fingers, or, rather, for the thumb.



Having succeeded in bending the length of wire to something approaching the shape of Fig. 1, two important little operations have to be performed. Firstly, it is necessary to cut a notch in the "barrel" end, as indicated clearly in the enlarged view (Fig. 2). This can be best done with a small rat-tail file such as is commonly used by fret-sawyers—to coin a word.

An alternative method of applying the necessary notch—or its equivalent—to this end of the gun, is to solder a short piece of wire of "staple" shape to the gun end, as shown in Fig. 4. One prefers, however, a neatly filed slot—particularly if the edges are rounded off a little.

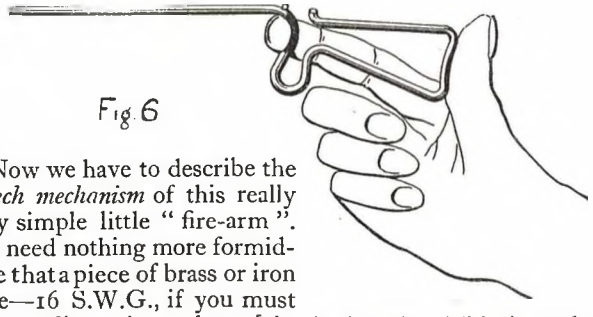


Fig. 6

Now we have to describe the *breech mechanism* of this really very simple little "fire-arm". We need nothing more formidable that a piece of brass or iron wire—16 S.W.G., if you must have a dimension—about $\frac{5}{8}$ in. in length. This is to be securely fixed *across* the rear end of the barrel in about the position indicated in Figs. 1 and 5. The use of solder is, perhaps, imperative here, though other means can be devised for securing this rather important little crosspiece. Let this fixing operation be carefully done; the crosspiece must be secure, and it must be at right-angles to the line of fire. The successful working of the gun depends in great measure upon the *correct relative position* of the crosspiece and the small upright projection immediately in its rear. A glance at the illustrations on this page will probably have already suggested that the ammunition used in guns of this category consists of rubber—in band form. Suitable rubber bands can be purchased at stationers' shops, and if the dimensions given have been followed, then bands as suggested in Fig. 3 of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length should be suitable.

It will now be realised that the energy required to discharge the missile is contained within the missile itself. The elasticity of the rubber band, when released, projects it in the required direction.

Now some directions as to how to load and how to fire. Act in this manner. Place one end of a band in the front notch of the gun and hold it there with a forefinger. Stretch the other end of the band back and anchor it on the projecting hook end of the stock, as very clearly shown in Fig. 5—being very careful to ensure that both sides of the band pass *over* the small crossbar. (Please observe Fig. 5 carefully.)

When the gun is undergoing its first tests, a little adjusting of the hook end either up or down will have its effect upon the "pull" of the gun. Sometimes a trifling application of a file to this same piece will be beneficial.

To fire—hold the gun as shown in Fig. 6 and press forefinger and thumb *firmly* together. This action depresses the top leg of the stock (see dotted lines in Fig. 1), and thus, through the influence of the crossbar, releases the rubber band, which will be projected rather accurately in the direction in which the gun is pointing at the time of release. Quite good shooting may be done at short ranges.

JOHN SILVESTER.

Moti Lal's Good Turn

By ROBERT HARDING

The two men seized the captive . . . and propped him in feet first as though he were a post.

The Lone Scout

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!—and then a rumbling sound like a far-off bellow.

Moti Lal sat up in his creaky, rickety, cane-and-string bed, rubbed his eyes, and listened. Realising that the sounds were real, that he hadn't been dreaming, he tiptoed to the square hole high up in the wall of the hut. Here the bright, beady eyes in that cropped head took a quick shrewd survey of the scene outside—one typical of the sugar-cane country of Central India: fields and fields of sugar-cane growing five to six feet high and waving under the moon, with clumps of trees showing up here and there like islands, and cutting right through it all the railway line.

Moti knew that it wasn't the rumble or the whistle of a train that had awakened him (the next train wasn't due for some while yet), nor was it the chug-chug of a wild boar sharpening its tusks against the bole of a tree. Boar sometimes wandered up the line and got lost in, and trampled down, the crops. But the sound he now heard was strange and new: a sharp blow, followed almost immediately by a thump—and occasionally a moaning like a bullock in pain.

He returned to his cot shaking with excitement, and listened. His father and mother at the other side of the room were sleeping soundly; the poultry in a coop in a far corner made no movement; so he quickly pulled out something from under the bed, and then, with the aid of a thick cane staff, wriggled, then vaulted out of the window.

He could have made his exit by the door, but he knew from experience that the wooden crossbar was heavy and as noisy as the door-hinges. Another minute and he had left the clump of trees that surrounded his home and, having rustled his way through a million tall, juicy cane stalks, emerged into one of the long, narrow avenues that divided the fields. Here, grinning, he tightened a piece of rope that kept a pair of large khaki slacks from falling over his hips, tucked in a length of khaki pugaree cloth which he tried to drape round his cane-fed fatty torso like a shirt, rammed on his head a dilapidated trilby hat which would not come to a satisfactory pointed peak, and then, the staff carried gun-fashion over his shoulder, the Lone Scout of Jitpur set off down that narrow alleyway towards the railway line that was a good quarter of a mile away.

Now, Jitpur will not be found on any official map of India; it is not even considered to be a village. The slacks Moti had found one morning by the side of the railway, having presumably been thrown away as not even useful enough as a cleaning rag; the hat had once belonged to a hunter, that gentleman having lost it while beating for boar in the vicinity; the staff was a product of the cane-fields and was so marked with fire-rings that it looked like a tiger's tail (Moti knew nothing about lineal measure)—yet Moti felt as proud as any Scout going to a jamboree.

Moti's becoming a Boy Scout was magic, really. Some months before, he had gone by train with his father to a market town to buy a new bullock to replace Teerah at the cane-press—old Teerah, who for years had walked round and round the crude mill operating the tree-trunk that crushed the juice out of the cane-stalks, having passed away through old age. In the East it takes a day or two to make a purchase; so while his sire was bargaining over the bullock, Moti became acquainted with some young sahibs living in white tents in a field.

To his surprise, he was not shooed off like an outcast, but offered a place round the camp-fire, and among the many wonderful things shown to him was a paper.

"*Paggi*, it is called," exclaimed the patrol leader, in the

vernacular. "*Paggi*—guide, tracker, Scout. *Mallum?*" And he showed the moon-eyed urchin drawings therein of Afghans, also people like his own father. He was told of a *bhai-bund* (brotherhood) that was world-wide, and of white boys' *jadoo* (magic) called "good turns"; and he returned to Jitpur but dimly *malluming* (understanding) what the Scouts had tried to convey, nevertheless with a strange itch in his soul to be like they were.

"Arrrr-mauww!"

Ah! There was the sound again, like the bellowing of a bullock in pain . . . and coming from the railway line, too. "Perhaps it is a bullock that has been knocked down and is lying wounded and dying on the rails," thought Moti as he came out of the avenue that ran at right angles to the railroad, and in true Scout fashion vaulted the five-foot wire fence that divided the fields from the metal track.

Here the railway ran in a perfect arc, bordered on each side by the waving cane-fronds, with here and there the gaps of the avenues; and Moti could see that both fences were as unbroken as were the metals. No beast had broken through those taut wire strands.

Round the corner, perhaps!

Rounding the arc, he came to where the track ran straight for three or four miles, to become lost in the darkness of some trees. As he hurried on, Moti found that the sounds not only grew louder, but that he could see the men who made them—dark figures in the middle of the up-line trackway, digging with spades.

Smack-thump! Smack-thump! came to his keen ears as they dug and tossed out the hard earth between the rails.

He crossed the line and made progress under cover of the slight embankment on the other side, and presently was near enough to distinguish two men digging a hole between the wooden sleepers. Natives they were, who had discarded their shirts and outer garments, and whose limbs glistened in the moonlight as they worked, and whose cast-off clothing was lying beside a large, dark object that not only wriggled in bonds that secured its hands and feet, but which moaned and groaned frightfully.

"It is past midnight," panted one of the diggers. "Therefore dig harder, O Tarree. If the te-rain pass before the hole is deep enough, then must we wait till dawn ere the next come by. And we must be many *kos* away from this place before daylight!"

"Aye, Mardi," returned the other. "By dawn his friends will have wondered where he is, and will begin searches. Hark!"

They listened . . . hearing what the heart-pounding Moti, too, heard—the far-distant rumble of a train.

"*Shaitan!*" rumbled Mardi, sticking his spade in the heap of lumpy earth. "This track is as hard as a street road. Quickly! Quickly!"

And quickly the two men seized the captive by his head and ankles, and carried him to the hole, where they propped him in feet first as though he were a post, so that half of him disappeared into the earth, the other half of him being a ghastly sight as the two murderers shovelled and kicked the earth back into place.

"It is a white man!" gasped Moti—"a Government sahib!" For, although the man's head was bound toothache fashion by a piece of dirty turban, enough of the face was exposed to prove that fact. Also there was the body tunic-clad, the brass buttons glistening, and the whole of it made to face the way in which the Central Provinces Express was coming.

The roar of the train grew in thunder every ensuing minute. Any minute now it would round that far-distant curve and come into the straight, at seventy miles an hour; and Moti, had he been six months younger, would have fled terrified from the scene and hidden in the midst of one of the cane-fields.

Even now he was trembling in every limb. His was a naturally fearful nature. But something about those rag-bag shorts he wore, something that bulged in the right-hand pocket of them, something about that scarecrow trilby hat, something that symbolised them all made him keep his ground, and to think—as the thunder of the train grew louder yet—how he could help this man, save him, do a "goot turn".

"I must stop the te-rain," he thought. "Yet *hai mai!*—these *budmashes* will stop me first, for they have knives, and perhaps guns. *Aie!*"

The man called Mardi was stooping and leering into the doomed man's face. "Thus am I avenged for the death of my son, *askari* (policeman)!" he snarled—"my son, whom thou didst capture and cause to be hanged at the Government jail. Thou camest to catch us after my son was hanged, and we purposely let it be known that we were hiding in the Jitpur cane-fields—hiding here to trap thee. *Aie!*"

He, too, looked up the line, where the train had now rounded the curve. Next moment his vision left, as if by magic, that spot where a cloud of white steam was mingling with the moonlight. Three pairs of eyes, in fact, stared incredulous at a tiny figure that had risen like a genie out of the earth, and was racing between the metals of the opposite line as hard as it could pelt.

"*Aie!*" snarled Mardi a second time, but in an entirely different key, as with curved daggers drawn they gave chase.

"*Shabash!* (Splendid!)" breathed Police Sergeant Coombes through his gag. "It's splendid of you, youngster. But I'm afraid it's no good. They'll knife you before you c'n flag the train!"

Stirring the Tree Devils

But Moti Lal had a trick in his head.

That was why he ran between the rails instead of on the outside. He could jump over the sleepers far more nimbly than his huge-footed pursuers, and he wanted his little legs to give him as much lead as possible—till he reached a solitary tree whose branches almost hung over the embankment, and at which he had often—at a safe distance—aimed with his catapult.

Moti was not even thinking for the moment of the rapidly approaching train. His mind was terrifically concentrated on the lonely *pipul* which stood out from the rest of the clump like a sentinel or scout, and as he neared it he grasped his staff firmly in both hands.

In the lower branches of that *pipul* dwelt jinns—thousands of little devils that stung you all over if you disturbed their home. That was why he had in the past used his catapult. Now he would have to swipe at the nest, and then run as he had never run before.

He knew that his pursuers were momentarily losing ground, he also knew exactly where the nest was—in a leaf-covered crutch in the lower boughs on the level with his shoulder.

He was almost alongside the tree now. It was time to leave the track. He leapt down the embankment and Whack, whack—crash! went his staff. And then he fled, for the monster woke up with a hiss, emitting thousands of angry wild bees from the nest in the hollow branch.

The swarm flew like wind-driven hail on the movable

objects nearest the wrecked nest, which objects happened to be, not Moti the despoiler, but Mardi and Tarree.

We regret to have to state that Moti grinned like the imp he was as he sped on his way, along the embankment again now, his improvised khaki shirt waving like a banner from his uplifted staff.

"He, he, he!" he chuckled. "They are being stung everywhere at once. They are running into the crops—and the bees will not leave them—and, he, he! how loudly are they holloaing. *Oah mai!*"

His grin changed to alarm, for the other great monster thundering towards him showed no sign of slackening. The snorting, rocking engine was still a hundred yards away from him. Moti shouted, stepped into the middle of the parallel trackway, and waved frantically. A head popped out of the engine cab and saw him. Then the lighted carriages thundered past, and then the train was gone, leaving behind such a draught that the banner was torn from its standard and sent skywards, while Moti was almost blown to the ground.

Yet still he waved and shouted, and the train seemed to rock still more, and the engine steamed and screamed. There was a continuous grinding sound, and—*hai mai*!—the train was slowing down! It was stopping! Heads popped out of carriage windows; almost before the locomotive stopped the doors were flung open, and people jumped out on to the line.

A big man with a dressing-gown over his pyjamas strode in slippered feet to the front of the engine, where, gathered round the astonished driver and his mate, natives and white passengers were staring at a man half buried between the rails, and not a dozen yards from the steam-hissing engine's front buffers.

CHRIST ON THE ANDES

THIS colossal statue stands at Puente-del-Inca, the dividing line between Argentina and Chile in South America, in the very heart of the Andes. It was erected in celebration of peace between the two republics. The statue is of bronze and was cast in the arsenal at Buenos Aires from cannon. The erection of the monument on the highest accessible pinnacle in the Andes was quite an engineering feat. It was carried 654 miles by rail to Mendoza, and from there dragged by mules and soldiers on a gun-carriage up the steep slopes to the plateau, a task which occupied three weeks. The granite base on which the statue stands is 20 ft. high and the figure of the Redeemer 26 ft. The pedestal bears this inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace, which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain."

H. J. S.

"Mallum?"

"Why, it's Coombes—my sergeant!" gasped the pyjama-clad Deputy Superintendent of Police, picking up one of the discarded shovels. "The man I was on the way to visit. Coombes has been after those bazaar murderers, y'know; an' I was just coming along to help with the round-up. . . . Here; come along, some of you men! He's fainted—an' no wonder at it! Good eyesight, on your part, driver. I know it's moonlighty, but the track's pretty dark, for all that."

"I didn't see anything, sir, 'cept an urchin flaggin' the train 'bout half a mile back," said the driver, gently scooping the earth away from Coombes's shins. "Then I saw what I thought to be a hanimal lying acrost the track, an' knowing that they *can* send an engine off the rails, I pulled up. Why, there he is!"

They had released the sergeant from his earthy trap by now, had cut the ropes that bound his limbs and yelled for a stretcher, when, instead of collapsing, Coombes, supported by the superintendent and the driver, held out his hand and grabbed that of an urchin whom the superintendent had just previously sworn at for getting in the way.

"You're a *pukka* hero——" he began, when Moti gesticulatingly interrupted, pointing to a distant mass of trampled sugar-cane, in the midst of which two heads occasionally appeared tossing about like corks in a sea.

"The *budmashes* are in there, sahib."

"I know, chicko. I saw it all," choked the police sergeant. "They'll be stung to death. That will save us a lot o' bother, sir. They're the last o' those knife-stabbing bazaar thieves. They got me 'cause I arrested the son of one of 'em. The father, who—er—specialises in torture deaths, apparently, was going to get his own back, and would have done so if it hadn't been for my young friend here!"

"What is your name?"

Perhaps the superintendent's vernacular was not too perfect, or maybe Moti thought the question was "What are you?" Anyhow, he pulled from the right-hand pocket of his disreputable shorts a mass of soiled and crumpled paper which, when opened out, bore on the cover the legend "BOY'S OWN PAPER", and the coloured picture of boys at camp.

"I am a goot turn, dip'ty sahib," Moti haltingly explained. "A *paggi*. *Mallum?* A *paggi*, a"—the word slowly translated itself in the bemused brain—"a Boy Scout. *Mallum?*"

"I think I understand," nodded the white man, repressing a smile at the shorts and trilby hat. "That accounts for your—er—uniform, eh?"

Anyhow, he saw to it that Moti's "goot turn" was suitably rewarded, and out of his own pocket paid for a complete Boy Scout uniform, made and sent to Moti by a recognised firm.

At Grips with a Grizzly!

By
C. V. TENCH

IT was when Maxwell and his partner Odlum were prospecting in Northern British Columbia, Canada, that Maxwell became involved in a terrific hand-to-hand fight with a huge grizzly.

Grizzly bears are plentiful in British Columbia and it is not an altogether uncommon occurrence for men to come to close grips with the huge, bad-tempered brutes, but it *is* an uncommon occurrence for a man to come to close grips with a grizzly and live to tell the tale.

This authentic narrative will substantiate that statement.

At the end of summer and that year's prospecting season, Maxwell and Odlum decided that, as they still possessed a good stock of food, they would not return to civilisation for the winter, but put in the season at trapping. Setting to with a will, they erected a snug cabin on the banks of the Hache River, and from there blazed trap-lines in all directions.

By the time these tasks were finished it was fall and freezing hard night and morning, so their next job was to shoot and cache a good supply of fresh meat. Three days of hunting rewarded them with a fine young bull moose. This they skinned and cut up in the woods and packed on their shoulders to their home cabin. They went to bed that night feeling content ; plenty of necessary groceries and several hundred pounds of fresh meat in the cache.

That night it stormed and snowed heavily ; the voice of the storm drowned out other sounds. In the morning several inches of snow covered the ground and it was freezing hard. The partners were pleased ; ideal trapping weather.

Climbing into his clothes, Maxwell went outside to cut a couple of moose steaks for breakfast, whilst his partner got the fire going.

A quiet man of kindly disposition, Maxwell is not easily put out, but what he saw caused him to curse long and bitterly. The carefully built cache was a wreckage of torn and twisted poles. The moose meat was gone, excepting for a few clawed and chewed hunks no longer fit for human consumption.

To the book that tells everything to the trained woodsman—the snow-covered ground—Maxwell dropped his eyes. There was no mistaking the huge paw-marks scattered all around. Grizzly ! No longer cursing, but still seething inwardly, Maxwell returned to the cabin and informed Odlum of their loss.

For a long time the partners discussed the matter. A thieving grizzly, as they well knew, usually meant an old grizzly who found it easier to steal than to hunt and kill for himself. And both men knew that old grizzlies are dangerous, and, not only not afraid of man, but more often belligerent. They also knew that in the whole of Canada there is no animal it is more dangerous to trail than an old grizzly ; huge, ugly-tempered, and often the veteran victor of many encounters with man.

But as they talked, quietly and grimly, the partners realised that they must track down and destroy the robber of their cache, because, undoubtedly, the grizzly would return again and again. They were two hundred miles from the nearest source of supplies. They dared not risk the eventuality of one night returning to their cabin and finding that, not only was their cache again robbed of fresh meat, but that the brute had broken into the cabin itself and destroyed or consumed the rest of their food.

The upshot was that the partners agreed that Maxwell should trail the brute—an easy matter over the carpet of freshly fallen snow—whilst Odlum should remain to guard the cabin.

Hastily throwing a light pack together, Maxwell set out. Had he known what he was to face before another dawn, he might not have strode along so determinedly. Not knowing, for the rest of that day he followed grimly in the wake of the beast that had robbed the cache.

A Fight for Life

The dusk of eventide was floating through the trees when the bear's tracks abruptly turned off at right angles and led down the side of a boulder-strewn gulch. Halting at the top of the steep bank, Maxwell stood debating with himself. Undoubtedly this was where the animal had its lair; perhaps even now it was curled up in its cave sleeping off the effects of its gorge. The light was none too good for straight and fast shooting, but, remembering the wrecked cache, Maxwell, grim-eyed and grim-lipped, rifle ready, started down the side of the gully.

And just as he reached the bottom something else started down the other side! Hurled itself down towards the man, with coughing, terrifying roars.

True to its type, and undoubtedly aware that it had been trailed all day, the crafty brute had awaited this favourable opportunity to turn and furiously attack.

At the first sound of the bear's charge Maxwell jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired—once—twice. He heard the bullets thud into that huge bulk, doubly huge in the gloom, but no bullets could even stay the infuriated grizzly's raging onslaught. Even as Maxwell jerked a third cartridge into the breech of his rifle the animal was upon him—a raging, clawing, biting incarnation of savagery.

Desperately the man fought to get from under the maddened beast. The hot gusty breath of the grizzly coughing into his face was laden with blood—proof that the two bullets had gone home. But the pain of its wounds only infuriated the animal further. Knocking aside the arms with which Maxwell tried to protect his face, it seized his head in its huge jaws and commenced to crush. The terrific agony caused the man to thrust his right arm full into the ravenous jaws to release his head. With one champing bite the grizzly crushed hand and wrist.

By now Maxwell was almost blinded from the blood streaming from his own wounds, but still he struggled. His groping left hand encountered the rifle he had dropped. Seconds counted. Somehow, he managed to thrust the muzzle of the rifle right into the animal's jaws. Even as the brute's teeth clamped on the steel the man pressed the trigger.

At that point-blank range the soft-nosed bullet blew a gaping hole in the grizzly's skull. Grunting and struggling in its death throes, it rolled over, but even as it died it set its teeth in the sorely wounded man's right thigh. Then its huge muscles relaxed and it became still.

For gasping, agonising seconds Maxwell lay there, unable to summon up the strength to move, and then the self-reliance engendered by many years spent in the wilds asserted itself. Slowly, every motion one of indescribable agony, he struggled to his feet.

Blood was pouring from his wounds, but he forced himself to calmly size up his injuries and see if it was worth his while to try and retrace the few miles to the cabin, or to quit then and there. After he had taken stock of his injuries he could not have been blamed had he quit.

Part of his scalp had been torn off and the skull-bones injured. His jaws were both broken and dislocated. Lips and cheeks were horribly gashed, and his chin, robbed of the support of the jaw-bones, was hanging to his chest. His right hand and forearm were crushed and useless. But the thigh wound was not serious; his legs—when he cautiously tried them to find out—were still sound. He decided to try and make the home cabin.

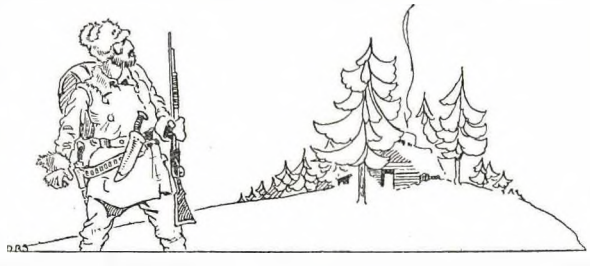
But first he had to roughly bandage his hurts and try to stay the flowing blood. Somehow he tore his sweater to pieces and fashioned rough bandages. He then set out.

Yet, arrived at the cabin, weak, exhausted and suffering terrible pain, his first thought was not to startle his partner. As Odlum stirred in his bunk at his entry, Maxwell staggered to his side and mumbled to him to brace himself for a shock. He knew he must be a ghastly-looking object. He was, because, even though somewhat prepared, as Odlum got a lamp going and turned towards his partner, he could not repress an "Oh, heavens!" of horror.

But after that one gasp Odlum at once got busy. Tenderly, as best he could with the rough remedies at his disposal, he dressed his partner's terrible wounds. Leaving him then, stretched out on a bunk, Odlum set out for help. By dusk he was back with two Indians and a dog-team, in which to convey Maxwell to the nearest town and skilled aid. With furs and blankets Odlum and the Indians made Maxwell as comfortable as they could upon the sled, then started the two-hundred-mile journey to town.

Days later they reached it, keeping Maxwell alive during the trip with hot broth they poured down his throat, for, with his mangled jaws, the wounded man could not drink nor attempt to eat.

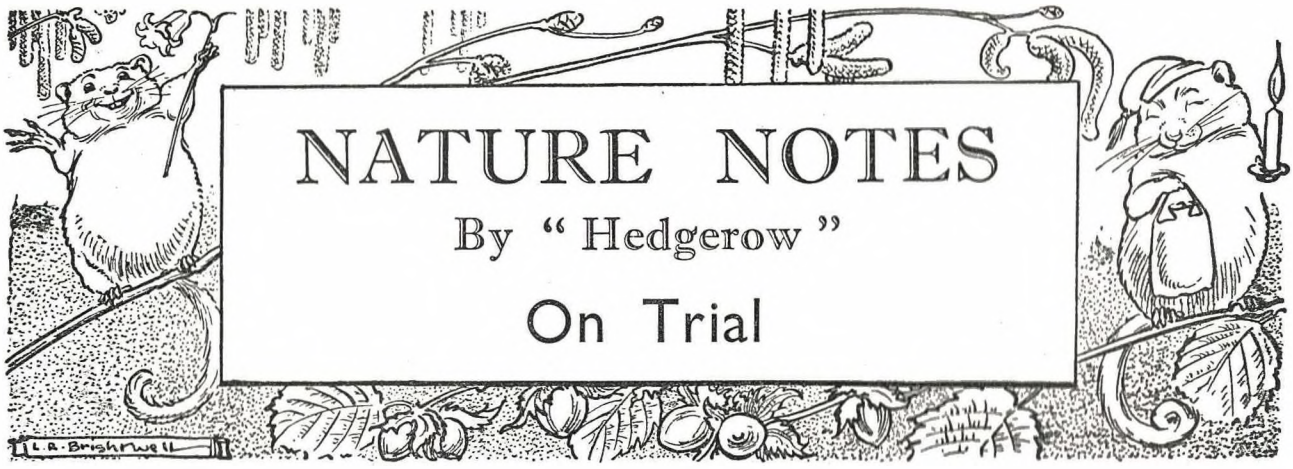
Doctors in the hospital to which Maxwell was conveyed stared aghast at him and expressed open amazement that he was still alive. Then they went to work to try to save him. It was a months'-long fight; operation followed operation. The doctors won because Maxwell matched his indomitable will with their skill. He determined to get better and he did, and to-day enjoys good health. But plainly visible on his head, face, hand, arm and leg are the scars he received when he came to grips with an infuriated grizzly.



Model Yachting Terms

YOU must know the names of your boat parts. *Hull*—the floating body part; *bow*, *stern*, *mast*, *rudder*. They're plain. The *tiller* is the bar which moves the rudder. Any movable cover on the deck is the *hatch*, which gives access to the interior or *hold* of the hull. The cords keeping the mast upright are *shrouds* when attached to the boat sides, and *stays* when running lengthways, or "fore and aft". The stick which "spreads" the sail-top is a *gaff*. The sail behind the mast is the *mainsail*; one above is *main-topsail*. The sail "before" the mast is the *foresail*—if there are two the outer is a *jib*, and if a third at the top it is the *jib-topsail*. String to raise sail is a *halyard*.

SID G. HEDGES.



NATURE NOTES

By "Hedgerow"

On Trial

IF all the birds and all the wild animals of our countryside had to appear before a court of enquiry, sitting to consider the advisability of extinguishing all whom the court decided were harmful or of no use to us, we should hear some interesting arguments on both sides. Farmers, fruit growers, gardeners, gamekeepers, corn merchants, and such-like, would be called to give evidence, and all the spare seats in the public gallery would be occupied by naturalists. Such a thing is never likely to happen, of course, but the idea is one which is amusing to toy with.

Well, let us suppose a court of enquiry is sitting at the moment. In comes the first offender, a thrush. The case against him is that he steals all "Hedgerow's" best aubretia in his rockery to build a nest in someone else's garden; steals strawberries and raspberries, pecks holes in ripe gooseberries, and gobbles up all the berries on the little ornamental shrubs just as they are looking their best. In his favour it is argued that he charms "Hedgerow's" garden with his wild, sweet song, lays four or five lovely blue-spotted eggs, looks pretty on the lawn, dresses well, and kills no end of snails. The court finds in his favour, and lets him go with a warning about those strawberries.

Next a rat is brought in, biting at the bars of his trap and screaming. It takes quite a long time to read of all his misdeeds and no one gets up to say anything in his favour, possibly for fear of ridicule. With no hesitation, the verdict of guilty is announced, and the sentence—"To be shot at sight". The rat is removed, still screaming and biting at his cage.

The Slug-Eater

Then a hedgehog is brought in. He immediately rolls himself into a ball and refuses to say a word. The case against him is that he is full of fleas, and none too clean. But, for him, it is argued that it does not matter much, providing he keeps them to himself. That he keeps the garden free of slugs, and is a good fellow when you get to know him. A keeper gets up and has a lot to say about egg-stealing, but the court is loath to convict, and so, with the aid of a cloth, he is deposited outside, still a ball, and eventually sneaks away unnoticed. Now a long-tailed field mouse is brought in, and, like the rat, he is in a trap. "Well, what has he done?" says the president. The reply is that he has dug up a whole row of sprouting peas, made a home all the winter in a bee-hive, and made a proper mess of the combs; gnawed a hole in a bag of corn and spilt more than he has eaten, and has had far too many children. "Yes," says the president, "I know all that, but he looks a perfect little gentleman. Look at those lovely big eyes and fine ears, and lovely coat; he does, at least, take a pride in his appearance. He is a credit to the hedgefolk. Let him go." All agree; the lid of the trap is lifted, and away he scampers, to dig up more peas and to eat more bee comb.

Next comes a starling, screeching indignantly and pecking at the hand of his captor. The case against him is that he damages the thatch, is a dog in the manger, ousts other birds from nesting-boxes, makes a mess generally, and behaves like a pig at the bird table. In fact, not a very nice person. In his favour it is argued by a friendly farmer that he eats an enormous number of harmful insects, and is invaluable in clearing the grass roots of leather-jackets.

It is some time before the court can come to a decision, but eventually he is released. The farmer has got him off, and, besides, when all is said, he does work very hard to support his family. On leaving the court the starling says something to the president, and there is the hush of surprise. But the president, a lover of birds, and a kindly man, says: "Take no notice: he speaks like the parrot and does not know what he is saying", and so he is not called back.

A Surprise

Now, to the surprise of everybody, in comes a robin, as perky as ever, and with a look in his eye as if to say: "What on earth have I done? There is a mistake here somewhere; why, I am everybody's favourite." A mistake had indeed been made. The president is very cross about it. "Ought never to have been brought here," he says. Mr. Robin is released at once. The president apologises to him for this unfortunate mistake and hopes he will forget the incident, and tells the usher to give him a good fat worm as compensation.

The last case is a weasel, chattering and arguing as he comes in, but, weasel-like, soon forgets his temper in his curiosity at seeing something fresh.

He is on trial for murder of a particularly brutal kind. A keeper had caught him red-handed with a baby partridge, dead but still warm.

He tries to bluff it out, says he found the baby partridge dead, and has a large family to support. Gets very cross again and struggles to get at the president. Some are inclined towards him for his pluck in standing up for himself, and his story seems to be going down all right. Then a keeper is called to give evidence. He tells the court the whole gruesome story, and does not spare any of the details. He says this is not the only murder, and tells of others, even more brutal. The keeper sits down, the president looks straight at the weasel, and says: "You

will be shot to-morrow morning, and immediately afterwards your dead body will be hung on a tree as a warning to others. I am very sorry for you, but I must do my duty by that poor little baby partridge." The weasel is led away, still chattering horribly, and the court rises.

Now, you boys and girls hold an imaginary court of your own, and see what you can find to say for and against all those birds and animals which visit your garden. It's quite good fun.

Answers to Correspondents

Any reader desiring an immediate reply must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

This useful reference list of live-stock books will answer several letters which I have recently received. It replies to questions asked about books on rabbits, cavies, mice, pigeons, budgerigars, etc.

" The Cavy ", by Allan Watson, price 9*d.*; " The Fancy Mouse ", by Mrs. Blowers, 3*d.*; " Mice for the Hobbyist ", 8*d.*; " How to Feed Rabbits ", by Allan Watson, 1*s.* 6*d.*; " Rabbits for Prizes ", 6*d.*; " Angora Wool Production ", 1*s.* 6*d.*; " Fur-Producing Rabbits ", 1*s.* 6*d.*; " Budgerigars and How to Breed Them ", 1*s.* 6*d.*; " Inbreeding Budgerigars for Type and Quality ", by M. D. S. Armour, 1*s.*; " Pigeons and How to Keep Them ", by Lt.-Col. A. H. Osman, 1*s.* 6*d.*; " Bird Keeping for Novice and Expert ", by B. Melville Nicholas, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Feed your newts on worms or scraped raw beef. Keep them in a shallow tank with a perforated zinc roof. In the water, place some large stones on to which the newts can crawl. The male newt is a little larger than the female, and is red underneath, with black spots. The female is a dull brown. (*To* M. L., NORTHALLERTON.)

A queen bee would cost about 7*s.* 6*d.* Full instructions for introducing her to a queenless stock are given on the box in which it arrives. Carry out these instructions to the letter, or your money will be wasted. The old queen either was lost when you took the swarm, or you damaged her in hiving the swarm. Before introducing the new queen, you must be quite certain the old queen is not there, or the new one will be killed and thrown out.

A good swarm in May should give you some honey this year. You will probably have to feed the bees for a little while to enable them to build up their combs rapidly. (*To* A. K. R., GORING.)

As you say your racing pigeons are housed in a loft, you would be unwise to erect a cote on a pole near this loft for your fantails. The racers would probably want to join the fantails; at least, some of them would. Not only would this disturb the fantails and mean broken eggs: it would also prevent your trapping in the racers on race days. When they go into their loft you can catch them easily, and get the race ring off their leg, but if they went to the cote, you would have some difficulty, and valuable time would be lost in clocking them in. If you particularly want fantails as well, then you will have to keep them in an aviary. (*To* C. G., BASINGSTOKE.)

" Wild Plants and Seeds for Birds ", an illustrated dictionary of the best foods for use in the aviary, by Richard Morse, price 1*s.* 6*d.*, published by " Cage Birds ", Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4., is an excellent book and just what you need. Not only is it valuable as a guide to the bird-keepers, it is also a most useful book for the student of birds and plants. As a companion to it I would suggest " Bird Keeping for the Novice and Expert ", by Melville Nicholas, published by Frederick Warne & Co., London, price 3*s.* 6*d.* With these two books to refer to you cannot very well go wrong. (*To* F. A., HORLEY.)

The book " The Wild Rabbit ", by J. Simpson, is all about rabbit warrens, which you should read before you attempt to start a warren or turn down wild rabbits. There are many pitfalls, and this book tells you what to avoid. Wild rabbits are difficult stock, unless you thoroughly understand their habits and their food. There is an interesting and instructive chapter on trees and plants rabbits do not eat. To those interested in the wild life of the countryside, it is well worth buying as a book of reference. (*To* T. G., GUILDFORD.)

If you were to cut the bumble-bees' nest out of the grass and put it in the same spot in a wooden box with a hole in it, where the bees could go in and out, they would probably carry on as if nothing had happened, but you would see very little of their domestic affairs, as the nest itself would hide them. You would not get any honey, as these bees do not store more than is necessary for a few days' need.

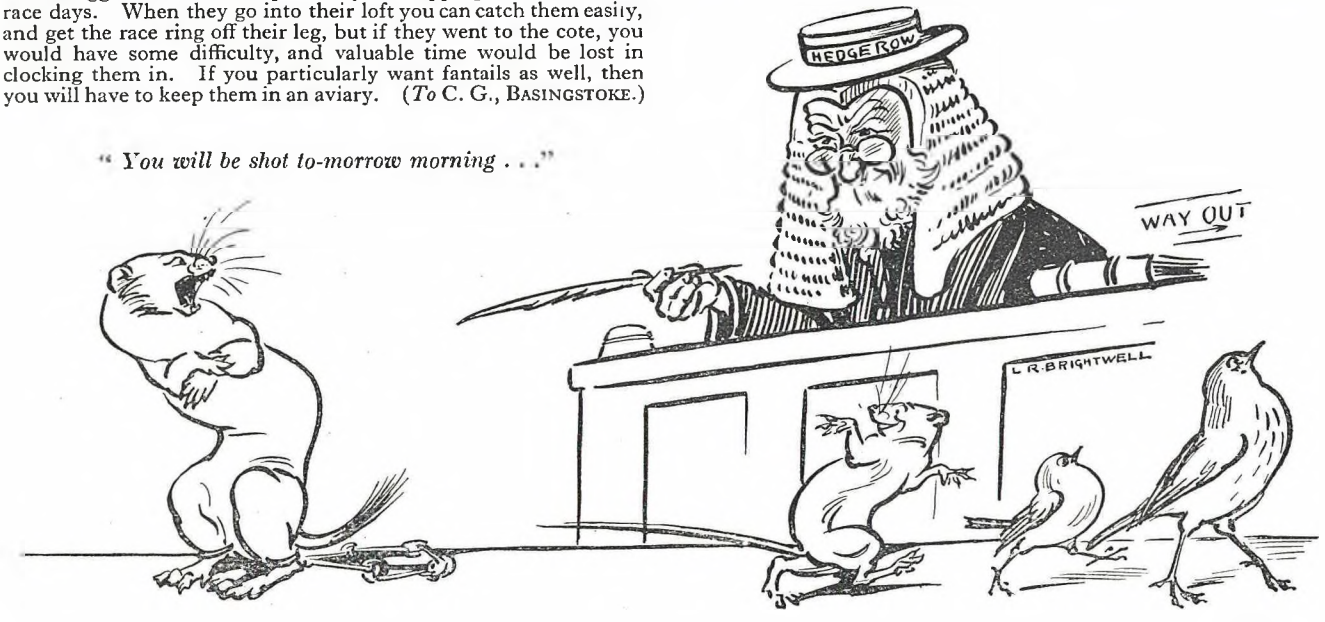
However, it is an experiment which is both interesting and instructive, and I don't think the bees will mind much. Try it. (*To* B. R., SOUTHMINSTER.)

When buying a tortoise I know of no better guide than examining the eyes. They should be open and clear. Keep off those with eyes dull or partly closed or entirely closed, and do not buy one with a cracked shell.

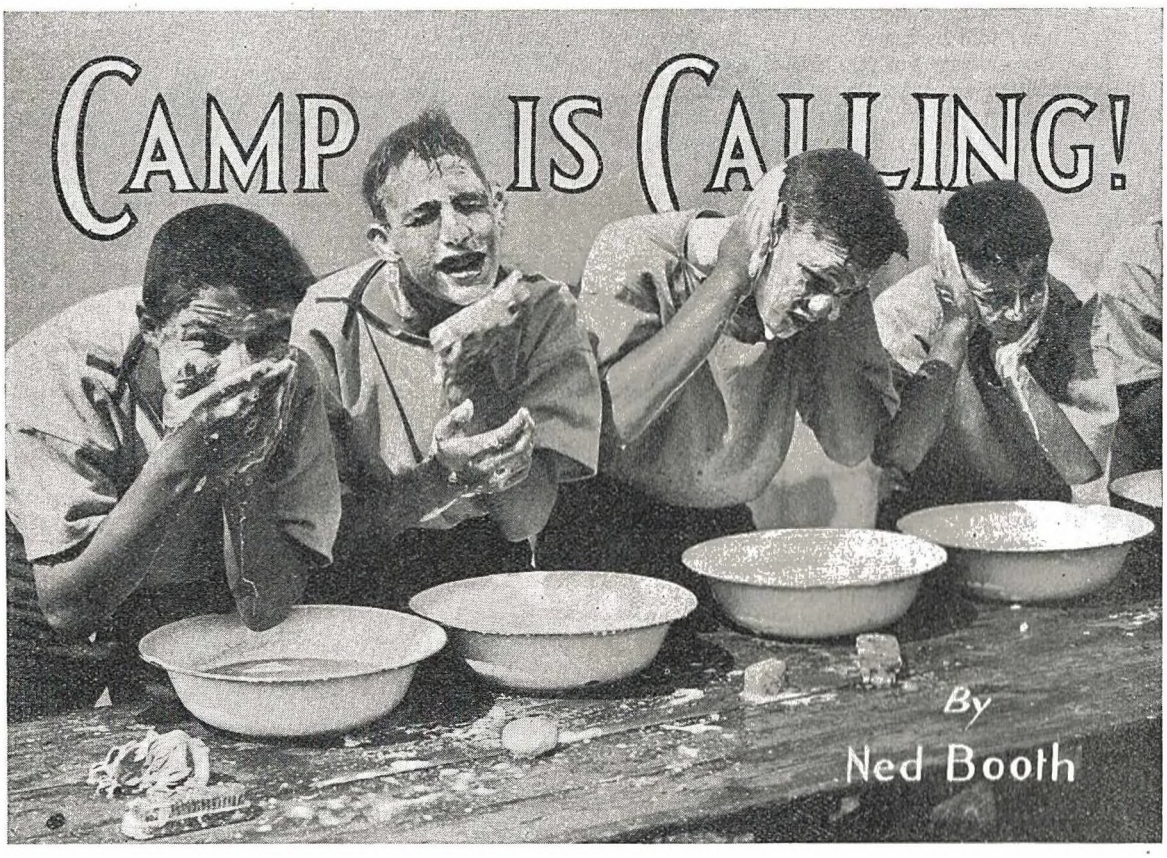
Feed on lettuce. If you have a suitable garden let it run and pick up its own food. Tortoises are vegetarians, and not insect eaters. If you do not wish it to run free, put it in a small wire run over grass. (*To* M. P., NUNHEAD.)

You were right about the blackbird. It does sing as it flies sometimes, usually when changing its singing perch in one tree for another nearby. The cuckoo also sings in flight; so does the wren and the willow warbler. Specialists at the job are the lark, tree pipit and meadow pipit. (*Reply to* P. W., ERITH.)

The bunches of caterpillars which you have noticed under a silken tent in the hedge may be either the lappet moth, brown tail or oak egger moth, all of which spin silk around their feeding grounds. This, of course, is to form some protection from birds. If you disturb them they will hurriedly drop, paying out a cord of silk like the spider in order to keep in touch with the tent. (*Reply to* H. B. F., SPALDING.)



" You will be shot to-morrow morning . . ."



Some boys scrub their faces,
Necks and arms and chins ;
Others go even further,
And wash their knees and shins.

But give me the lad who follows
The counsel of his seers,
And soaps in all the hollows—
Even behind the ears !

IN some minds camp stands for, not liberty, but license ! We sometimes look forward to camping as opportunity to do anything, or nothing—as the mood seizes us. I have frequently looked into the arrangements of campers on their own in the woods. Sometimes I have found tents closed tightly in the middle of broiling hot summer days, untidy bedclothing and uncovered food thrown about in the steaming heat inside. The ground outside perhaps of the same character—empty food tins everywhere about, remnants of juice or syrup attracting flies and insects in swarms ; firewood and other things all scattered about over the place.

This cannot permit the camp to be the happy success that everybody wants.

Someone once named the three greatest physicians : Fresh Air ; Sunshine ; Water ! These are to be remembered when the establishment of a summer camp is undertaken.

Fresh air, one would think, must be a part of any outdoors—a camp should be so located as not to be too shut off from the sweep of the prevailing winds in a given locality.

Sunshine, too, is taken for granted—but one must utilise it. Every day the sun shines every bit of bedding in camp ought to be given a roasting in the hottest possible spot in the sun. Then, if it be rolled tightly when piping hot, and opened out only at bedtime, one will be delighted with the clean, fresh smell of the blankets. I want to deal with the physical characteristics of the camp proper, not with the health peculiarities of the camper ; hence will not say anything about the silly lengths the tenderfoot sometimes goes to in exposing his bare body to the sun's rays in his ambition to acquire tan ; that is another story. . . .

Providing healthful and abundant drinking-water is so fundamental a thing that no camper in his senses will ever fail to attend to it.

A further point is airing of the tent. Every fine morning the walls must be triced up against the bottom edge of the slanting roof, and left so until late in the afternoon, when the evening chill starts to steal across the world and penetrates everywhere.

Disposal of Waste

We arrive next at disposal of various sorts of waste or rubbish. The simplest and sanest form of garbage pit or latrine is a trench or series of trenches dug in a secluded spot ; just one shovel wide is exactly right, and of such depth as can be reasonably attained ; the deeper the better at the outset. The earth shovelled out is piled close at hand ; every morning or evening a part of it ought to be scattered back into the trench, covering all waste accumulated there during the day preceding. Such arrangement is absolutely necessary in any camp, no matter how small, that is to remain on one location for more than, say, one day and night.

Other rubbish, paper or wood, or any inflammable

material, should be set up in the general camp-fire, arranged early in the day. When night falls, thoughts turn towards a blaze ; a match does the trick, and one enjoys the biggest thing in camp—the night fire.

Waste metal or glass—tins or bottles—may be thrown into the latrines.

Care and preparation of food is of utmost importance. Plans of camp units are too individual to permit more than a generalisation ; and uncovered food in camp in summer is every moment a standing invitation—certain to be accepted—for flies, bees, hornets, wasps, bugs, insects and mice to join the party and abide there !

Tenderfoot Enthusiasms

Care of camp furniture and equipment is worthy of consideration. There is the fellow who uses the handle end of a paddle to stab a bullfrog sitting in the bottom of the canoe, and in a moment gazes aghast at the yawning hole he has stove right through the bottom of the best boat !

There is the other chap who knows perfectly well that there are just enough paddles for the canoes in camp—he digs a grave for something or other on the sand beach, prises too hard on his shovel, and the camp is short of a paddle !

And there is also the lad who never saw an axe before ! No farmer or woodsman, however willing that campers shall gather and burn dead or decayed wood on his property for fuel, ever looks with other than distaste and unfriendliness upon the unthinking individual who blazes his way about the woods, leaving his trail of gaping wounds in the bark of all the trees in sight. When I find myself in camp with an axe-amateur—I recognise the symptoms quickly—I try to induce him to drag a large log to some convenient and secluded spot. His first camp job—to be completed at the earliest possible moment, I try earnestly to impress upon him—is the chopping of every last bit of that big log into matchwood. He does not know what on earth I want it for, but I do. So may I save the live trees whose shade and beauty I love. A camp axe can make a dickens of a mess of a tree in a very short time.

Camp must be kept clean. There must be at least one rake, brought along or manufactured in camp. Beach and boats must be kept clear of dead fish and water-lilies. Campers might try keeping their own belongings in their own tents !

Does it all sound formidable ?—too businesslike ?—not fitting in with our free-and-easy camp idea ? We *used* to go to camp to rough it ! Now we go to smooth it ! The rough-and-ready, free-and-easy, catch-as-catch-can idea is all right for about twenty-four hours ; after that we begin to stew in our own juice ; to feel the discomfort of our untidy, messy, filthy way of living, and begin to long for better conditions. . . .

Enchantment

Then, of course, there is the glamour thing. . . .

We got here this morning ; we have tents up, garbage pit dug, a first general cleaning-up accomplished, and we

THE INVITATION

By ROBERT HARDING

There's a jolly roar in the camp to-night,
The fire is a-crackling and leaping high,
There're yarns being told from left to right,
And a round moon is shining in the sky.
Come, bring your beds down by the sea,
Where the mighty breakers thunder free,
Where your faces are splash'd with flying foam—
Come, lads, and join us. Come, leave your home !

There's a savoury smell in the camp to-night,
A sniff of a jolly old hunter's stew,
And the " spuds " are knocking with all their might
In their effort to say they're done right through.
Come, bring your kits down by the gorse,
And join in our fresh-air games because
You're one with us for an hour or two—
Come, lads, and join us. Come along, do !

There are lusty songs round the fire to-night,
Of Drake and the sea and his heroes bold ;
All sung with the hearty, full-throated might
Of lads who are built of similar mould.
They want you to join in their revels and sport
That's of the healthy, knockabout sort :
They want you to camp by the roar of the sea—
Go, join those gay campers, and find yourself free !

were too tired to provide more than barely enough fuel for a very small camp-fire. We have put off supper until quite late in our eagerness to get all possible preliminary work done, and only just now, when we went down to the shore for a freshening-up, did we notice that it has been a magnificent day, and bids fair to be a wonderful night. We drink great gulps of the fresh, sweet evening air, and drag our weary frames towards supper.

Night descends. Flickering lights and shadows of the camp-fire throw fantastic figures on the white canvas tents against growing blackness of the velvet woods. Canoes are hauled up on the beach, their bows dimly visible in the ruddy firelight; paddles stand against a tree. Before the fire the dog, nose on paws, whimpers in dog dreams of chases past and to come. All about are soft, elusive night sounds—the wandering breeze stirring the tree-tops, night-birds fluttering about or calling deep in the woods. A fish flops lazily in the shallows near the shore; a bird calls mournfully out on the lake; a prowling animal inspects the camp with curious eyes from the silent, safe blackness. A great hush, solemn, calm, awesome. . . . Even the most heedless speak in whispers!

Hours pass. The fire has died and the white tents, ghostly now, reflect soft moonlight stealing in through the trees. Wind stirs branches restlessly; night creatures run noiselessly about, wondering, perhaps, at this strange new establishment in their preserves; snug in our blankets we sleep the sound sleep of tired muscles. Everywhere is peace, and the enchantment of woods and moonlight. . . .

Cinema Projection as a Career

By A PROJECTIONIST

HOW many boys have not at one time or another played with a magic lantern, or cinematograph, and yet when they leave school, how few give a thought to cinema projection as a career!

For the boy with a leaning towards mechanics, electricity, or scientific progress, there is no vocation which will offer greater scope for his inclinations.

The rate of pay varies, but in most cases it is good, ranging from about fifteen shillings per week as spool-boy, to five or six pounds per week as chief, and with the larger firms there is the prospect of becoming circuit engineer, with a salary of twenty-eight or thirty pounds per month.

Against this, there is the disadvantage of late hours, although this is minimised by a late start in the morning, and in the bigger cinemas, where the projection staff work in shifts, they may have two or three nights off in the week.

A Day in the Projection-Room

Let us take a peep into the projection-room of a modern super cinema, assuming there is a staff of six, working in shifts.

They start their duties at 10 a.m., and first on the job are the spool-boys. Their task is to sweep and dust the projection-room, and its adjoining quarters (rewind-room and switch-room), clean the projection windows, and tidy up in general.

They are just warming up to their work when the second and the two assistants come in. One of the assistants, with the help of a spool-boy, cleans the projectors, and arc-lamps. The other assistant and spool-boy go off to inspect and clean the hall lights. The second is responsible for the maintenance of the power plant and electrical installation of the cinema.

About 10.30 a.m. the chief strolls in. On his shoulders rests the responsibility of putting over a good show; naturally he must be a man of resourcefulness and ingenuity. The spool-boys look up to him as a veritable mine of information regarding the projection equipment and electrical installation, although the second, having ideas of his own, is rather sceptical. The chief's morning work consists of inspecting and cleaning the sound system and checking the work of his staff.

At twelve noon the projectionists taking the afternoon shift depart for lunch, leaving the other three to finish the work.

At 1.30 p.m. they return to relieve the others, and prepare for the start of the show. The hall lights and the sound system are switched on, and the projectors (of which there are two) oiled, and run in. After the projectors have been thoroughly warmed up, they are stopped, and the first reel of the programme is threaded up on No. 1 projector.

Comes two o'clock. The chief, closing a switch, strikes up the arc-lamp on No. 1 projector, and his assistant, depressing two switches on the wall, dims the hall lights, and opens the curtain. The projector is set in motion, the fader or volume control is swung up, and the show has started.

Meanwhile the spool-boy is threading the next reel on No. 2 projector, in readiness for the change over.

Stand by. The first reel is almost finished, and the assistant, striking up the arc-lamp on No. 2 projector, stands in readiness for the change over. At the first cue, which is either a certain scene, or spoken word, No. 2 projector is set in motion, and at the second cue, the dowser on No. 1 arc-lamp is closed, the one on No. 2 opened, and the fader is swung round, putting No. 2 projector in circuit with the horns, behind the screen. The whole movement is done simultaneously to avoid any blank in the sound or picture.

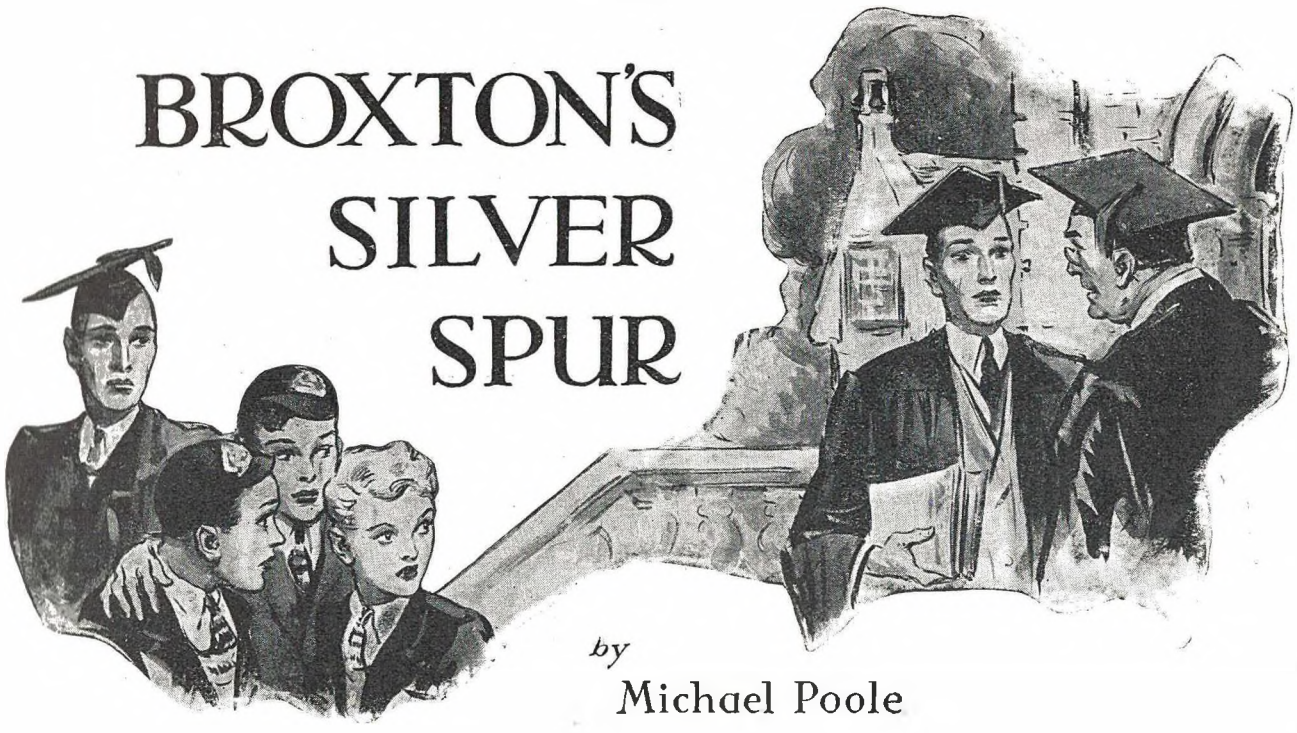
No. 1 projector is then stopped, and the first reel is taken away by the spool-boy to be rewound, and examined for wear and tear. The next reel is then threaded up preparatory to the following change over.

And so it goes on, rewind, thread up, change over, until at six o'clock, the second and his assistants come in to relieve. The chief is usually the last to go, having perhaps one or two instructions to give the second regarding the running of the show.

From the foregoing, it may be thought that the work tends to become monotonous; it all depends on the point of view. There are certainly many projectionists who are discontented with their lot, but this occurs in almost any occupation, and the majority of projectionists would not exchange theirs for any other.

Their work brings them in contact with the sciences of light and sound, with practical electricity in all its branches, and can thus be absorbingly interesting.

BROXTON'S SILVER SPUR



by Michael Poole

CHAPTER I

MR LITTINTOP GATHERS INFORMATION

IT was Commemoration Day at Broxton School: the second Wednesday in May, and the morning had dawned gloriously fine. Every weather prophet in the British Isles had confidently stated that there was an anti-cyclone covering the whole patch of earth and water from John o' Groat's to Land's End or from Clifden in Galway to Great Yarmouth in Norfolk.

An ideal day for such a celebration, and the atmosphere at Broxton was as the day, calm and bright. The visitors saw the school at its best, and both masters and boys did their utmost to fit nicely into their setting. Masters brought forth their best gowns and made a brave show with rich blues and scarlets and warm browns against the silky blacks; prefects donned their short stuff gowns and tasselled caps as the outward symbol of their authority. Third-Formers struggled to get perfection in the straightness of the line that marked the parting in their hair, and Fourth-Formers dealt tenderly with their ties; Fifth-Formers brushed imaginary dust specks from their dark coats, and Sixth-Formers stroked their chins with the tips of the fingers.

To the outward eye all was fair and peaceful, and even those best qualified to judge of troubles below the surface would have told you that all was well. Never, perhaps, in its history could any Head of Broxton have had so little cause for worry and so much reason for quiet boastfulness as Dr. Fairmyle on this Commemoration Day.

The Head stood with a little group near the window of his big study and surveyed the scene in the court below. With him was the chairman of the Governors, Sir Humphrey Chilcot, as well as Mr. Barton, now bursar, but until last summer, housemaster of Carr's; Mr. Barton's successor, Mr. Peter Mornington, was also present, and two or three other masters who had come along to act as a sort of reception committee to the distinguished visitors who would presently be arriving.

"And you think this will be a record year in every way?" Sir Humphrey was asking the Head. "Certainly we have done remarkably well so far in the different scholarships and exhibitions. A vintage year for scholarships, I should say?"

"Well, we should certainly achieve something in the nature of a record," said the Head guardedly, even though he was smiling contentedly. "But I am thinking more of the general all-round standard of scholarship, sport, and——" the Head paused for a moment as though to make it more impressive—"the sound common sense, the good fellowship, and the whole spirit of the school from the youngest junior to the captain and the head boy."

"Ah!" said Sir Humphrey. "Different from what it was when I was a boy! Still, I suppose even in these enlightened days, boys will be boys?"

"Yes. But even in the past two years there has, I think, been a change to some extent. Sound common sense—— Just excuse me for a moment, Sir Humphrey! What is it, Mr. Barton?"

The Head's clerk had entered the room a few moments before, and he obviously wanted to have a word with the Head, but had been content to hand a slip of pasteboard to Mr. Barton. Now Mr. Barton was evidently trying to catch the Head's eyes.

"I don't know if you want to trouble about Press people at this juncture, sir?" Mr. Barton asked doubtfully as he handed the card to the Head. "Apparently he wants just a few words from you personally."

Dr. Fairmyle's brow had developed a few furrows as he looked at the card. It was inscribed:

MR. AUGUSTUS LITTINTOP,
Press Representative,
Modernity Periodical Publications, Ltd.,
London.

The Head did not profess to know a great deal about these matters, but this card had an amateurish look to him in some way. Nor had he ever heard of Modernity Periodical Publications, but of course, one couldn't judge anything from that. Or it may have been that the name "Augustus Littintop" didn't please him.

Anyway, he frowned and turned to Mr. Mornington, handing him the card.

"You might just see what is wanted, Mr. Mornington. I am engaged—very much so—all to-day."

Mr. Mornington took the card and went off. In the room next the Head's he found Mr. Augustus Littintop sitting in the chair the Head's clerk had kindly offered him. He jumped up quickly when Mr. Mornington in his academic robes entered the office, stuck out a hand as though he were welcoming a long-lost brother, and gave a hundred-horse-power smile.

"Ah, pleased to meet you, sir! Sorry to disturb you and trust that I am not intruding, but if you would be good enough to spare me a few minutes of your valuable time, I should be more than grateful. I am anxious to write a series of articles dealing with our public schools from the inside, and it appeared to me that to-day would afford an excellent opportunity of hearing from the headmaster of Broxton School his views on the modern boy."

Mr. Mornington regarded journalists just as he regarded doctors or decorators or anybody else in any other business : there were good ones and there bad ones. He knew one journalist quite well, and he was the most charming fellow imaginable, but he had struck one or two others who weren't. So that it had nothing at all to do with Mr. Littintop's alleged profession that within a very few minutes Mr. Mornington took a strong dislike to him ; Morny would have disliked anybody who went on babbling and talking hot air in such a fatuous way as this fellow did.

Nor could he shake him off. If the fellow had really wanted to know some interesting facts about Broxton, it wouldn't have been so bad, but he wanted to know such silly things. He talked about the "public school system" as though it were somebody's patent medicine, and he wanted to know Mr. Mornington's attitude towards bullying, and whether he was a believer in "the cult of athleticism".

Mr. Mornington was a polite man, but once or twice he couldn't help indulging in a touch of sarcasm. When he had tried to shake Augustus off for about the tenth time, and still the fellow came back at him with another question about bullying, Morny said, politely, though he meant it to be quite pointed : "There are times Mr. Littintop, when I think bullying is an excellent thing ! Now, if you don't mind——"

"But tell me !" Augustus went on, and Mr. Mornington, having managed to get down to the big entrance hall with him, had to face another question. "Do you consider, Mr. Mornington, that games play an important part in a boy's education, or do you believe that——"

At that particular moment two well-built lads were passing. Both of them wore the short gowns of their office as prefect. Mr. Mornington recognised Mostyn, captain of cricket, and Hallam, captain of the school and until lately captain of football.

"If you wish to know anything on the subject of sport, possibly the two boys coming along now could help you," Mr. Mornington said, and gave a brief signal to Hallam and Mostyn. In five seconds Morny had handed the "Press representative" over to the pair of them. Mr. Littintop did not see it, but, as he left, Morny made a quick gesture with his hands and his mobile face sent a telegraphic message to the two captains.

They knew Morny very well these days. There had been a time when Mostyn had regarded Mr. Mornington as a kind of avenging terror, but that belonged to the past. To-day he was on terms of real friendship with Morny and knew just what his gesture and grimaces meant. He wanted to shake this fellow off, and was leaving it to them to do the job !

Mr. Littintop was still smiling when he said good-bye to Hallam and Mostyn. They were under the impression that they had pulled his leg and indicated plainly, but politely, that they didn't want to hear his views, and, further, did not want to air their own. They had done it in their own way, of course, and the Press representative thanked them and said kind words.

Funnily enough, Mr. Littintop was under the impression that he had given the two lads several words of sound advice on which they might ponder later. Certainly they had given him some excellent material for the articles he meant to write.

They did not see him again, but Mr. Littintop was in Big Hall that afternoon when all the speech-making was in progress. He was right at the back and nobody really noticed him except Bodkin, who was the chief member of the domestic staff at Broxton. An important man was Bodkin, and he eyed Mr. Littintop suspiciously, but spoke gently to him when he saw him worming himself in at the back of the hall instead of behaving like an ordinary visitor.

"Are you a visitor, sir ?" Bodkin asked tactfully, meaning to find Mr. Littintop a more convenient seat if he were ; on the other hand, if he were what he appeared to be, a very suspicious character, Bodkin would conduct him away from the hall.

"Press !" said Littintop, and waved a card at Bodkin. "All right ! I'd prefer to be here. Want to get my copy off quickly !"

Bodkin said nothing more, but just inclined his head in acquiescence, and wandered off just to see that all arrangements were working smoothly. Mr. Littintop continued to observe. He also made notes from time to time.

Quite a long time before all the speech-making was really finished Littintop's eye had caught sight of a boy who interested him straight away. There was nothing remarkable in this, because hundreds of people before Littintop had noticed Gerald Malcolm Challis. Kind smiles had come to the faces of granite-hearted men when they looked at him, while womenfolk could rarely resist speaking to him. Many of them had been known to say they would like to kiss him.

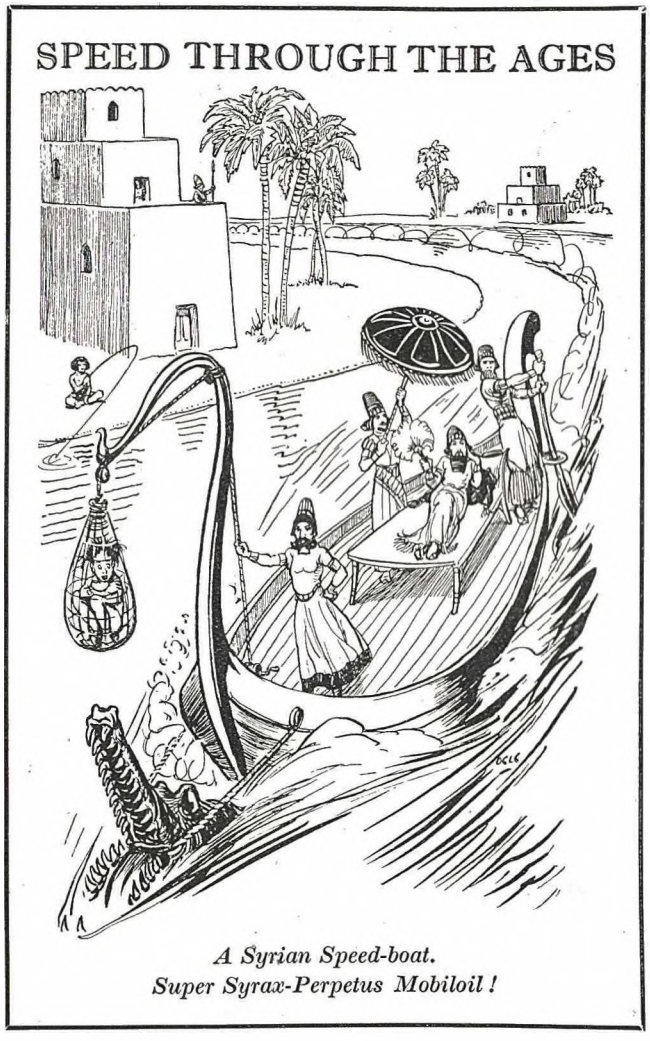
He was built that way, and had that sort of face. It isn't exaggerating to say that Gerald's face was one of Nature's first-class jokes. It was the sort of face the artists in the Middle Ages used to paint among white-and-blue clouds : a milk-and-roses complexion, a Cupid's bow type of mouth which often turned down very slightly at the corners and gave him a gentle pathetic look, while his eyes were luminous pools of beautiful blue, and his hair was the colour of ripening corn.

Challis, indeed, was almost too good to be true—in looks. But he was nothing like his looks in character, as several masters at Broxton knew full well. He had enjoyed himself quite well to-day, partly because it was a sort of holiday and partly because he had been very interested in a curious experiment he had been making.

This experiment had required a little preliminary work and Challis had done this by carefully making a fine hole from the inside of his right shoe right at the end of the toe. An ordinary darning-needle was then skilfully pushed through until it showed at the extreme point of the toe about a sixth of an inch. It was highly improbable, so Challis calculated, that anyone would observe the end of the needle sticking through.

The experiment had consisted of watching for a favourable opportunity when he was in a group of fellows and quietly putting his foot round and giving the fellow next but one to him a light healthy tap with his toe in the other fellow's calf. To one such as Gerald Challis it was most amusing to observe the way the fellow jumped, turned round quickly, possibly gasping out threats of slaughter. By that time, of course, Challis had both feet together, and was taking the deepest possible interest in somebody else's conversation.

Up to a point it can be said that Challis's experiment was entirely successful, and established the fact that it was possible by a little forethought and ingenuity to obtain a good deal of quiet amusement without incurring those penalties which so often fall on practical jokers. Unfortunately Challis overdid



A Syrian Speed-boat.
Super Syrax-Perpetus Mobiloil !

the thing, especially during the singing and speech-making in Big Hall.

Challis was in the Remove, a form which at one time had a queer reputation. Even nowadays it was often referred to contemptuously as the Dump—the place to which they sent the boys who had made a nuisance of themselves, or had caused different masters to shake their heads and express the opinion that this boy or that was "a problem". Mr. Mornington had been the form-master of the Remove for some years, but, on his promotion to housemaster, Mr. Reynard had become master of the Remove.

In a way, Challis looked absurd in the Remove. Most of the others in the form were fairly tall youths of fifteen or sixteen, or even approaching seventeen in two or three cases. Challis was fifteen and a half, but looked about twelve, judging by his stature; judged by the sweet and innocent expression, of his face he was about two and a half years old. Challis would have made many three-year old infants look like young hooligans if he sat by their side.

Yet Challis was most decidedly one of the real "problems" in the Remove. He was not aware of it, of course, nor did anyone else in the Remove know it. Challis knew that in the "Remarks" section on his terminal reports the comments on his general conduct upset his family, and he knew that a special letter which contained anything but praise of him had once been sent to his father. He did not know that one master in his confidential report to the Head had said that Challis appeared to have no idea of the truth and that another had used the unpleasant terms "lying and deceit" in regard to his conduct.

Yet Challis had many good features, and was certainly not lacking intelligence or general ability. Mr. Mornington, who was a very sound judge of boys, had asserted that Challis was quite sound at heart, but had probably been spoiled in his very early days because of his obvious charms, and that he was now suffering from a kink in his nature. That kink, of course, might develop to the detriment of his good qualities, but it was the duty of the masters at Broxton, and of Mr Mornington particularly, to get rid of that kink.

The fellow who stood next but one and to the right of Challis in Big Hall happened to be Malone, a big, hefty fellow, with some reputation as a boxer. Challis and Malone were quite good friends, and it was purely due to geographical position that three times during the singing of "Forty Years On" Malone, who had a good voice, stopped suddenly and gasped.

Malone was not a thought-reader, but he knew that young Challis was up to some of his tricks, and when it happened a third time he nudged Rodgers, who stood between him and Challis, and insisted on changing places with him, quickly and quietly. Then he whispered gently to Challis:

"Look out, you little toad! I'll pound you into little bits when I get you outside! You did the same thing to me in the pavilion. Right! You'll go through it later!"

That was one reason why Challis, when the opportunity came, edged his way to the wall, and, keeping those big blue eyes of his very alert, kept steadily working his way to the back of the hall. Being a small chap, it was fairly easy for him to carry out the manœuvre, and he flattered himself that not a soul, except a few Fourth and Third Form fellows, had observed his progress towards the door. He was wrong. The eagle eyes of the man who called himself "Press representative" had been fascinated by the utterly misleading sadness of Chally's face. Chally naturally looked sad when his eyes were watching alertly.

In expert fashion he pressed his back against the swing-doors, and then glided out into the deserted entrance hall. He was free. He had begun to get thoroughly bored by the performance in Big Hall, and he also wanted to remove that protruding point from his right shoe. It had served its purpose, but if he left it too long, it might be used as evidence against him.

He did not race away from the entrance hall, but drifted slowly, some instinct suddenly warning him. Someone else had also slipped through the big swing-doors immediately after him! Challis did not turn, but began to think of excuses. Headache—toothache—feeling faint—queer attack of giddiness—all these excuses were being swiftly surveyed as he went down the broad steps to the court outside. He could hear the footsteps of the one who followed him drawing nearer.

"Well, my dear boy," said a voice just behind Challis, and a hand was laid gently on his shoulder. "Are you feeling anxious to have a little quietness all to yourself?"

Challis turned and beheld what seemed to him to be the grinning face of a prize rabbit; it wore big round horn-rimmed spectacles, and had prominent teeth. That, of course, was no fault of Mr. Littintop's, but he needn't have opened his lips so wide when he smiled. In particular, he need not have smiled at Challis in that way and at this juncture.

That was how

"Well my dear boy," said a voice just behind Challis, and a hand was laid gently on his shoulder. "Are you feeling anxious to have a little quietness all to yourself?"

Chally felt about it, but he merely looked sad and pathetic. Mr. Littintop patted him kindly on the shoulder and said: "I understand! I know just how you feel! But don't worry! Let us take a little walk together. I should like to have a chat with you. You see—— Well, I have a nephew, and I dare say he will be a little younger than you are, but you remind me very much of Cyril. It is possible—nay, it is very probable—that he will be coming to this school next term and I should like to feel—well, you understand, I am sure?"

"Yes! Oh, yes," said Chally dreamily, and in a way that seemed rather nervous. As a matter of fact, his mind was working at full pressure, gripping the problems which Mr. Littintop had so suddenly introduced into his life.

He knew, or thought he knew, exactly what was in the mind of this grinning ass who was trying to interrupt Chally's own programme. He had a nephew named Cyril, and without a doubt the fellow thought he was going to make Chally responsible for the lad when they sent him to Broxton. Chally knew without anybody telling him that Cyril was a little toad. Anybody who looked like Challis to people who didn't know Gerald was obviously the very opposite of what Chally really was.

In any case, Challis had no intention of acting as nursemaid to any new kid. He had once had the job thrust upon him when he was in his last year at his prep. school—and there was still a lot of coolness between certain relations and Challis's own family owing to what happened in that case. There was quite enough responsibility for Challis in looking after himself at Broxton.

The stranger was asking questions, and just at first Chally went slowly. He answered hesitantly, and probably Mr. Littintop thought the little chap was nervous. But it wasn't that at all. Chally was feeling his way cautiously. He didn't want to overdo things in the beginning and make the chap suspicious that he was

deliberately trying to put him off the idea of sending his wretched nephew to Broxton.

"And do they bully you very much?" Mr. Littintop asked in what he thought was a sympathetic, understanding tone.

"Yes—— No! I mean, I don't suppose they do it any more here than they do everywhere else," Chally said, mixing his sentences up a little, but playing just the right game. "There's running the gauntlet, of course—and tossing in the blanket—but everybody knows about them."

In a way it was lucky from Chally's point of view that he had only just finished reading "The Bounder of St. Mark's", in which he had learned quite a lot about bounders, bad boys, and bullies. He gave Mr. Littintop the benefit of his knowledge.

As a matter of fact, this idea of a needle-point sticking in the toe of one's shoe had originated in the pages of "The Bounder of St. Mark's". It was partly luck and partly the bright sun which led Littintop to catch sight of it. He asked Challis about it.

That was rather a test of Chally's ingenuity, but by the time he had hesitated and said that he would rather not explain, he had an inspiration. The big boys had a game known as "The Cockpit," in which two juniors were trussed up and had to hop round a study pretending to be fighting. They had to kick at each other—and the big fellows saw to it that they didn't shirk the job.

There is not, of course, a vestige of excuse really for the yarns that Chally told that afternoon. But, having started on the task of sheering the visitor off the notion of sending his nephew to Broxton to be looked after by the kind-hearted Challis, he just had to go on. He tried to get away, but Littintop, as Mr. Mornington had already discovered, was a sticker. Chally became desperate, and the more desperate he became the more his imagination soared.

Moreover, there is the fact to be recorded against Mr. Littintop that on Chally's tactful suggestion, he accompanied him to the pavilion; Chally further suggested that the lemon squash and the stone gingers were remarkably good, and that Mr. Littintop might like to try one or the other. Mr. Littintop smiled in that fatuous way of his and said that he would.

And he did—and let Challis pay!

Challis managed to shake him off soon after that on the ground that there would be an awful row if anybody saw him strolling about when the crowd began to come out of Big Hall. Mr. Littintop was also anxious to catch a train, but he thanked Gerald effusively.

"When—when do you think your nephew will be coming here?" Gerald asked before they parted, being anxious to know for a certainty whether his effort to stave off such a calamity had been successful.

"I don't think he will be coming!" Littintop said, quite brightly and emphatically. "After what you have told me I think we shall continue to have him educated privately—yes, privately!"

"He'll be a lot happier," Gerald said pensively. "I only wish—— But I really must go now. Good-bye! Thank you very much for all your kindness!"

He meant it to be a parting shaft of brutal sarcasm, because the payment for the squash rankled. Still, he was quite satisfied that there wouldn't be any little toad of the Littintop breed trying to attach himself to Gerald Challis, nor to anybody else at Broxton. He had at least done one good turn to the old school this afternoon! That thought alone washed out any little qualms Challis might have felt about his flights of imagination in talking to Mr. Littintop.

Gerald chased off up to his study immediately he had got rid of Littintop. There he removed the needle from his shoe, ate a few biscuits, and presently wandered forth again to lose himself in the crowd as it swarmed forth from the hall. When he saw Malone quite near two or three masters and several visitors he went along and joined him. Malone couldn't very well start making a punch-ball of Challis with the mighty ones observing him, and by the time the conditions were favourable for that sort of exercise Malone and Challis were on excellent terms again.

They were like that, differing from their study companions, Sprott and Winkworth, both of whom took life rather more seriously. Most fellows in the school had thoroughly enjoyed Commemoration Day, though naturally there may have been brief periods when they were slightly bored.

Sprott was a tall, fair-haired fellow, and his trouble was that he wanted to alter the whole universe. Failing that, he was tremendously anxious to make drastic changes at Broxton. If you asked what sort of changes, it would be difficult to explain. He just wanted to change something—have a rebellion against some injustice or other, or break away from old traditions, or do something to reform somebody.

It was really the old primitive urge to smash something, and, properly controlled, it often does a certain amount of good. Naturally on such a day as this, when everybody had been saying kind words about everything and everybody, Sprott was roused to mild fury.

"Rotten! Everything's rotten! The whole system is wrong!" Sprott said to Winkworth, and, although he didn't know it, he was saying very much the same as Mr. Littintop, miles and miles away, was saying. Littintop was the great "exposure" expert of several papers which were always sailing very near the wind in the way of libel. He was now proposing to tell the world, or that little section of it which read the papers for which he wrote, just what was wrong with the public schools of of Britain.

But nobody at Broxton was worrying about Mr. Littintop that Wednesday evening. He had been to the school, had caused several people temporary annoyance, but he had gone and was forgotten. Mr. Mornington never even asked Hallam and Mostyn how they had fared with the man. Morny had a splendid memory for some things, but Mr. Littintop was not the sort of person who left any trace on the tablets of Morny's mind.

To Mr. Mornington, as to many others, Commemoration Day would be remembered for many happy incidents and the pleasant people one had met. Mr. Littintop was no more than the fly which had rested on Morny's cheek for a moment—a momentary irritation which had been forgotten in an instant.

But Mr. Littintop had not forgotten Mr. Mornington—and they were destined to meet again.

CHAPTER II

A RIOT IN THE MAKING

FOR about the hundredth time in the past few days Punch Mostyn, captain of cricket at Broxton, school prefect, recently announced as the winner of a fairly important exhibition at Cambridge, and one of the three or four real leaders in the Sixth, examined a slip of paper.

He knew it off by heart, but every now and again he simply had to take it out and concentrate on it afresh. For this list was his own rough copy of the school first eleven to meet Cranston on Wednesday next.

It was a good team. In batting they were strong; in bowling there were two or three reliable and consistent men, and one or two good change bowlers. But Mostyn was not too confident of his attack. Groom and Cardwell were quite good, of course—quite! Fanning, of the Upper Fourth was very promising indeed, and would undoubtedly be a splendid bowler in time; but he was rather young for the first eleven yet, and he had never really been tried against really good batsmen in a stern match.

If anybody had told Mostyn a couple of years ago that he would get worried over any school game, he would have smiled. This was the same Punch Mostyn who had led little riots on the footer field and had made certain Sixth-Formers warn him what would happen if he dared to show himself on the playing-fields while a first match was in progress.

In his day Mostyn had been a nuisance and an awkward problem. But times had changed. He was still known as "Punch" Mostyn, but most fellows had forgotten that he had earned the name in his first year, because he was regarded by his fellows as one of the world's prize humorists!

Nobody, except his housemaster, and one or two others in authority, had noticed when the change began, but Mostyn had quite different ideas in his mind after a year in the Remove under Mr. Mornington, popularly known as Smiling Morn, or Morny for short. Quite a number of fellows who had passed into the Remove at the same time as Mostyn had been marked down as "problems"—difficult boys who might very easily take the wrong road, and fail to do justice to themselves, their families, or their school. When they left the Remove they were no longer problem cases and were on the right road. Mostyn took his work and his play quite seriously these days, though he hadn't lost his sense of humour.

He was still puzzling over his team on this Wednesday morning when he had a message that the Head wished to see him. When he entered the study he found Mr. Mornington and Hallam were already there.

"Ah, Mostyn!" the Head began. "Have you seen this paper? Or this? You probably won't have seen this one, but this article appears to be the one which started the bother."

He was passing two daily papers to Mostyn and then handed him a journal which Mostyn had never seen before, so far as he knew. One of the dailies had a big ornamental headline imposed

upon a photograph which might have been the entrance to Carr's House at Broxton with a crowd of boys just coming out. The headline asserted: " BULLYING DOES FLOURISH ! " and underneath: " Some Plain Questions for Parents and Others About Our Public Schools ".

The second daily newspaper had a more modest headline, and a photograph of two or three schoolboys walking arm-in-arm. " Is Bullying Still Prevalent ? " they asked, and underneath: " Recent Disturbing Reports Suggest Old Habits Die Hard. Some Serious Questions for Head-Masters ".

Mostyn did not quite know whether he was expected to read the articles. His eye caught a marked paragraph.

" According to the writer already quoted," he read, " the head-master's chief assistant assured him that he believed in bullying and thought it made boys manly. Two of the sports captains to whom he talked were even more frank: ' Look what it has done for me ! ' one of them said. ' Bullying made a man of me, and this is the place where we make men ! ' "

Well, of course, anybody who talked that sort of rot, and anybody who printed it, and anybody who believed it, were all in the same boat. They were silly asses. But some people liked to read that sort of stuff and were not interested in cricket or sport or even in the things one ought to read about.

Myston also had a quick glance at the open pages of the journal which was called " The Red Beam ". " Torture in Our Midst ! Boys Forced to Fight with Spur-shod Shoes. Amazing Brutalities Practised at Well-Known Public School. Masters Who Believe in Bullying. Sport-Crazy Youths Who Loathe Learning, but Delight in Bullying. Sensational Exposure by Our Special Investigator."

" Yes, sir ? " said Mostyn when he had read so much.

" You read the opening paragraph, Mostyn ? " the Head asked. " No ! It doesn't matter at the moment. But it seems fairly plain from his reference to the day that the writer of the article in ' The Red Beam ' was at our Commemoration Day, and he bases his so-called disclosures on information given him by certain people here."

" Broxton, sir ? " Mostyn asked in amazement.

" Yes. I should be inclined to treat it with the contempt which I hope it deserves, but it appears to have attracted considerable attention. I am afraid I shall have to regard it seriously and I should like your help. You have no recollection of giving any journalist information about bullying, or about the methods adopted by seniors to force juniors to play games ? "

" I, sir ? " If the Head had asked Mostyn whether he had told the Prime Minister to declare war on Timbuctoo he could not have looked more surprised. " I have had nothing to do with any journalist, sir. I believe Mr. Stokesley, of the ' Dulchester Guardian ', saw Mr. Drake about our sporting records."

" Yes—— Oh, yes ! " The Head was quite satisfied that Mostyn could not at present throw any light on this mystery. The writer of the article in " The Red Beam " asserted that he could bring forward the boys who had given him the information and that he had made a shorthand note of the replies given to certain questions by the master he interviewed.

At first sight it may appear strange that Mr. Mornington, Hallam, and now Mostyn never thought for one moment of Mr. Littintop when they discussed the article in " The Red Beam " with the Head. But Littintop had never impressed them as a journalist; he was just an irritation, an inquisitive ass, and an altogether ridiculous person. Mr. Stokesley, a clever, sensible, understanding man was a journalist, and they remembered him But there were lots of people who had asked questions and they had forgotten them, just as they had forgotten their own footling efforts to pull Littintop's leg or make retorts that ought to have made him feel silly, but didn't.

Hallam and Mostyn eventually left the Head's room and knew that they had a task before them. Discreetly and without too much fuss they must find out whether there was the slightest justification for these charges about bullying; find out, too, who had given this information to the Special Investigator. It was possible that some bright wits in the Fifth had passed themselves off as sports captains, and made these absurd statements. But this talk about a silver spur being worn by a small boy who had to take part in a so-called cock-fight was staggering. They must get at the truth of that !

. . . Sprott was already grabbing the paper and reading it eagerly and Winky read it with him. . . .

" I don't believe that such things do happen here," the Head said in what Mostyn afterwards called a patient sort of voice. " This man does not say definitely that it was Broxton, but everybody who is interested will believe it was Broxton. There must be some explanation—a joke, a misunderstanding, or, it may be, the truth. I must find out definitely."

The Head expressed the hope that there would not be too much talk in the school, but that hope was doomed even before he uttered it. Three correspondents had sent the Head a copy of " The Red Beam ", and taken great trouble to point out the various details which would lead those who knew to conclude that the particular school where these extraordinary customs were still in vogue was Broxton.

But about fifteen other people had sent copies of the same wretched rag to different boys in different forms. The only form which couldn't boast a copy was the Sixth, and that is quite understandable. Those of them who had noticed in any of the daily papers some article or other of the " What's Wrong With Our Public Schools ? " type had either just glanced at it or turned over and looked for something more intelligent and interesting. Some of them might look at it later on just to pass a few minutes.

Elsewhere in the school " The Red Beam " was being read with great eagerness as it passed from hand to hand with the ever-increasing fairy-tale to explain all about it.

" Haven't you seen it ? " Malone asked Sprott. " Renolds of the Fourth has lent me this copy—but only for a few minutes ! It's all about Broxton ! Fact ! It doesn't say it's Broxton, of course, but it's got in all about Commemoration Day, and what goes on in the school without the masters really knowing. A regular show-up it is ! I'll bet some of the Sixth will be jumping wild when they read about their bullying methods. I never knew about the cockpit before, did you, Winky ? "

The word " cockpit " conveyed nothing to Winkworth, but Sprott was already grabbing the paper and reading it eagerly, and Winky read it with him. By the time Challis strolled into the study Sprott was foaming with fury and triumphant joy, all mixed up and bubbling over. It didn't surprise him that a master had said he believed in bullying, nor did the extraordinary statements of two sports captains make him doubt the accuracy of the printed

word. Hadn't he always maintained—hadn't he told them dozens of times that there was something wrong at Broxton ?

" We'll stamp out this bullying ! I'm going to find out all about this cockpit business ! I've always said those Third kids were being bullied. I'm going to talk to them. We've got to organise ! We've got to—got to do something about this, Winky ! Raise the flag of revolt——"

" Oh, shut up ! " Malone told him. " Hullo, Chally ! You seen all this screed about what goes on at Broxton ? There'll be a row about it. Somebody's been talking hot air. It's Broxton all right, and what I want to know is——"

" We'll get Taffy Morgan in this. Come on Winky ! I'm going to borrow this for a bit, Malone ! Let you have it back ——"

" No, you're not ! " Malone said, very definitely, and he had grabbed the paper before Sprott had a chance, because Malone had rather anticipated the prospect of Winkworth or Sprott, but especially Sprott, trying to cling on to it. And Malone had promised to return it.

A brief argument ended with the departure of Sprott, followed by Winkworth. Malone still held possession of the paper, and turned to Challis, who was looking angelically pained about the row. He wasn't pained, but mildly bored. His features rarely registered his true emotions, and this fact, of course, often misled older people. It was early days, perhaps, to say that Chally's face was his fortune, but it had certainly saved him from many a licking, and induced others to temper justice with about ninety per cent mercy on many occasions.

" What's it all about ? " Chally asked when Sprott had vanished with his wild notions of raising the standard of revolt. Malone handed him the paper.

" There's bound to be a row about it," Malone said, quite hopefully. " Tosswill in the Fifth told me that some of the big London papers are taking it up, too. He thinks there'll probably be a Royal Commission or something of that sort to enquire into it all. It's jolly serious, you know, I've been here three years, but I've never heard of this cock-fighting business. Still, there it is ! Have you ever heard of the Sixth playing a game called " The Cockpit ' ? ' '

" No," Challis said dreamily, but it was just about this moment that his practised eye as a reader took in the description of the small boy, " little more than a child, yet with misery and fear dulling the brightness of his big blue eyes ", who had to wear a hideous steel spur in the toe of his shoe, because older boys had warned him for this hideous amusement of their idle hours.

A sudden steel-cold jab of recollection stabbed Chally's memory. Commemoration Day, with its mild excitements and amusements, had been forgotten, but certain incidents came back with a startling rush.

Of all the people who had seen or spoken to Mr. Littintop on Commemoration Day, Challis was the first to remember him. Further, Challis was the first to know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Mr. Littintop was the author of the startling exposure of public schools in the pages of " The Red Beam ".

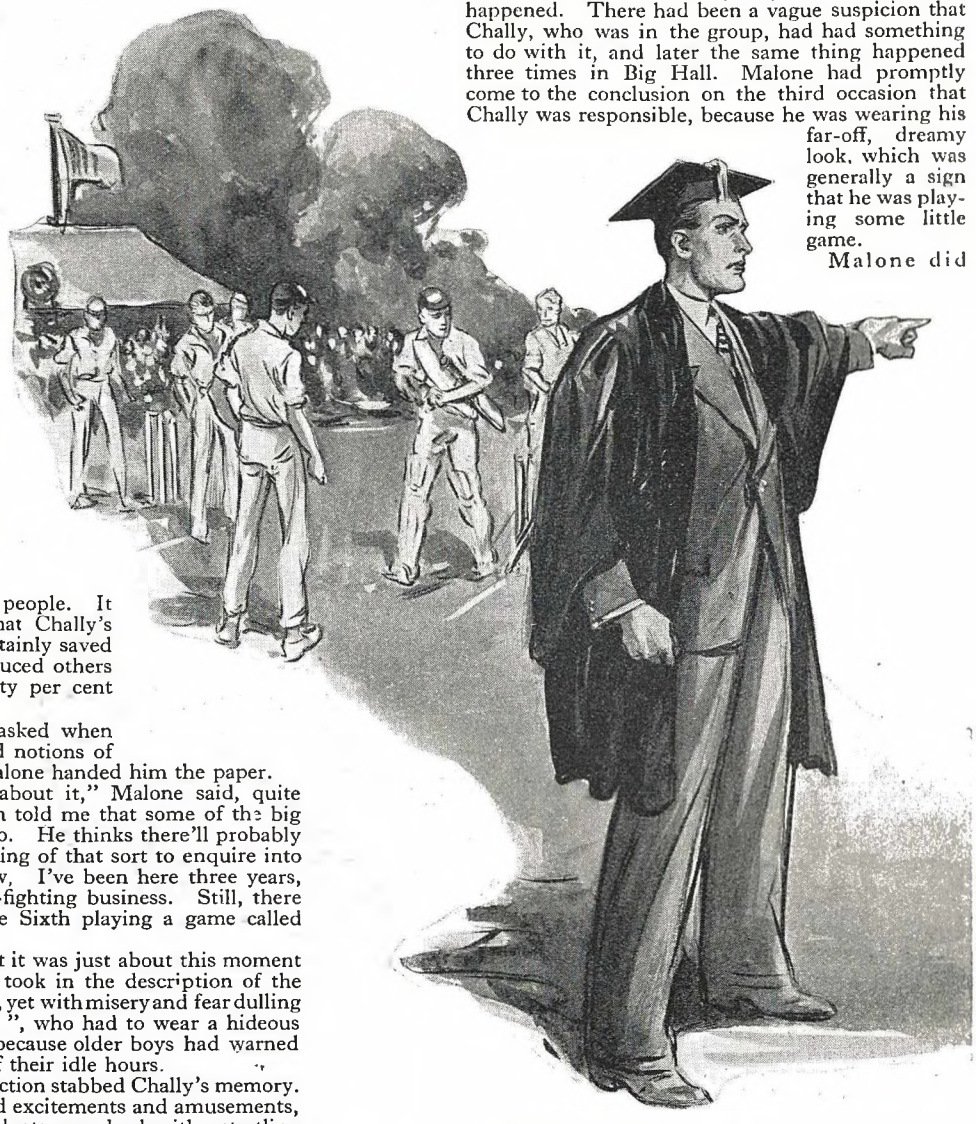
Despite his appearance of sweet innocence, Challis was a fighter, but he suddenly felt sick at heart as he read the lurid phrases of " The Red Beam's " special representative. As though to rub it in, the crazy ass had written that he would never forget the pleading look in the boy's eyes ; he would know the boy again even though he were among a million.

" Oh—my—aunt ! " The words came as an involuntary moan, a gasping little wail of dismay from Challis as he put the paper down and stared across the room. " I say—I mean—— Oh, my hat ! Look here ! No ! Never mind ! I mean—pretty rotten if—if that sort of thing does go on and nobody knows about it. Of course, I don't think for a minute—— You know what these papers are ? "

Malone was staring at Challis, and his mind was working swiftly. He knew Chally as well as anybody in the school did, and could boast that he understood the little demon, as he himself often called him. And he knew that at this juncture Chally had had a shock ; that the paper had given it him ; and that Chally must, therefore, have had some hand in the business.

Simultaneously another cell in Malone's mind was waking up. A flash-back of an incident in the pavilion when he had been drinking lemon squash in the company of others ; something had jabbed him suddenly in the calf of the leg and he had swung round, but there hadn't been anybody behind him, as it happened. There had been a vague suspicion that Chally, who was in the group, had had something to do with it, and later the same thing happened three times in Big Hall. Malone had promptly come to the conclusion on the third occasion that Chally was responsible, because he was wearing his far-off, dreamy look, which was generally a sign that he was playing some little game.

Malone did not wait to-day to ponder on all the evidence of the past. He was one of the sort who work on intuition and he pointed an accusing finger at Chally.



" Get off the field ! " Hallam said. . .

" You've done it this time, Chally ! " he asserted. " You're the blue-eyed little innocent who had that spur ! You are the fear-stricken infant who told the chap who wrote that rot all those lies——"

" They weren't lies ! " Challis protested hotly. " Can't a chap make a joke without being accused of lying ? Besides, he said he'd got a nephew—and he wanted him to come to Broxton. Going to palm him off on me, he was ! Make a nice little friend for me, the pie-can said ! He said the little toad was just like me. Well, what I mean is that if he was like me——"

" I know ! Malone agreed promptly. " The school couldn't stand two of you. All things considered, we've done pretty well sticking you as long as we have done, but, as they said about that fellow we had in history this morning, ' his career was drawing rapidly to a close '. I've always said you'd end up by getting the boot, Chally, and I should think the chances of your getting a

single ticket home inside the next fortnight are about a million to one. I guess Quackers will be pleased when he knows you're on the homeward trail. ' A thorn in the flesh ' he said you were, but he didn't know about this spur in your shoe then. Well, you can't say I haven't warned you——"

" Oh, do shut up, Teddy ! " Chally begged. " Let's talk sensibly about it. I know you're only joking, because—well, you've always been a brick in helping me. There's nobody else in the school will ever guess that I had anything to do with it, except you, and I'm jolly sure that if there's one fellow in the world who can keep a secret, it's Teddy Malone. The thing we've got to do is to hit on some plan—think out some scheme—and you're jolly good on things like that ! "

" Oh, yes ! " Malone said jeeringly. He knew all about the art of flattery and eyewash as practised by the expert Challis. He knew perfectly well that Chally would pour out compliments now, just to get Malone on his side, even to get Malone to aid him in some risky scheme. He also knew that if, as a result of some plan they tried, the pair of them landed into trouble, all the blame would be put on Malone, and it would be a further charge against him that not only had he done wrong himself, but he had led Challis astray.

There were quite a number of masters at Broxton who placed no faith at all in Chally's blue eyes and rosebud mouth. But put Challis and Malone alongside each other, charged with some offence against the laws and customs of Broxton, and nobody could possibly hesitate about his verdict. Malone was guilty, while Challis, even if his guilt was proved, had obviously been led astray without quite realising that he was doing wrong.

Malone was tall and rather awkwardly built as yet, and his face in serious moments was heavy and glowering. When he was not so serious there was a twinkle about his eyes, and a little twist at the corners of his lips which betrayed his inborn sense of humour. Take that away and Malone was a big, hulking bully.

Yet behind that face, and somewhere lower down in Malone's anatomy, there beat a kind heart. It was a lot kinder, if the truth must be told, than Chally's heart, and nobody knew it better than Chally. He appealed to Malone for aid, and, after that one feeble jeer, Malone came weakly over to Chally's side, ready to stand by his side against all the slings and arrows Fortune might be saving up for Chally.

" Well, tell me just what happened," Malone begged. " Did you have a spur in your shoe ? "

" No ! " Challis said contemptuously. " It was only a tiny little point that wouldn't hurt a fly."

" It jolly well made *me* jump ! " Malone interrupted.

" Oh, yes, I know. But it was only a joke. I mean, if fellows haven't any sense of humour, what would happen to the world ? And anyway, it was in *my* shoe, and it was no business of this wall-eyed interfering person who said he wanted to send some kid to Broxton, and would I look after him and see the bigger boys didn't ill-treat him. Well, I had to scare the chap off a bit, hadn't I ? Why should I go tagging round with some little lop-eared toad who happened to be a relative of this interfering ass ? I'm here to be educated, not to be a nurse-maid ! It's absolutely ridiculous the way some people push their kids on to fellows like us who want to learn things and not waste our time playing nursey-nursey ! "

Challis became quite indignant at the outrageous injustice of it all. Even Malone felt compelled to agree that it was a rotten shame the way people tried to ill-treat Chally, and that he was certainly justified in adopting defensive measures against this prying journalist fellow. On the question of telling the journalist a few amusing fairy-tales about bullying at Broxton, both were in complete agreement that, first of all, if the fellow really were a journalist, he ought not to have been such an ass as to believe a little quite innocent leg-pulling.

Secondly, if the Head himself had a sense of humour and could only take the right point of view, he would also agree that Challis had done what he did purely for the honour of the school. It would not do Broxton any good to have a kid who was a miserable little funky toad and related to such a pie-can as the journalist fellow coming here.

" I agree with you," Malone assured Challis, quite sincerely, because Chally not only had a sweet face, but he had a most persuasive way of talking. " But I can't help feeling—you know what beaks are ? They don't cultivate any sense of humour, and it's almost certain that if you did land on the carpet, the Head would start talking about truth and—— Of course, I know you weren't telling the chap lies, but just joking with him, but you know what the beak is ? I think that what we've got to do is to put them off your track. Invent what they call an alibi, or—or think out some scheme or some sort of plan that will do something."

" Yes, I know," Challis agreed anxiously. " But what ? I don't want them to start asking me questions or trying to drag me into the wretched business. This silly ass talks about the lad who wore the spur for cock-fighting being in the Third Form. Well, I wonder if we could fix it in some way——"

He stopped abruptly as Sprott led a sort of procession into the study. Sprott's face was flushed with triumph.

" Hullo, you two ! You're another two I want ! We're forming a league—an Anti-Bullying League ! We're going to force the Sixth—prefects as well—and the Fifth, too !—going to—ab-solute-ly—stop them bullying forms below them, especially the Third. You'll join, Chally ? There's going to be a riot before this is finished ! "

" Yes——No ! Leave me out, Sprott ! I mean—I have to go slow this term, you know. Quackers warned me——"

" Yes ! We'll join ! " Malone said quickly. " You'll join, Chally ! You were only just saying you thought bullying ought to be stopped. Right, Sprott ! When do we begin to do things ? "

Malone gave Chally a quick wink, intended to convey the idea that this was going to help them. Only later, when all the members of the League, having failed to decide on any definite plan of action, were wandering over to the playing-fields to see the first eleven play Cranston, did Malone give a word of explanation about his keenness to join the Anti-Bullying League.

" It'll be a sort of red herring," he whispered. " If we have a fair old row over this, the Head won't start enquiring into your affair. Follow the idea? He'll be too keen on squashing the row and making rules for everybody. If Sprott's running the show, there'll be a row all right, but everybody will be in it before he's finished. And that's a lot better for you ! "

" Why ? " asked Challis, not because he did not perceive several advantages right away of letting Sprott get into any limelight that was knocking round, but because when danger threatened he liked to hear the other fellow's point of view.

" You don't want to be the only fellow in the row, do you ? " Malone asked. " If you are, you collect all the trouble. But you know perfectly well that if you are in with a crowd, even if it's only two or three, you're the one they always let off. It's that kid's face of yours. Wish mine looked as innocent as yours."

" Oh, shut up about faces ! " Challis said, because jokes on that subject no longer amused him. " Still, I think you're right, Teddy ! It may be a good idea to get mixed up in this new riot Sprott's starting. We won't push ourselves forward too much, but just stand and cheer."

" That's the idea," Malone agreed, and added prophetically : " There ought to be some fun ! "

CHAPTER III

SPROTT LOOKS FOR TROUBLE

MOSTYN hoped most profoundly that in this first match of the season Fortune would be on his side right from the moment when the coin was spun. If he won the toss, he would take first knock, and there would be every prospect, so he believed, of victory coming to Broxton.

Unfortunately he called " Tails ! " and the coin came down " heads ". Struthers, the Cranston captain, promptly indicated his intention of taking the first innings. Mostyn collected his team and chose Groom and Cardwell to open the bowling ; a minute or two later Struthers and his partner were at the wicket, and, after a few more preliminaries, the umpire called " Play ! "

Groom sent down the first ball and Struthers played it according to the book, but without attempting to score. In the slips Mostyn crouched in tense alertness, waiting for the first ball that came his way. Nobody would ever have guessed that Mostyn, the calm, cool captain, was actually suffering from nerves at that juncture, but he was.

Three balls came down from Groom without Struthers making any real attempt to open the scoring. Possibly the fourth ball had just a little extra kick, or it may be that Struthers had different ideas about it, until it was almost on his wicket. At all events, he only just managed to play it, and there was a touch of flukiness about the stroke. The ball rose and shot away just a few inches above the ground.

Mostyn was suddenly aware that it was a hard chance and he was diving sideways and forwards. His fingers touched the ball, but failed to get a grip, and a moment later the ball was rolling harmlessly along the turf, and the tips of Mostyn's fingers were tingling with the impact.

It was a chance, but a difficult one, and Mostyn had missed it. So far as the majority of the onlookers were concerned they would never have realised that it was a chance if they had not seen Mostyn's sudden dive, and then the ball rolling away. Struthers, at the wicket, turned round, made a step forward as though to cross over, but decided to stay where he was. There was a grin on his face as he grasped the fact that he had had a narrow escape.

From somewhere on the right of the pavilion there came a queer sound. It seemed to be a dull, but united groan of dismay from a group of fellows who had suddenly wakened to the fact that a catch had been missed. Then, not very full-blooded perhaps, but quite definitely in unison, a murmuring chant came floating across the field.

" What — a — miss ! Oh— what—a—miss ! "

Several seniors who were near at hand, glanced along to the group of Remove boys from whom the noise evidently came. Slight frowns came to their brows ; they did not approve ; that sort of thing was not done at Broxton. Of course, it was not outrageous, but it was tending in that direction.

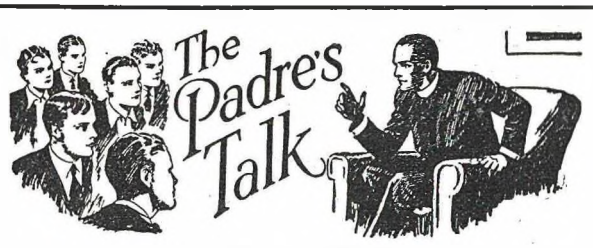
Just to show that he was not in the least put out by that narrow escape, Struthers did his best to bang the next ball to the boundary. An excellent bit of fielding saved it, but Struthers had opened the scoring with a couple of runs. He scored a single off the next ball, and as a result was facing the bowling again when the next over came.

After that the runs began to come steadily, not too quickly in the beginning, but by the time the opening pair had taken the score to thirty, the rate was increasing. They had played themselves in, and were beginning to look well set. Mostyn changed his bowlers, but the batsmen seemed to like the newcomers just as well.

By this time any visitor to the match would have gathered that a certain section of the Broxton boys believed in that form of criticism generally known as barracking. It was not on the vociferous side at first, but it was definitely audible all round the ground ; there had been nothing personal so far, but the criticisms had been given in an organised way. They were chanted by fourteen or fifteen fellows who had excellent voices for that sort of effort.

" We—want—bowlers ! BOWLERS ! Where—are—the bowlers ? " was the sort of thing they broadcast, and it annoyed quite a lot of people.

As the score increased the chants became slightly more personal. When the batsmen began to knock Oliphant to the boundary, and in one over the scores were 4, 4, 1, 3, 4, 4, making a total of twenty off six balls, the chanting broke out more strongly than it had been at any time so far.



WON AND LOST

The battle had scarcely begun when he had made his great capture, How proud he was, for his prisoner was a notable one. But he dare not remain by his man, for there were more glories awaiting him in the field of battle. So he called for his henchman and commanded him to guard the prisoner until he returned. " If you lose him," he added, " your life will be answerable for his." With that he rode off into the fray.

When the sun had set and victory was assured, he returned to his tent for his prisoner ; with great excitement he pulled aside the tent flap, and there he saw his henchman, but he was there alone. " Where is the man that was given you to keep ? " he roared at him.

At length, the wretched man was able to stammer out his answer : " Oh, my lord, while thy servant was busy here and busy there, I lost him."

You can find that story tucked away in a rarely read corner of the Old Testament ; you can find its parallel in the lives of many of us. We have all been given a charge for which we are held responsible, and that charge is our true self, our character. The pity of it is that it is so very easy, while we are busy here and busy there, to lose it.

There are men who spend years building up a good reputation, and they are held in highest esteem by all. Then suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, in an unguarded moment, the temptation comes. There is the slip, and in a moment the reputation that took years to make is lost, and the character that took such pains to build is marred. And here's a word for you, old man. You were so anxious to get a high mark, weren't you, that in a weak moment, and without any real thought, you were mean enough to crib ? Of course, you never intended to go in for that sort of thing—but you did. Or do you remember how in a silly moment of excitement, when you wanted to look big in front of others, you said—well, something that you didn't normally like the sound of ? Do you remember how ashamed of yourself you were immediately afterwards ? You felt that it was not quite the sort of thing a decent sort of fellow would say. Since then you have got a little more hardened, and you don't feel quite so guilty now when you listen to the wrong sort of talk.

If you go on like that, old chap, and don't pull yourself up, you'll be like the man in the story. You'll lose the man who has been given you to keep. And when you grow into manhood and look back as we all do, you will say to yourself : " Where is the man that was given me to keep ? " You will be able to supply the answer to your own query : " What a fool I've been " ; you will have to own : " I've lost *the man that I had to keep. How different things might have been if I had looked after him." In other words, you may realise too late that you have grown up the wrong sort of man.*

Look after the man that has been given you to keep—don't lose him.

G. S. H.

" Take—him—off ! Bring us—a bowler ! Take—him—OFF ! "

Some of the Sixth-Formers began to move in the direction of the barrackers, and one or two masters were looking towards the seniors in a way which was meant to convey their thoughts. Unless the seniors interfered and stopped this disgraceful exhibition, one or two of the masters would be along and show them how to deal with this sort of outbreak.

Hallam, captain of the school, was among the seniors. As a cricketer Hallam was not at all bad, but it was the game in which he shone least. He was quite a strong captain, too, but so far in his year of office there had been no great test of his capacity. That was why he felt momentarily perplexed, but decided at last to walk round with one or two other prefects, and give these would-be hooligans a penetrating and reproving glance with his ruthless eye. Possibly he would administer a sharp word or two of reproof, then pass on.

But the Remove fellows were apparently too intent on watching the game to notice Hallam and his friends. Hallam stopped and stared at them after the manner of a strong man on the films.

" Stand out of the way there ! " a voice called out. " About time somebody gave these Sixth fellows a lecture on good manners ! "

" Pass along there ! " another voice called. " You're spoiling my view. I want to see the game ! "

" Sprott ! " Hallam snapped, and tried to paralyse the Remove boy with his glacial eye. " Just—cut out—this comic business ! Stop it ! "

" I beg your pardon ! " Sprott said, but it was not in the least apologetic. " Is anything wrong ? "

" You are making a row," Hallam said. " It is annoying other people, besides advertising the fact to the visitors that we have a few hooligans at Broxton. Stop it—at once ! "

" Oh, my sainted aunt ! " Sprott looked at his companions in startled amazement. " Do you hear that ? We mustn't speak ! We're annoying the Sixth bullies ! We're hooligans ! "

" Look out, Sprott ! " a voice called cheerily. " Make sure he hasn't got his spurs on ! "

Everybody laughed, except Hallam and the Sixth-Formers. Hallam, indeed, did not at first perceive the point of the joke. It was not exactly brilliant anyway, and Hallam just glared again, then snapped out : " That's enough ! There'll be trouble if there's any more of this row ! "

Hallam and the Sixth-Formers were stalking on their way before Sprott had time to think of the right retort. In the centre of the field Mostyn had just decided to take the ball himself, and there was a feeling of desperation in his heart. The two Cranston batsmen seemed to have settled down to a bright afternoon at the wicket, and visions of a first-wicket record were possibly in the mind of Struthers. He was batting that way !

Mostyn's first ball was fastish and developed a bump. Struthers had to dodge quickly and let it pass. The next ball was another queer mixture, and again Struthers could do nothing with it, because it shot up and hit him on the shoulder.

" No—body-line ! " a voice shouted from the onlookers, and then in unison came a loud chanting : " No—body—line ! " They repeated it even when Mostyn was going back for his run. He was hoping to bring out the best ball he had. There had been occasions when Mostyn had done good things as a bowler, and he was hoping desperately that he would be able to produce the right stuff now.

But again the ball shot up from the turf, and this time Struthers jumped across his wicket and brought up his bat as though to protect his head. Possibly he had an idea of turning the ball to the leg boundary. Instead, the ball seemed determined to carry on skywards for a time. Then as it descended, Sparling, the Broxton wicket-keeper, was waiting with those gloved hands of his ready to welcome the ball.

" Howzat ? " snapped Sparling and tossed the ball in the air just to show that there was no deception. Struthers looked regretfully towards the umpire, whose hand was slowly rising to point the way to the stars. The first wicket had fallen !

The clapping broke out to applaud the bowler and the batsman, but something else broke loose, too ! That chanting from the Remove crowd became a positive shriek. " Body-line—barred ! Body-line—barred ! " they yelled, and were still shrieking it out when Struthers disappeared into the pavilion.

Hallam was too far away just then to descend upon them, but it was not long before he had completed his walk round the field ; nor was it very long before he had another opportunity of asserting his authority. A second wicket fell to Mostyn's bowling, and it happened in much the same way as the first one. A ball which bumped rather badly tempted the batsman to play queer tricks, and Sparling behind the wicket claimed another victim.

And then that wretched chanting broke out again. " Body-line bowling barred ! Take him off ! Take—him—OFF ! "

Hallam was striding towards the Remove mob this time. Mostyn, out in the centre, could see him, but could not hear what was said. Hallam had no intention of letting anyone but the culprits hear his views.

" Clear off ! Get out ! " Hallam hissed. " I'll see you afterwards, Sprott ! And you—Malone ! Now—leave the field ! "

He gave a sweeping, searching, accusing glare round the whole bunch of them, and then rasped out again :

" I'll remember every one of you ! There's going to be serious trouble in the Remove——"

" But more in the Sixth ! " Sprott interrupted. " Bullying kids—dragging the school's good name through the mire—making us a national scandal. And now you're ordering us off the field just because we want the Broxton team to play the game ! "

" Get off the field ! " Hallam said, and would have made a fine study at that moment of a strong man controlling his righteous fury.

" We will ! We'll go ! And you want to see Malone and me later ! Right ! We shall be there ! Fall in, you chaps ! Double column ! We're ordered off ! Very good ! We'll go ! Now ! Ready ? Quick march ! "

It was discovered later that the whole of the Remove Form had by this time gathered at this particular spot. Twenty-one boys, whose ages ranged from fifteen and a half to seventeen, and who varied in height from the cherubic Challis to the lanky Sprott or the hefty-looking Malone, quickly formed into a column two abreast. Sprott had slipped to the head of his followers, or supporters, and within ten seconds they were marching off.

To be strictly accurate, they were not marching off so much as marching round in the beginning. They made a tour of about half the cricket field, and one way and another managed to attract quite a lot of attention to themselves. Then they trailed away from the pitch and headed for the school.

From the distance Hallam watched them. There was a little smile on his face, but it was the grim smile of the strong man who is making stern decisions. Then he turned to watch the game again.

The school magazine said afterwards that it was a very interesting match, though disappointing from the school point of view. To Mostyn it was something of a tragedy. Struthers closed the Cranston innings at 185 for 5 wickets. It was a sound declaration which left Broxton with little or no hope of victory, while giving Cranston a couple of hours in which to make their effort to capture their opponents' wickets.

Broxton gave quite a good display, but the luck was against them. There was still one wicket to fall when the pavilion clock showed that only five minutes remained before stumps would be drawn. Broxton were a long way off the Cranston total, but there was quite a good chance that the result would be a draw. Mostyn and Cardwell were at the wicket, and Mostyn holding the fort gallantly. He nursed the bowling discreetly, so that for three overs Cardwell never had to play a ball. Then Mostyn, trying to get a couple, realised that the second run was dangerous, and Cardwell faced the bowling.

So far Cardwell had made a very fluky single and had nearly lost his wicket twice. That was why Mostyn was so anxious to get the bowling for himself and play out time. He knew as he stood at the bowler's end that he ought not to have worried about run-making in the middle of the over. All that he ought to have done was to get a single at all costs off the last ball of the over. Cardwell had to face three balls before this over would end.

As a matter of fact, he only faced two. The first nearly took his off stump and frightened Cardwell. At the next he jerked his bat, the ball flew upwards, and the wicket-keeper ran from behind and took it comfortably. The Broxton last wicket had fallen with barely a minute to go. And Broxton had lost by eighty-four runs. Mostyn was smiling cheerfully as he congratulated Struthers, and Struthers said kind words to Mostyn, who was the highest scorer on his side, and had been not out at the end.

But Mostyn had a sickening feeling of disappointment. There was something wrong with the Broxton attack, and the batting was not so good as he had hoped. Somewhere at the back of his mind as he chatted cheerfully with the Cranstonians there was a feeling that a lot of troubles were looming up like a great black cloud !

* * * * *

And while the school eleven were going down to defeat before the Cranstonians there was a triumphant meeting of the Remove in Carr's House. Nobody quite knew why they were triumphant, but the enthusiasm was there all right. Sprott made several speeches and gave lots of orders. He had just reached that age when he felt that he was a born leader and a great organiser.

For a long time past the conviction had been growing on Sprott that everything was in a frightful mess in the world, but particularly at Broxton. Something ought to be done about it, but until to-day he had never quite seen what could be done. He wanted to be the rebel leader against the tyranny and oppression and all that sort of thing, but it had been a bit difficult to find the tyrannies or the oppressors and the oppressed.

And now in one day they had all turned up ready-made. Here was a great cause, and the next thing was to make a plan of campaign. They must also have a motto or slogan, and it didn't take long to get the right one.

" Our motto is ' Down with Bullying ' ! We're out to put an end to all this bullying and favouritism. We are going to put a stop to it ! We ought to get some of the Third along especially one or two who have been bullied by the Sixth. Rather ! And we ought to draw up a charter and have a monster demonstration— make everybody realise that the time has come for sweeping reforms. What we want to do——"

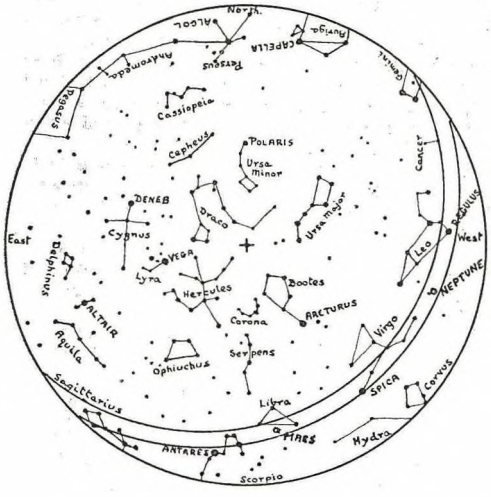
" Down with bullying ! " somebody called out, and one or two others took it up. " Down with bullying ! " was the motto !

Away on the cricket field or in the pavilion several sound, sensible persons were pondering on this absurd yet serious problem which had been so suddenly thrust upon them. The Head himself, Mr. Mornington, Hallam, and Mostyn, were all keenly conscious of the fact that there were two or three awkward problems to be faced. Mostyn was probably the only one who forgot about the big problem for a time, but that was only because his responsibilities as captain of cricket filled his mind during the afternoon. As soon as the match was over the other problem loomed up again just as though he hadn't quite enough to worry about in puzzling over the question of strengthening the Broxton attack.

And over in Carr's House the flag of revolt had been raised. They were drawing up the charter and printing the banners for the monster demonstration. Down with Bullying ! Down with the Sixth ! Down with Hallam ! Mostyn Must Go !

" Anyway," said Malone, the cheerful prophet of woe, " even if Mostyn doesn't go I'm thinking that some of us are pretty certain to go by the time this riot's over ! There's going to be trouble ! "

The Night Sky in June



The Stars

THE star map should be held overhead with the corresponding compass points. It shows the principal stars that are above the horizon at 10 p.m. (G.M.T.) on June 15th in England.

Since all astronomical notes refer to G.M.T., one hour must be added to all quoted times while the Summer Time Act is in force.

The map has changed but little since last month. Gemini (the Twins) is seen setting, but another constellation of the zodiac, Sagittarius (the Archer), is now rising in the south-east.

The Milky Way may now be traced in the sky from the north point through Cassiopeia (the Lady's Chair), Cygnus (the Swan), Aquila (the Eagle), down to Sagittarius.

Note how low down in the south the Planet Track lies compared with its position in the maps of the winter months.

The Sun

June 24th is known as Midsummer Day, and although it is very near to the longest day this year, June 21st, it is really only the beginning of the summer season, which starts on the Solstice Day, namely, June 21st.

On Solstice Day the Sun reaches its highest point in the heavens at true noon, and the shadow then cast by a vertical stick on level ground in the south of England will just be half the height of the object. This enables one to find the approximate height of a tree, or a building, simply by measuring its shadow.

On June 8th there will be a total eclipse of the Sun, but it will not be visible from England, as the path of totality stretches from islands in the southern Pacific, east of Australia, to just inland in western South America. So very few people will see it.

The Planets

The two curved lines show the Planet Track, outside of which the planets do not wander.

Mercury is now a " morning star ", rising only about one hour before the Sun. It will not be visible, although it will be well separated angularly from the Sun on the 6th.

Venus, too, is a " morning star ", and is now in Aries. It will be at its greatest angular separation from the Sun on the 27th. It rises east-north-east about 2 a.m., and is of a brilliance one hundred times or so that of a first-magnitude star.

Mars is shown in the Planet Track in Libra, and is now of a brightness about equal to Sirius. The Moon passes in front of the planet on the 20th, but nothing will be seen of this in England, as both of them will be set.

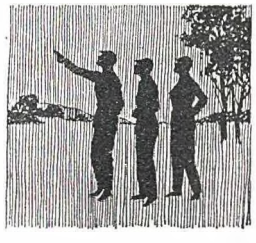
Jupiter may be seen rising in the south-east shortly after 10 p.m. It is not shown on the map, but it will trail after Sagittarius later in the evening. At the end of the month it will rise soon after 9 p.m.

Saturn rises soon after midnight in mid-month. The rings are now opening out to our earthly view. It is now just below the Great Square of Pegasus, and is consequently not on our map.

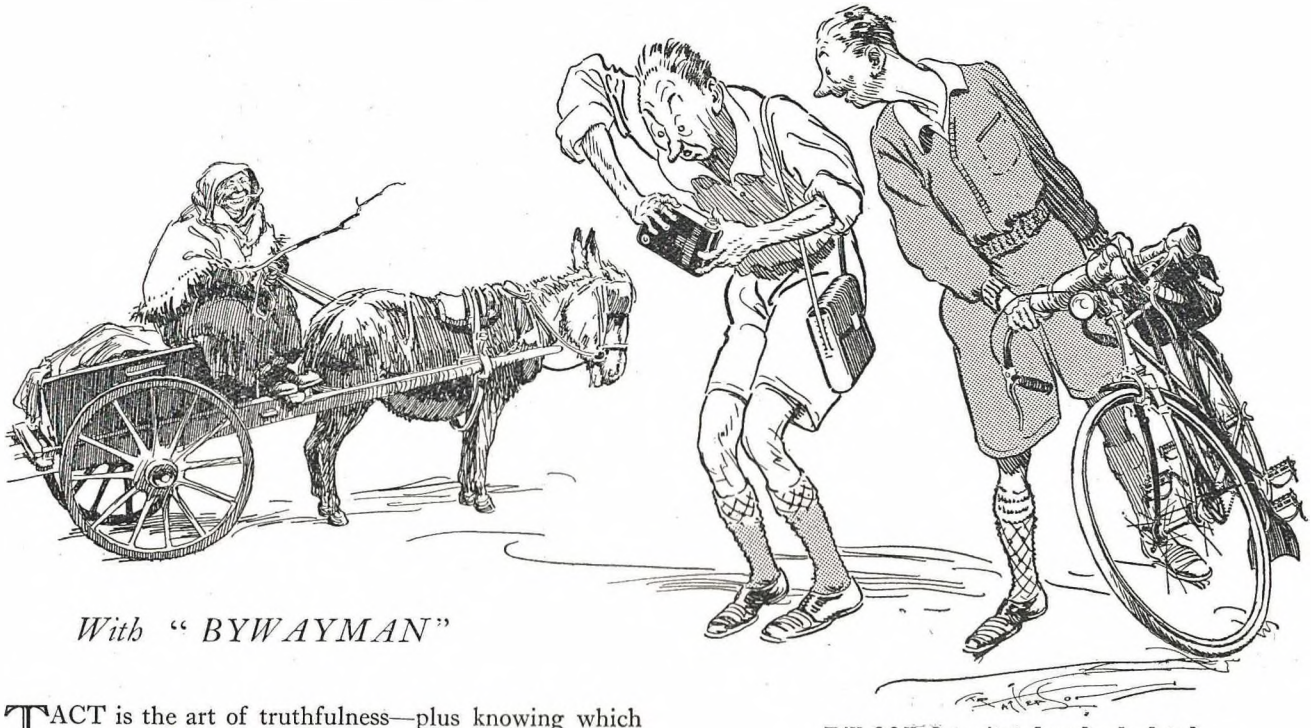
Uranus is now in Aries and rises about 1.30 a.m., and is, therefore, off our map.

Neptune is still in Leo, and near the star Sigma Leonis, as shown in the Planet Track. In a fairly good telescope, it will be seen as a dull, small green disk in contrast with its brighter neighbour.

C. J. McNAUGHT.



On the Road to— BANTRY BAY



With "BYWAYMAN"

Bill fiddled, cogitated and calculated.

TACT is the art of truthfulness—plus knowing which truth to tell.

When the Free State Customs man asked: "Onything to declare?" I promptly declared that I was very glad to be in Ireland again—beautiful Ireland where the people are so hospitable, and the soda-bread so nutty, and lo, the necessary hieroglyphics were scrawled on my kit without the trouble of unfastening a buckle.

He'd have done the same for Bill, I am sure, had Bill imitated the tact as well as the truthfulness; but when Bill added: "And I declare I'm looking for a donkey-woman"—well, it was perfectly true, but could we blame the Irishman for retorting "Very suitable" and making him turn out his bag and pockets as well?

Bill's indiscriminate truthfulness nearly lost us the train, yet often he is more persuasive than I. When, at Waterford station, a jarvey waxed nearly frantic because we wouldn't hire his jaunting-car, although, having taken a fancy to us, he was ready to charge only half-fares to save us becoming hungry and weary crossing the bridge ("But yer can't be knowing the great length av it, jist by the lookin' over it, gintlemen" he countered our sceptical glances)—when that happened, all my eloquence failed to end his distress for us. But Bill slipped quietly to the luggage van, returned with the tandem and said: "Och and also begorrah, Pat, and we'll be racing you over the bridge for a new shillelagh", and the jarvey was convinced immediately (though, curiously enough, he didn't seem much relieved!).

> *Still south I went and west and south again,*
> *Through Wicklow from the morning till the night,*
> *And far from cities and the sights of men,*
> *Lived with the sunshine and the moon's delight.*
>
> JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE.

Our trouble with the Customs was but part of the Curse of the Black Box. The Black Box was simply Bill's miserable camera, of course, and the curse of it was that he was so dead set on getting a picture of an old Irishwoman with a donkey cart. Whenever the pair appeared, even in the least picturesque surroundings, I always had to stop (or get my shorts pinched), and then watch while Bill fiddled, cogitated and calculated—and after all, he usually decided either that the sun shone right in the lens, or the film was all used up, or the subject had departed while he made his preparations, or . . .

However, such troubles we did not anticipate as we swung along the road that lilting June morning. We were off to Cork; off along a fresh road with a hundred and one little differences (like green post-boxes and policemen with revolvers) to add the spice of novelty and make us feel we were in a foreign land. And, beyond Cork, we were going to find far-famed Killarney, and the fretted Atlantic Coast, Wild Windy Gap and . . . Gosh, who *could* think of trouble?

We had opportunities to notice more differences at Dungarvan, where is surely the most popular level crossing in the world! At first we assumed that the occupants of the dozens of two-wheeled wagons and other vehicles were anxious for the crossing-gates to open, but, when a trainless engine came clanking along the line, stopped bang in the middle of the crossing, and then calmly reversed off again, and no one seemed annoyed that the gates remained closed, then we began to recognise a difference in the Irish temperament, and to suspect that all these people had come from far and near purposely to watch an engine shunt and exchange cheerful chat (the people, not the engine).

Perhaps, though, their equanimity arose from a comfortable philosophy which regarded waiting as a pleasant way

of passing time—perhaps, after all, the pigs were getting fatter all the while!

In such an atmosphere Bill rapidly became Irish enough to talk of " ass-carts " instead of " donkey-carts ", and I became tolerant enough to point out his chance to choose from a score of old dames and donkeys. At that, he illumined my photographic darkness with the information that one can't take ass-carts mixed up with steam-pots and oil-cans—and, anyway, plates were better than films. I agreed about the plates when he pushed me over to a little shack where were displayed sweets and explosive lemonade, and asked for a meal. " Och, but it's nothing at all that there is," regretted the little lady, " but come yous in." After that meal Bill was certain that " Nothing at all " was Erse for piles of scrambled eggs, tomatoes and chips, with plenty of little balls of rich creamery butter to go on home-baked bread, and tea and cheese—until he ordered a similar meal from a man who knew no Erse.

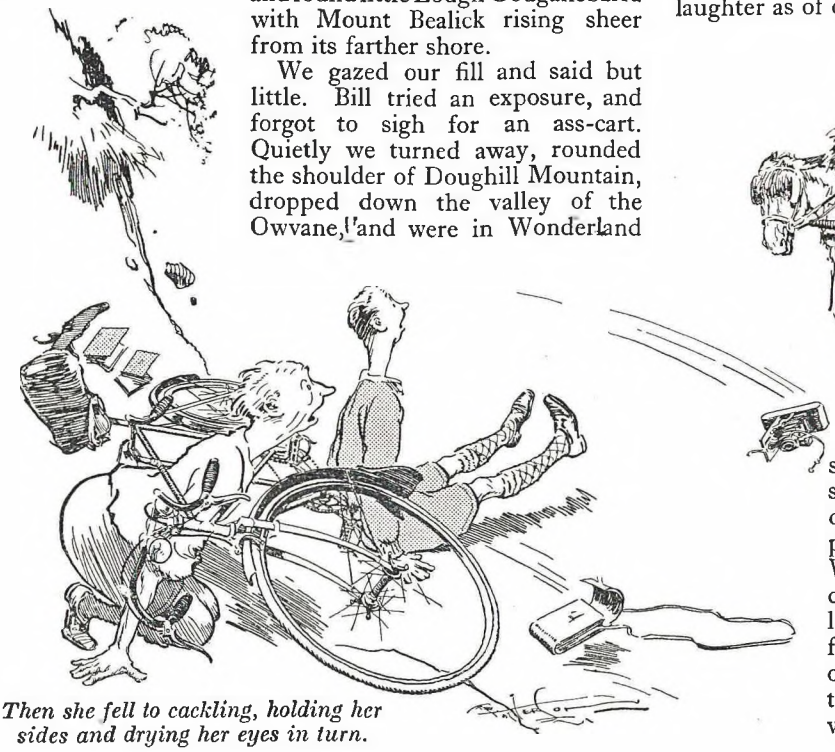
As the meal ended, the crossing-keeper opened the gates as a sign that the shunting display was ended; the engine shrieked a farewell, and the spectators came to life like a football crowd when the ref. blows " time ".

Over the Drum Hills and across the Blackwater, we came to the sea at Youghal, and we slighted Youghal by refusing to linger either to worship beauty or to visit Myrtle Grove (where Bill, at any rate, *ought* to have paid homage to the first spud Raleigh planted in Ireland); our hearts were set on the West; we yearned to exchange the fat dairylands for the mountains and lakes and sea coast of the Irish Paradise. Cork was but a place where we could sleep on the road to Bantry Bay. . . .

The Black Box in Action

Inchigeelagh Lake we counted as our first taste of the joys to come; it rippled beside the road like a broad river for four miles, four miles of cool serenity emphasised by the precipitous flanks of the mountains ahead Then we permitted ourselves the first detour in our striding journey, and found little Lough Gouganebarra with Mount Bealick rising sheer from its farther shore.

We gazed our fill and said but little. Bill tried an exposure, and forgot to sigh for an ass-cart. Quietly we turned away, rounded the shoulder of Doughill Mountain, dropped down the valley of the Owvane, and were in Wonderland again. Bantry Bay, lovelier than our dreams! The glory of Glengariff is the rich beauty of some distant southern land; rocky hills, silent warriors guarding a queen, signal " Halt! " to all that is harsh or rude, and Glengariff sleeps sheltered from all save the soft south breezes and the sun. Earlier, we had seen whole hedges of fuchsia and many other normally rare flowers growing wild and profusely, but it was as we approached Glengariff on the shore of Bantry Bay that we realised most fully the voluptuous luxuriance of sub-tropical vegetation. And as we rode we glanced back and saw Bantry Town and the yachts sheltered by Whiddy Island, and marvelled again.



Then she fell to cackling, holding her sides and drying her eyes in turn.

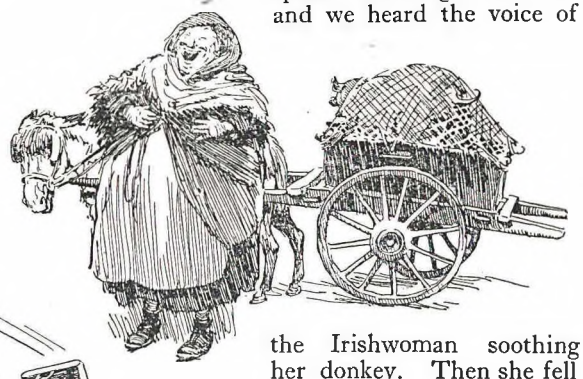
We had five sinuous miles to climb, through dense woods and over boggy, rock-strewn moors, by the Tunnel Pass from Glengariff—a way which the greatest of all cyclists (except " Bywayman ") has described as the " majestic portal into Kerry—the loveliest land in the British Isles ". Just before we entered the tunnels proper, a turn in the road brought us to a place where the land fell away abruptly to the left, and beyond a great hollow dark mountains rushed on the sky.

" Ass-cart coming," exclaimed Bill in a tone of quick-pitched excitement. " AND the old woman! Go slow. SLOW, I say—I'll snap 'em as we pass."

Tandems aren't easily held upright at slow speeds, especially with Bill aboard—fooling with a camera at that—so prudently, I steered to the side and each put a foot to the bank.

So we awaited the old woman's approach. She was the very woman of whom Bill had dreamed; quaint garbed, and wrinkled. Better still, she recognised our preparations and, smiling with both teeth, gave permission before it was asked. " That's roight, me bhoy, be takin' my picture. Begorrah! an it's jealous yer lady'll be! "

Suddenly, an earthquake up-ended the world. The hill up on our right fell away, the dark mountains whirled across the sky. Despite my efforts to hold it, the bank escaped from underfoot and nestled against my ear. Creation went dark and stars appeared. Laughter, wild laughter as of demons released from below, pealed through space. The laughter ceased, and we heard the voice of



the Irishwoman soothing her donkey. Then she fell to cackling, holding her sides and drying her eyes in turn, and only stopped to listen admiringly to our scientific debate on the relation to seismographical phenomena of confounded clumsiness. When that was over she restored Bill's camera, and assured us that she hadn't laughed at us; it was merely that seeing us fall off a stationary bicycle had reminded her of her poor Michael. Apparently, Mike had tried to master the art of balance before venturing to ride the bicycle forward, and

watching *him had* been funny. Shure, she wouldn't be after laughing at two young gentlemen in misfortune (who were sure to give her a shilling for having her picture taken), but she couldn't help laughing at the memory of Michael's failure to learn to ride.

So Bill took his photograph and handed over a shilling, and I rubbed an ankle (which was cheaper), and Norah O'Grady made Bill write her address and promise to send her a print. Bill kept his promise ; in fact, he sent two. She deserved the second for her smartness in snapping us unobserved as we sprawled in the dust !

I consulted the map and asked Bill the time. When he said " Half-past eight ", I was sure his watch was fast—the light isn't good enough for snapshots as late as that. However, my own watch agreed with his, and then we realised that we were four or five hundred miles west of Greenwich, so sunset would be later. We decided to stay the night at Kenmare, but, by golly ! we ripped down that winding road at a speed so thrilling (and I maintain, against all the figures that prove the contrary, that there is nothing in this world so fast as a tandem with a thousand feet to spend in seven miles !) that we couldn't find it in our hearts to stop, so we swung left and along the estuary of the Kenmare River for the sheer delight of movement.

It was about ten o'clock when we entered Sneem, and knocked on the door of O'Hanrahan the famous. At that hour we half expected such a little place to be abed, so, hypocrites that we were, although we had ridden so late for sheer wantonness, we apologised humbly for late arrival.

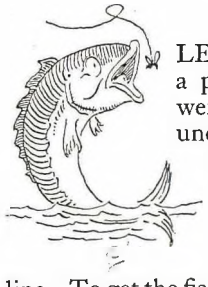
" Late ? Shure, and who wad be expecting yez early on a night the loike av this ? " And would we like some salmon ?

Would we ! But would it take long to prepare ?

" Och ! No time at all, at all—and it is but nine o'clock."

Nine o'clock ! We looked at watches and wondered if we'd miss the salmon if we pointed out that O'Hanrahan's clock was an hour slow. We had no need to fear, for Sneem, we were told, kept to " God's time ". (What would Samuel Willett have said ?) So we feasted royally; the salmon was good and other things were better.

How To Land A Fish



LEM and I went a-fishing. He was at a pool under a tree. Suddenly his float went " bob bob bob " and was pulled under the water. My young friend lifted his rod and gave a mighty swipe and a tremendous heave—and out came a small perch, right overhead into the boughs of the tree, where it hung dangling at the end of the line. To get the fish and release his line—which had knotted itself into a Chinese puzzle round a dozen twigs and branchlets—he climbed the tree ! Now, had he gone the right way about landing that perchlet, he would have " trickled " it into the side of the pond and gently lifted it out.

It is rather difficult for the beginner to keep cool when he has hooked a fish—he is over-impatient to secure it, lest it break away. It is exciting and thrilling ; and so anxious is the tyro to have that struggling fish on the grass that he literally " skull-drags " it ashore or heaves it out on to the bank with a hefty swipe of his rod.

Yet there are more big fish lost by rough handling in that way than ever were lost by patient " playing " even though the fish is struggling longer in the water and, therefore, has more chances of escaping. In regard to big fish, especially do these remarks apply. Never hurry a big fellow—treat him gently.

You can generally get a good idea, from the first plunge of a fish or his " tug-tugging " at the line, whether he is a mere baby or a grandfather. If he is apparently of good size, keep a steady strain on him, and, if necessary, yield line and let him run a bit ; keep a taut rein, however, for if you let the line fall slack, the fish may become unhooked. If he is large and pulls strongly, don't become unduly excited and over-eager to land him. Keep your rod over him, and if the tackle is good, he will have to pull very strongly to break away.

The fish will probably swim this way and that or bore down to the bottom ; if a trout, he will splash about on the surface, and perhaps leap clean out of the water, in which case you must instantly lower the point of the rod, or he may break off the cast when falling back. When the trout has dropped back, recover the line and get the strain into the rod-top again.

Perhaps the captive will flop and dive and generally lead you a dance ; don't get flurried. Just hold the rod-top well up, keep a taut line on the fish, and sooner or later he will quieten down and permit himself to be drawn towards the bank. When he is quite exhausted wind him in. If you have no landing-net, lift him out of the water by grasping the line with one hand, letting the fish hang his whole weight, and carry him carefully well up the bank.

Never attempt to grasp a fish with your hand whilst it is in the water, or you may lose it. Old anglers will grip a pike by its eye sockets, but it is a risky thing for the beginner to do.

Never relax your care when bringing a big fish to the bank—he is apt to have a last " kick " left in him !

It is wiser to take a landing-net, which should have a fairly long handle—you may have to reach down from a bank or over a fringe of weeds. Do not swipe at a fish with the net as though you were trying to catch a butterfly ! Nor must you jab at it. The best way to net a fish is to sink the landing-net into the water, gently guide the fish towards it, pull his head over the rim of the net, lift the net, and your captive will slide head downwards into the meshes. It is always better to get a fish head first into the net, as then he cannot very well jump out again—his propelling power is in his tail !

When landing a fish endeavour to do so with as little disturbance to the " swim " as possible, so that you do not scare off other fish that may be thereabouts. Always keep your seat—if sitting down at your fishing—whilst playing and landing your fish, unless there comes a very critical moment, or when, as in the case of a very big fish, you may have to follow him as he ploughs a furrow up-stream. Keep cool—if you can. Never be in too much of a hurry—many fish are lost owing to anglers' impatience.

By
ARTHUR SHARP

UNBEATABLE CRICKET RECORDS

A composite photograph of Holmes and Sutcliffe (and scoreboard!) on the Leyton ground, where the record first wicket partnership was made, in 1932.

BY
E. L. ROBERTS

FIRST-CLASS cricket is fruitful of records, but only a very small number can be included in the unique class, and even fewer can be regarded as unbeatable. Strictly speaking, no cricket record is, of course, unbeatable; but a comparatively small number are of such a nature that the possibility of their eclipse is extremely small.

Are the all-round records of W. G. Grace and W. Rhodes ever likely to be approached? During his long career, extending over forty-four English seasons and two Australian tours, "W.G." scored 54,896 runs and took 2,864 wickets; while Rhodes, who played for Yorkshire from 1898 to 1930, scored 39,792 runs and dismissed 4,188 batsmen. These are clearly individual records possible only to super-cricketers, a very scarce breed.

In 1934 spectators at Lord's witnessed a bowling performance which may never be equalled, when Hedley Verity, Yorkshire's latest slow left-hander, captured fourteen Australian wickets in one day in a Test match. It is true that Verity owed some of his success to the condition of the wicket, which had been made difficult by rain, but that fact does not decrease the credit due to him for his skill in taking every advantage of his opportunity.

S. F. Barnes is generally regarded as the finest bowler on all kinds of wickets produced by modern English cricket, and at least two of his records seem safe for all time. During the series of Test matches between England and South Africa, played in South Africa in 1913–14, Barnes appeared in the first four matches, being kept out of the fifth by injury. In these four games he took forty-nine wickets, and in the third at Johannesburg he actually dismissed *seventeen* batsmen. No bowler of to-day gives any indication of being capable of capturing fifty wickets in four consecutive Test Matches.

In 1893 the match between Gloucestershire and Somerset at Cheltenham made cricket history by producing a unique double "hat-trick". The actors in this unusual performance were C. L. Townsend, then in his prime as a bowler, and W. H. Brain who stumped each of the three batsmen concerned in the catastrophe. Another curious hat-trick was obtained by H. Fisher (Yorkshire) at Sheffield in 1932, when he got three Somerset batsmen l.b.w. off successive deliveries.

The summer of 1906 was a wonderful season for records that still stand unbeaten. Tom Hayward compiled the record aggregate for a season—3,518 runs; J. N. Crawford scored 1,000 runs and took 100 wickets in a season when he was nineteen; A. Fielder, the Kent fast bowler, took ten Gentlemen's wickets in an innings for the Players in the centenary match at Lord's—perhaps the only truly unbeatable record; but the greatest performance of all was George Hirst's famous double "double". The scoring of 2,000 runs in a season is an achievement; a "bag" of 200 wickets is an even rarer and more difficult feat; in 1906 Hirst not only scored 2,385 runs, but also took 208 wickets—a marvellous exhibition of skill and stamina.

Test cricket has given the game many of its most astounding records. One of the many made and broken during the 1924–25 series of England-Australia matches is credited to J. B. Hobbs and H. Sutcliffe. In three successive innings "the Old Firm" scored over a hundred runs for England's first wicket, and on the third occasion they batted a whole day without being parted, scoring 283 runs.

The season of 1928 was fine, and wickets were generally favourable to batsmen. These facts make all the more remarkable the performance of A. P. Freeman, Kent's "googly" expert, who chose this season to collect a record "bag" of 304 victims. Equally notable is the fact that in each of the next seven seasons Freeman took over 200 wickets, and in the eight years captured over 2,000 wickets. It is safe to prophesy that many summers will pass before any other bowler enjoys such a sustained orgy of wholesale wicket-taking.

In 1886 W. G. Grace set up an all-round record which has remained unapproached for fifty years, and will probably never be equalled. Playing for M.C.C. against Oxford University at Oxford, he scored 104 in the club's innings, and took all ten wickets in the University's second innings.

Another Gloucestershire player—W. R. Hammond—was responsible for an equally amazing proof of " all-roundness " in 1928. In successive matches versus Surrey and Worcestershire at Cheltenham, he scored 139 and 143, and made ten catches against the former ; and in the Worcestershire game scored 80 and took fifteen wickets for 128 runs.

Four unusual and unique records by " centurions " may be noted :

1. At Bradford in 1911 C. J. B. Wood scored two separate centuries for Leicestershire *v.* Yorkshire, and carried his bat through each innings.

2. In 1899 W. L. and R. E. Foster each scored two separate centuries for Worcestershire *v.* Hampshire at Worcester—the only instance of two brothers performing this feat in the same match.

3. For Sussex *v.* Yorkshire at Brighton in 1896, K. S. Ranjitsinhji scored two separate hundreds on the third day.

4. For Notts *v.* Warwickshire at Birmingham in 1931, G. Gunn scored 183 and G. V. Gunn 100, not out. In first-class cricket there is no other instance of a father and son scoring centuries in the same innings of a match.

In 1902, C. B. Fry set up a record of versatility never likely to be equalled : on Saturday, April 26th, he played at full-back for Southampton *v.* Sheffield United in the final of the Football Association Cup, and on the following Monday opened the innings for London County *v.* Surrey at the Oval, and scored 82.

" WALLY " HAMMOND

CAN HE DO IT?

If Hammond can make eight centuries per year for the next ten years, Hobbs's 197 centuries in first-class cricket will be surpassed.

JACK HOBBS

It is curious that the two biggest partnerships for any wicket in first-class cricket have been the work of Yorkshiremen. At Chesterfield, in 1898, J. T. Brown and J. Tunnicliffe scored 554 off the Derbyshire bowling for Yorkshire's first wicket ; while against Essex at Leyton, in 1932, P. Holmes and H. Sutcliffe made 555. In each case the stand ended when one of the batsmen threw away his wicket purposely.

The ups and downs of cricket will never have a better illustration than that provided by Victoria in the Australian season of 1926–7. In their match versus New South Wales at Melbourne, the Victorians scored 1,107 runs—a world's record for a single innings. In their next innings—also against New South Wales—at Sydney, Victoria was dismissed for 36 !

Since D. G. Bradman burst upon the cricket world many new batting records have been added to the Australian collection. The most amazing, perhaps, is revealed by the fact that of fifty-five centuries scored by Bradman to October 10th, 1936, twenty-five had exceeded 200 runs, six had passed the 300 mark, and one—the individual record for first-class cricket—was 452 not out. In his first eight Australian seasons and two tours in England, Bradman scored over 15,000 runs with an average of 92 runs per innings.

Before the arrival of Bradman, W. H. Ponsford was

regarded as a batting prodigy, and some of his performances certainly seem almost incredible. He is, for example, the only batsman who has twice scored over 400 runs in an innings. But of all his records, the one most unlikely to be displaced was set up in 1927, when in four consecutive innings for Victoria at Melbourne he scored 1,013 runs—437, 202, 38, 336.

In Test cricket C. V. Grimmett holds a record which is threatened only by Verity—the taking of 216 wickets in Test matches. The fact that the " bag " was acquired in eleven years, when Grimmett was over thirty years of age, makes his feat more notable. As Verity has taken over a hundred Test wickets in his first six years, he may be nearing Grimmett's figures about 1944.

It is unlikely that the major records of J. B. Hobbs will be disturbed in the immediate future. He scored 61,221 runs and 197 centuries, and shared more than 150 century first-wicket partnerships. Who can hope to beat such figures ? The only possible candidate seems to be W. R. Hammond. The great Gloucestershire cricketer was born in 1903, and on January 1st, 1937, he had scored 37,108 runs and 116 hundreds. Can he average 2,400 runs and eight centuries per year for the next ten years ? If he can, Hobbs's figures may be beaten.

In spite of the number of records already set up, there are still a few that have not been made. No bowler has taken five wickets with consecutive balls, or captured eighteen wickets in a match in first-class cricket ; while a batsman has still to score two separate double centuries in a match, and hit all six balls of an over for six. Nothing is impossible in cricket and these feats may be accomplished. If, and when, they are, such performances will be added to the list of unbeatable records.

COLLECTORS' CORNER.

Ancient Fire-Making

By F. W. BURGESS

I WONDER how many readers of the "B.O.P." can tell what the accompanying illustration represents ?

The art of fire-making in the past was accomplished only after long practice, and often after many failures. The collector and historian have gathered together many curious implements which in past ages assisted the fire-maker, and after a careful research in the records of the past have strung together a story of the advance of fire-making and lighting as civilisation forced the inventor to discover simpler methods than those first adopted by friction.

The instrument illustrated, made of steel, by one of the best-known makers of so-called tools and " steel toys " in Birmingham, was in use as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was called a " striker " ; by it a sharp blow was given on a piece of flint, creating a spark, which ignited tinder and thus made fire. What a contrast to the effects produced by a modern method giving off an electric spark, and even to the still-used match.

Just fancy what a wealth of patience must have been possessed by our earlier ancestors, who rubbed sticks together until they secured a living spark, lighting on charcoal or some combustible material ! Think of the ingenuity of aboriginal tribes who first learned the art of fire-making, and knowing the difficulty of re-kindling a fire once burned out, kept the " home fires burning ", and the fire which in the camp or settlement burned by day to heat the cooking pot and at night to scare away the wild animals.

The Sun, the great source of light and heat from the dawn of mankind, and even before the human race peopled the world, has always served as a great fire-lighter and a God-given friend of man.

Fire-worshippers and heathen practices associated with mysterious fires and the keeping ever burning of the temple flame naturally sprang up from the difficulty of lighting a fire, and the value of always maintaining a lighted fire or lamp.

Here are a few examples of collectable curios from which the mark of progress in fire-making can be traced—a useful story for boys who delight to don the dress of wild Indians and dance round a miniature camp-fire they will have lighted by the aid of a common match and perhaps a few drops of some inflammable liquid.

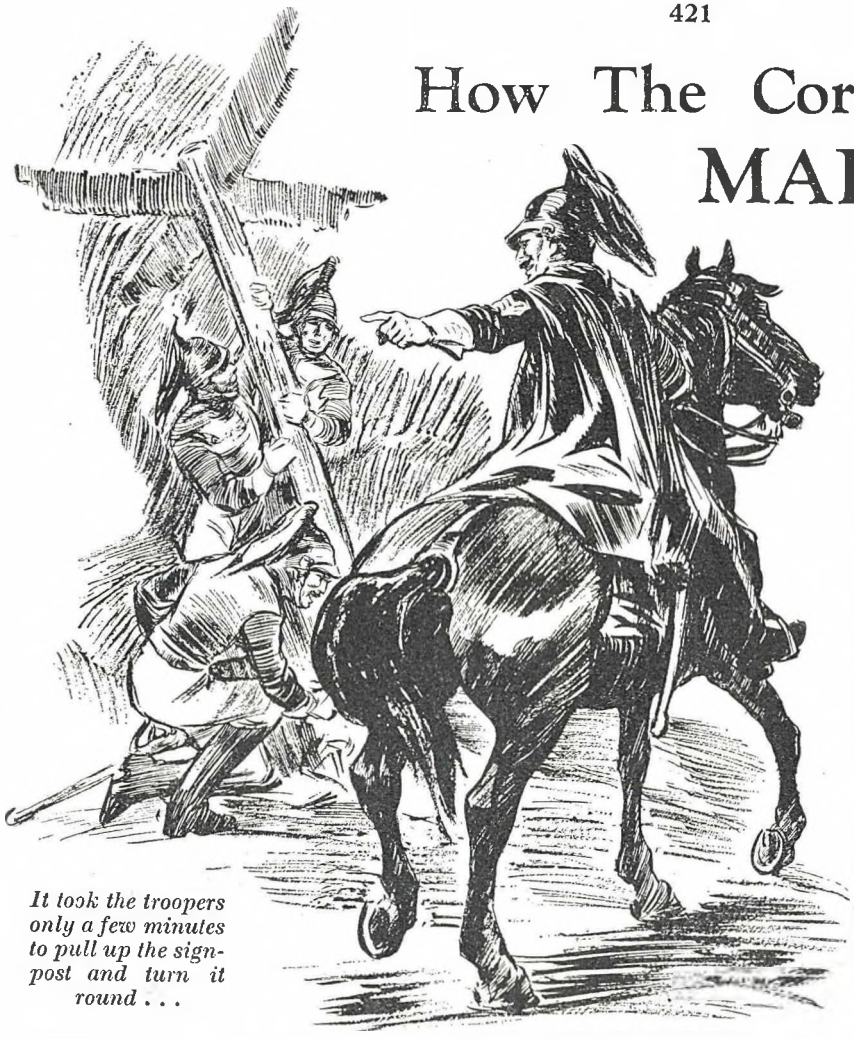
The progress made in fire-making may be summed up under the heads of friction, percussion, optical, chemical and now electric. Fire drills were in use in Australia until quite late times, and the Eskimo use them to-day. Flint and steel and the tinder-box are generally termed percussive, the more advanced being operated by a kind of pistol which a century or more ago was carried in the pocket.

The burning-lens has often been a plaything of school-boys, who have even been successful on a hot summer day in kindling a fire—a dangerous thing in a dry wood or where a forest fire might be started.

Chemistry played a useful part in the invention of the lucifer match. According to some authorities on the subject, John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees, invented the friction match in 1827. Original royal patent Vesta match-boxes are interesting souvenirs ; so the Vesuvians and early boxes, either full or empty, of " Bell's ", " Barber's " and " Hynam's " perfumed fusees are among collectable odd-ments. Very interesting are the more advanced types of pistol-candlesticks which are sometimes met with among the remains of an old house or mansion, where they were once in nightly use to light the candle which was placed on the side-table and from which others were lighted.

The collector can visit London Museums, where he will find many varieties of tinder-boxes, early lamps and curious things relating to fire-making and more recent time-saving contrivances for the making of a fire.

How The Cornet Confounded MARSHAL NEY



It took the troopers only a few minutes to pull up the sign-post and turn it round . . .

THE ADVENTURES OF
CORNET MICHAEL O'DARE

By

MAJOR CHARLES GILSON

IN the early spring of the year 1811, after a bitter winter, during which his troops had suffered the most terrible privations, Marshal Massena fell back from before the lines of Torres Vedras.

Wellington had outwitted him, and the cleverest of Napoleon's generals had walked into a trap. Whilst the French army starved on half rations and their horses died like flies, the allied British and Portuguese behind their entrenchments were well fed and trained, with the result that they were able to follow up the retreat with confidence and vigour.

Now it is a well-known fact that in war the conduct of a series of rearguard actions is one of the most difficult things to accomplish with success; and it was well for Massena that he entrusted these operations to the celebrated Marshal Ney, who was known throughout the Grand Army as " the Bravest of the Brave ".

Along the whole line of retreat, to Ciudad Rodrigo on the Spanish frontier, Ney, by means of the dexterity with which he handled his troops, avoided any pitched battle with an advancing enemy that had both a moral and a numerical advantage—except on one memorable occasion, which proved a disaster to the French.

That was the action of Sabugal, which was fought in a fog in the valley of the Coa on April the third, when Crauford's Light Division took the enemy by surprise; and the circumstance that the famous Marshal Ney was for once caught napping was due not so much to any faulty calculations on his own part as to the initiative and audacity of Cornet Michael O'Dare.

It was natural, of course, that the Light Cavalry Brigade should head the pursuit, that the magnificent regiment commanded by Lord Danvers should lead the brigade, and that Cornet O'Dare, in command of an advanced patrol consisting of Sergeant Drought and some thirty troopers, should lead the Third Light Dragoons. The cornet was, in fact, the very spear-head of the advancing allied army—and well aware of the fact.

It was still early in the afternoon when they rode into a fog so thick that they could scarce see ten yards before them. They were in broken country, wooded and intersected by many tributary streams that came down from the hills, which seemed to hold the blinding fog like something tangible and concrete.

Mounted, they were walking their horses upon a rough hillside road that twisted and turned in all directions. They had seen no sign of the French since daybreak, when there had been an exchange of a few shots at long range. More than an hour ago O'Dare had sent an orderly back to report to the colonel that all was clear in front; but the man had not returned.

It was that, perhaps, that caused the big burly sergeant, who was riding in the rear of the patrol, to clap his spurs to his horse, trot up to the cornet, and put the following question:

" Begging your pardon, sir," he said, " but have you any idea where we are or which way we are going? "

By the tones in which the cornet answered, the situation—which might prove serious at any moment—was the biggest joke in the world.

" Faith, not the least! " he laughed. " Sure, and we're just lost—like the babes in the wood! "

" Then, in that case, I think, sir, we had best turn back and try to regain touch with the regiment."

" Ach, but that's a bright idea, sergeant! And if ye'll be so polite as to tell me which is back and which is forward, I'll be mightily obliged. Spaking for mesilf, of course, I can't tell north from south, nor me spurs from the plume on me helmet."

Sergeant Drought had a method of clearing his throat that made a sound like distant thunder; and he always resorted to this when he was trying his best to think.

" If we could only get a glimpse of the sun ! " he sighed, gazing up at a sky that might have been a great sodden blanket.

" Sure, we're in a most distressful situation ! " the cornet replied, imitating the sergeant. " There are so many roads that 'tis like a maze where ye turn left when ye go to the roight. We've lost the sun, as ye say ; we've lost the French ; and we've lost oursilves. So the best thing we can do is to go straight on and see where we come to."

Sergeant Drought gave it up as a bad job after that, and fell back to his place at the rear of the troop. But no sooner had he got there than the sun suddenly came out in the very quarter where they had least expected to see it —that is to say, on their right rear. If they were moving north-eastward, as they had supposed, the sun, of course, at that hour of the day, would have been to their left.

The sergeant grinned. They were evidently moving back the way they had come, only by another road. At any moment now they might fall in with the headquarters of their own regiment. And then, to his surprise, the cornet suddenly signalled a halt.

O'Dare dismounted, handed his reins to a trooper, and spoke to Sergeant Drought.

" Sergeant," said he, " take over command of the troop. I'm going to leave ye for a few minutes, though it breaks me heart to part from a broth of a bhoy like yoursilf. But, for the sake o' Mike, stay where ye are ! I want to find ye again when I'm pining for a sight o' the greatest man in the universe—after mesilf."

" I can blow my whistle now and again, sir," the sergeant suggested, tugging viciously at his long moustache to conceal another grin. " That will serve to guide your honour, though sound may be hard to locate in a fog."

At that the cornet suddenly seized the sleeve of the sergeant's tunic and spoke in a whisper, so that none of the men could hear.

" Ye'll do nothing of the sort ! " he exclaimed. " It's got to be dead silence, d'ye understand ? "

" Why ? " the other asked, in amazement. " For why, sir ? "

" That's my business. It's a secret, faith, I'm after sharing with no one—but the sun."

If it had been amazement before, the expression now on the weather-beaten scarlet countenance of Sergeant Drought was a blank

" *The sun*, sir ! " He repeated the words and looked at O'Dare as if he thought his officer had suddenly gone mad.

" Aye. I'm going up to the sun like the Greek god, Helios, of whom ye've not like to have heard. Do you and the men stay here. Order them to talk quiet, stand by their horses, and be ready to get mounted at a moment's notice. I've known a dale of trouble come out o' the sun."

Leaving the sergeant as mystified as ever, O'Dare went up the steep hillside, towards the orange-red blurred glow in the mist which he himself had at first believed to be the sun.

He knew better now, if the sergeant didn't ; for, as he approached the hilltop, the light became much brighter and clearer, and moreover it jumped and flickered, dying down and flaring up again—which would have been a strange phenomenon in that fiery orbit around which the solar system revolves.

And presently he could hear voices and a loud crackling sound that he could not possibly mistake—the sound of dry brushwood on a fire. Going down upon his hands and knees—for he had now gained the top of the ridge—he continued to advance even more cautiously, careful that his spurs did not strike against the stones ; and as he crawled forward he drew his pistol from its holster.

They were French cuirassiers, and there were five of them, and even O'Dare was at first inclined to believe that they might prove one too many for him. But he was one of those sanguine young men who always hope for the best ; so he went on, towards the Frenchmen and the roaring, crackling fire that glittered on their steel cuirasses and helmets, which were surmounted by long horsehair plumes. They were hurling armfuls of scrub and dried palm-fronds into the flames, and laughing as they worked.

It was an astonishing performance that followed, and afterwards Michael O'Dare never hesitated to take all the credit he deserved ; for one would have thought that five French cuirassiers of the Cavalry of the Guard would have been more than a match for a cornet of Light Horse, though over six feet three in height and weighing fourteen stone.

But it has to be taken into account that the cornet took them all by surprise, coming down upon them out of the fog like some sort of human avalanche. Their arms were full of the brushwood they were throwing on to the fire, and before they could get rid of this, three of them lay senseless on the ground, the fourth man had been tripped up, and the lieutenant who was in command of the party found himself staring down the muzzle of a loaded horse-pistol, whilst O'Dare was shouting at the top of his voice to Sergeant Drought and his men.

Drought had never failed his officer yet, but he was so out of breath when he got to the top of the hill, with about a dozen men at his back, that he could do nothing but stare and puff like a roaring charger. The three men were still on the ground, flat on their backs, and the other two were holding their hands above their heads ; which means that the cornet had captured five prisoners on his own. And he had done more than that ; for he had found out from the officer why the fire had been lighted, though—to his credit—the Frenchman had refused to speak until O'Dare had shown him that he had already guessed the truth.

The prisoners, in charge of a corporal and five men, were sent back upon the road by which they had come, whilst the cornet and the others found a bridle-path by which they could descend into another valley, where they came upon a main road.

Here the fog was not quite so thick ; and, sending scouts both to the right and left, O'Dare soon found what he expected from what the French officer had told him. This was a cross-roads where there was a crooked, weather-beaten, four-armed signpost, bearing the following directions :

" TO SABUGAL. TO GUARDA. TO COVILHA. TO PENAMACOR."

O'Dare turned to Sergeant Drought—and he was grinning all over his face.

" D'ye know, sergeant," he said, " I see an opportunity here of putting in some good work in an unostentatious kind of a way. Together with the information I gathered from the little French lieutenant, this sign-post tells me all I wish to know. There's one of Massena's infantry brigades somewhere to the south of us, and they are coming down from the hills in small parties with orders to concentrate at Guarda, which lies towards the north. That fire was to guide them, faith, lest they should make the mistake of taking the wrong road, the same as we must have done."

" I see, sir," Sergeant Drought replied. " That fire

was what might be called a beacon, in a manner of speaking?"

"A bacon it was, faith. And I'll tell ye what I'm going to do. I'm going to light another one, on the Sabugal road, and yoursilf and most of the men can stay behind to keep it burning broight—bekase, I'm thinking, it would be a pity if they missed it."

The sergeant laughed.

"It's a bright idea, your honour! I would never have thought of it meself."

"Ach, and I'll tell ye something else that moight not have occurred to ye. We're going to pull the signpost up and just twist it round a troifle, so that the Guarda finger-board points to Sabugal. Sure, and what d'ye think o' that?"

Drought chuckled again, but the cornet gave him no time to speak.

The Frenchman dropped like an ox.

"Faith, and that's not the whole of it, either. It's a better joke than ye think. It may not be known to ye that Gineral Crauford with the Loight Division is marching on Sabugal, and he ought to be there by now."

The sergeant slapped his thigh, as he sat astride of his horse at the cross-roads in the fog.

"It's a great scheme, sir!" he cried. "But General Crauford ought to be warned the French are coming his way."

"That's just what I'm going to do mesilf. I will take three men with me; that will be enough. You stay here with the rest. Stamp out that fire and light another on the Sabugal road. Ye'll hear the French march past ye, if you don't see them. And ye might send an orderly back to the colonel to tell him with my compliments that I'm arranging a battle this evening."

It took the troopers only a few minutes to pull up the signpost and turn it round on a quarter circle, so that the northern finger pointed east. But before that, O'Dare was off at a gallop with three men on the Sabugal road, where he found the fog thicker than ever. If all went well with his plan, he would have deflected the main body of Marshal Ney's rearguard from their prescribed line-of-march; and if General Crauford could be warned in time, they would be given a hot reception.

But it was not going to prove such a simple affair as the cornet may have hoped—for it must not be forgotten that he was dealing with no less a person than the famous Marshal Ney, who, although himself "the Bravest of the Brave", never failed to take the usual military precautions.

For the marshal also knew that Crauford's troops were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sabugal; and he had therefore an outpost—a squadron of cuirassiers—keeping an eye on that road and holding a bridge across the Coa.

Had O'Dare and his three men ridden straight into that outpost, it would have been the end of his adventures, and, as it turned out, it was nothing but sheer luck that saved him. One of the troopers' horses cast a shoe, and the cornet had to call a halt; and it was whilst they were discussing what was the best course to take that they heard the loud squealing of a pig somewhere down in the valley below them that was shrouded in the mist.

That might have conveyed nothing to the average intelligence; but Cornet Michael O'Dare, with all his faults, was uncommonly quick in the up-take.

"And who'd be after stealing a pig but a Frenchman?" he asked, more of himself than the men. "I think I'll go down there by mesilf and see what's in front. O' course, it may be some of our own men of the Loight Division, but, faith, it's best to be sure."

Leaving his mare, Sheilah, in charge of the man whose own horse had been lamed, he began to walk down the road on foot, being careful, as usual, to make as little noise as possible. The pig had ceased to squeal, but he could now hear voices, and it was not long before he had satisfied himself that the men in front of him—whom he could not see through the fog—were talking in French.

At that he left the road and continued to advance down the hill, keeping behind the cover of a stone wall, until he came to the river. There, among the prickly-pears and bean trees, he could see a farmstead, beyond which was the bridge, where he could see through the mist the gleam of a cuirassier's helmet.

"Not so good!" said he to himself. "I've got to get over that bridge somehow, and as yet I don't see how it can be done."

Skirting round the farmhouse, which appeared to be deserted, he came to a point within a few yards of the bridge; and from there, hiding behind a cactus bush, he was able to see all he wanted to and a lot more than he liked.

On the farther bank of the river was a French cavalry piquet consisting of about sixty men. They had tethered

their unsaddled horses, and a sentry had been posted on the near side of the bridge, though some distance away up the road. As there was also another sentry on the far bank, one glance was enough to tell O'Dare that he could not hope to get across without being seen.

To attempt to swim across would be folly; and the cornet was on the point of giving it up as a bad job, when he was startled by the sound of a heavy footstep on the wooden bridge above him.

Looking up, he saw an officer of the Cuirassiers of the Guard; a big man, but—a circumstance he was careful to note—no bigger than himself. The officer had spoken a few words to the first sentry, and was evidently going up the hill, on the southern bank of the river, to give some orders to the other. Here was a chance that the Cornet was not going to miss—if only he could climb up to the road in time so as to get between the officer and the sentry he was about to visit.

Crouching, O'Dare moved rapidly up the steep bank. He ran little risk of being seen by the men of the piquet, because most of the way he was under the bridge itself. His only danger was that the officer he was stalking like a beast of prey should see him and give the alarm.

Here again luck was with him, for half-way across the bridge the Frenchman stopped and looked down into the water—and fortunately for O'Dare, he did so on the other side.

Making the most of the chance thus so unexpectedly offered, O'Dare stole swiftly and silently to the end of the bridge, and there, crouching behind the low stone wall that flanked the bridge-head, he waited for his quarry.

He took the wall in his stride when the right moment came, and, as was generally the case with O'Dare, the whole thing was over in a second. He had not troubled to draw his horse-pistol, for he knew that a shot would be fatal. In a case such as this a bare fist was as good a weapon as any, and it was a weapon that Michael O'Dare knew well how to use.

The Frencham dropped like an ox, his heavy cuirass striking the stones on the road. The cornet waited for a moment to see if the noise had been heard, then he just picked up the unconscious man in his arms and carried him down to the farmstead that was shrouded in the fog.

As he had suspected, the whole place was deserted; and the few animals that had remained in the yards had been looted by the cuirassiers. There was not a living soul about, and the fog was growing thicker every minute.

It was inside the farmhouse that the Frenchman came to his senses, and then he found himself in a predicament that he could neither appreciate nor explain. For his arms and legs had been tied with a rope that also bound him to a kitchen table upon which he was lying flat on his back. Nor was that the worst of it, for he had lost his cuirass and jackboots, and he was wearing the uniform of a cornet of His Majesty's Third Light Dragoons.

As for O'Dare, at that very moment he was walking across the bridge, and on his broad chest was the cuirass, and on his head the great plumed helmet of a captain of the Cuirassiers of the Guard.

And thus he marched straight past the men of the piquet, who were engrossed in roasting the pig they had caught at the farm. The sentry on the northern side of the bridge had even saluted him with his drawn sword—a compliment that the cornet had most punctiliously returned.

It has been truly said that nothing succeeds like success, and that fortune favours the bold; and O'Dare might have got right away with it, without his ruse being discovered, had it not been that he now walked straight into one of his "brother officers" of the Cuirassiers of the Guard.

This man was mounted, and he was riding at the head of a patrol. He had evidently been some distance out upon the Sabugal road and was returning to report to his superior officer.

"And where have *you* sprung from?" the officer asked in French. "What sort of a cuirassier are you? To the best of my knowledge, I never set eyes on you in my life!"

Now O'Dare, though he could speak French in a fashion, could never hope to pass himself off as a Frenchman; and therefore, to this string of decidedly awkward questions, he made the only possible reply. With both hands he grasped the sole of the officer's boot under the stirrup and with a sudden and unexpected heave tipped him clean out of the saddle.

The Frenchman crashed on his head on the off side of his horse; and almost before he touched the ground the cornet was in his place, had wheeled the horse round, and was galloping hell for leather up the road.

For a few seconds not a sword was drawn, not a pistol was discharged—for it naturally took the men that time and more to realise what had happened. It was the officer himself who gave the alarm. Struggling to his feet and swaying as if he were drunk, he pointed up the road, where O'Dare was dashing off with his horse, and shouted at the top of his voice.

"After him!" he cried. "That man's an Englishman in our uniform, and he has stolen the best charger in the Cavalry of the Guard!"

And that was another stroke of luck for Cornet Michael O'Dare, and even then he only got away by the skin of his teeth. For a good three miles they followed up the pursuit, the horses' hoofs hammering on the roadway and the noise echoing in the valley of the Coa. Shots were fired repeatedly, and now and again a bullet whistled close to the cornet's head, as he crouched low in the saddle. And it was all this uproar and the shouting that warned General Crauford's outposts that the enemy were coming.

As it was, O'Dare was near as a touch shot by his friends, who took him for a Frenchman who had gone stark staring mad and was doing a charge on his own. One British bullet had actually glided off his steel breastplate before he cried out at the top of his voice.

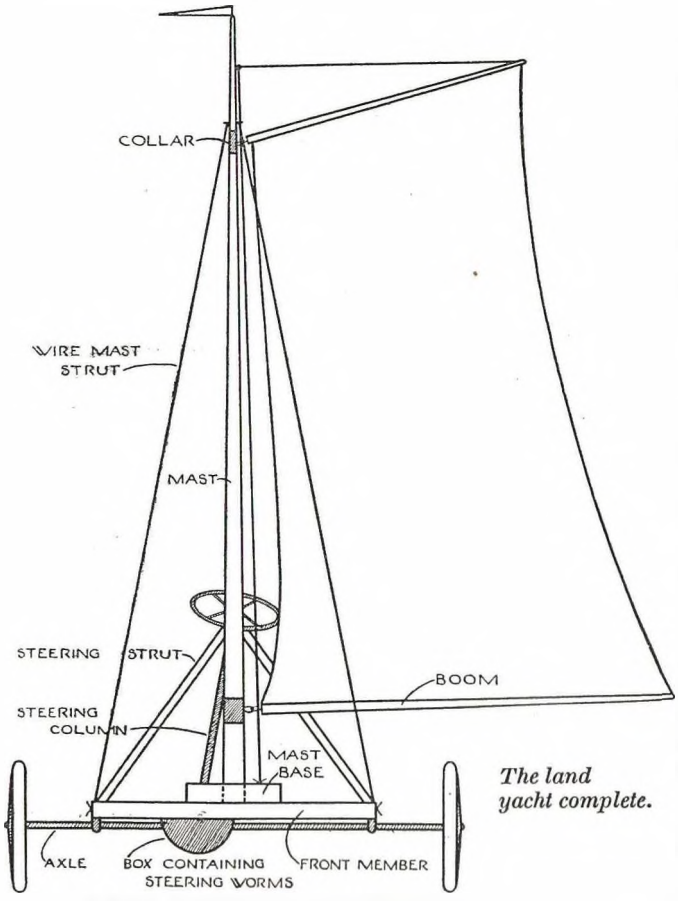
"Hold your fire, ye mooncalves!" he bellowed. "Have ye nothing better to do than to shoot a loyal Oirishman who is bringing ye Massena's rearguard as an Easter prisint?"

And that is more or less what it amounted to before that day was done. The cuirassiers who had chased O'Dare all the way from the bridge were captured to a man; and then the cornet, in his French uniform, was taken before General Crauford, to whom he reported how he had turned round the signpost and lighted a fire on the wrong road to lead the French to Sabugal, where the Light Division were waiting to give them a warm reception.

And that, as we said at the beginning, was the only reverse that Marshal Ney suffered on the retreat from Torres Vedras—for which he had to thank none other than Cornet Michael O'Dare of the Third Light Dragoons.

Build the "B.O.P." Land Yacht!

By FRANK ILLINGWORTH



The land yacht complete.

FRONT VIEW LAND YACHT

HERE'S something you can make! And something from which you can get the greatest fun, summer and winter. A land yacht!

There are few things that are easier to make and which give such excellent fun for so small an outlay.

This is how I made mine—at the cost of £1 4*s*. 7*d*.!

First of all get four lengths of wood, ordinary 2-in. by 2-in., for the chassis, the length of which should be about 10 ft. (12 ft. for a two-seater yacht), and the width 2 ft.

My experience tells me that it is best *not* to nail, screw or dovetail the chassis members together. If one does, the strain simply pulls nails and screws out, and splits the wood if the corners are dovetailed.

It is best to fix the sides and ends of the chassis with angle irons—costing about 3*d*. the pair at Woolworth's, together with screws—which allows for the necessary play when the sail billows out.

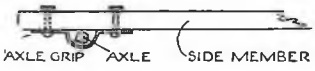
Fix two cross-pieces (in the same way) 3 ft. from either end of the chassis.

Now go to the nearest car-breaker's and ask for a front axle, wheels, steering-gear and steering-box from the smallest and lightest car they have—something like an ancient Austin or Rover. At the same time ask for two more wheels and another axle.

If you wait your chance, the whole lot should not cost you more than 12*s*.

Now you've got to fit them on to the chassis. The front axle must be placed within 4 in. of one end of the side members. The best way of fitting the axles is to get your local ironmonger to make four half-hoops of steel with a hole through the flanged ends. Then bore a hole through the side members of the chassis 4 in. from both ends, and fix these steel "grips" with two 3-in. bolts and nuts.

When the axle is mounted it should look something like this (side view):



The back axle should be fitted the same way; but there is first another job for the blacksmith. Tell him to cut a short length from the centre of the axle and weld it together again, as the back axle should extend only 3 in. on either side of the chassis frame. The reason is that the yacht corners much better if the front wheels are placed farther apart than the back ones.

Now comes the mounting of the steering-gear. You will notice that there is a "worm" on the end of the steering-rod or column that fits another "worm" on the axle. These two worms must be held together, and the best way is to make use of the covering originally used in the car. The "covering" is a cast-iron one made of two half and hollow balls which are easily bolted together at the edges. Actually, it is easiest not to dissemble the steering-gear and the front axle when you buy it, but slip the whole thing into the chassis at the same time.

All that is necessary to keep the steering-column rigid are two lengths of 2-in. by 2-in. wood bolted to the ends of the front member and fixed to the top of the steering-column with a bolt and a collar (made of tin and costing 1*d*. from a garage).

After flooring the chassis with three-ply and fixing a bucket seat from an old Austin (unless you want to sit on the three-ply!), mount the mast and rig your sail.

The mast should be light and up to 10 ft. high. You can get it most cheaply by asking a farmer or florist for a hop pole.

Before mounting the mast, fix a socket on to the very centre of the front member for its base. The best way is to cut a hole (slightly larger than the mast's base) in a block of wood about 6 in. long and 4 in. deep, and bolt it to the front member in the usual way.

A stiff piece of wood 3 ft. long screwed under the front member and kept rigid with two stays is an excellent bowsprit.

Screw three good-sized "eyes" into the mast near the top. And also fix a pulley about an inch under them. The latter is used to pull the sail up. The eyes are used for the mast's stays. Fix three lengths of wire to them.

Now mount the mast. Fix the free end of one length of wire to the eye on the end of the bowsprit, and the other two lengths to cleats screwed to the side members 3 ft. from the front.

There's your land yacht. The only thing to do now is to rig the sail. A very simple matter.

Don't buy a proper canvas sail—it will be very expensive

—if you can't get a second-hand one. If you don't live by the sea, buy a piece of canvas or an old lorry tarpaulin and ask your mother to cut it to shape and hem the edges.

Attach about 15 ft. of line to a crossbar (about 6 ft. long), thread it through the pulley on the mast and draw the sail up. I should have told you how to fix the sail to the crossbar first. It's an unseamanlike job to nail the canvas to the wood. It looks a better job to stitch rings to the top and bottom of the sail and screw hooks into the crossbar (and boom) to carry the sail. Or better still, fix a piece of rope to the highest part of the sail, run it through the hooks (or eyes) on the crossbar, and tie the end at the mast base to a cleat.

Screw a tin collar (with an eye in it) to the mast base about 4 in. above the level of the wheels. Get another hop pole for a boom (the length of the sail at the bottom, i.e., about 7 ft. or 8 ft.), screw a hook into one end and an eye into the other. The hook slips into the eye on the collar, fixing the boom to the mast, and a rope tied to the eye at the boom's free end allows you to manipulate it from where you sit whilst sailing.

Wheel the yacht into the fields or on to the sands, climb aboard, let your sail out, and you're off !

Hints on Swimming

By E. WRIGHTSON

How to Improve your Crawl Stroke

THOUGH helpful, hard and fast rules given in books on swimming ignore the very different build of various types of people. Experts tell us how they do it, but what we need to know is the best way for *us* to do it. It frequently happens that famous people in various branches of sport are unorthodox in their methods ; if we discover what is best in our own particular case, there is no need to worry unduly as to whether we are orthodox or not. There are capable and sympathetic teachers of swimming, but the experts have a way of telling us things that turn out to be absurdities in the future. When the crawl stroke was first introduced into England it was thought by some that it would be too tiring. But the English Channel has been crossed with the crawl stroke, and by a woman.

Good swimmers, of course, must be strong physically, but it is not bodily strength so much as natural physical aptitude for forward motion in the water that gives speed in swimming : it is not unusual for slightly built girls to be able to swim faster than strong men.

The ordinary rubber ring, as used by non-swimmers, is a good means of finding out how best to convert power into forward motion in the water. Johnny Weissmuller used this method of perfecting his crawl stroke. With feet hooked up in the ring behind you, try to discover the most effective arm action for your own physique, and whether it is best to put the hands in straight ahead, to the side, or in line with the shoulder. Then support yourself with hands on the ring before you, and experiment with the leg action until you light upon that which gives most speed. You may find that the most effective leg action is somewhat like a running movement, with the body in a horizontal position.

Having found the most advantageous arm and leg actions, it is no difficult matter to synchronise them. When practising in a swimming-bath, improvement can be most readily noted by swimming widths. Count the number of strokes you take to swim a width ; the number will get less as you improve.

Natural Swimming

It is possible to swim naturally—more or less like a fish. For the crawl stroke, relax as much as possible to secure maximum flotation. Then let the arms move forward and enter the water as though by instinct ; you will find that the stroke takes place of itself at just the right moment, and recovery is made and the arms are brought forward as before. When strolling and talking with a friend we do not think of putting our legs forward to walk ; arm action in this natural kind of swimming should be like this. The leg action fits in naturally in the ratio of one to three, and the head comes up of itself for breathing, allowing of full inspiration, expiration taking place under water, through nose or mouth as preferred. Any recognised stroke can be swum in this way—more or less instinctively.

This kind of swimming does not favour speed, but because of relaxation between the strokes and full breathing, it favours stamina, and a curious thing about it is that greater length of stroke than could be obtained in any other way is so obtainable. I am not particularly robust, perhaps a little above average strength owing to physical culture, but I do about ten feet per cycle with the crawl stroke, even more with a kick (trudgeon) stroke. As six feet used to be reckoned a good length of stroke, it will be seen that this is not bad going.

When swimming in this natural way the fingers need not be brought together during the stroke ; they can be left to look after themselves. The webs of the fingers are thus utilised to some extent, and any loss of propulsion due to not cupping the hands is compensated for by the extra freedom of arm action so obtained, so that the whole inner forearms, as well as the hands, come into play for propulsion more effectively, and there is less fatigue of the hand muscles. Actually at the moment of propulsion the fingers tend to come fairly close together of themselves, but as there is no conscious effort in this, there is no interference with freedom of arm and shoulder action.

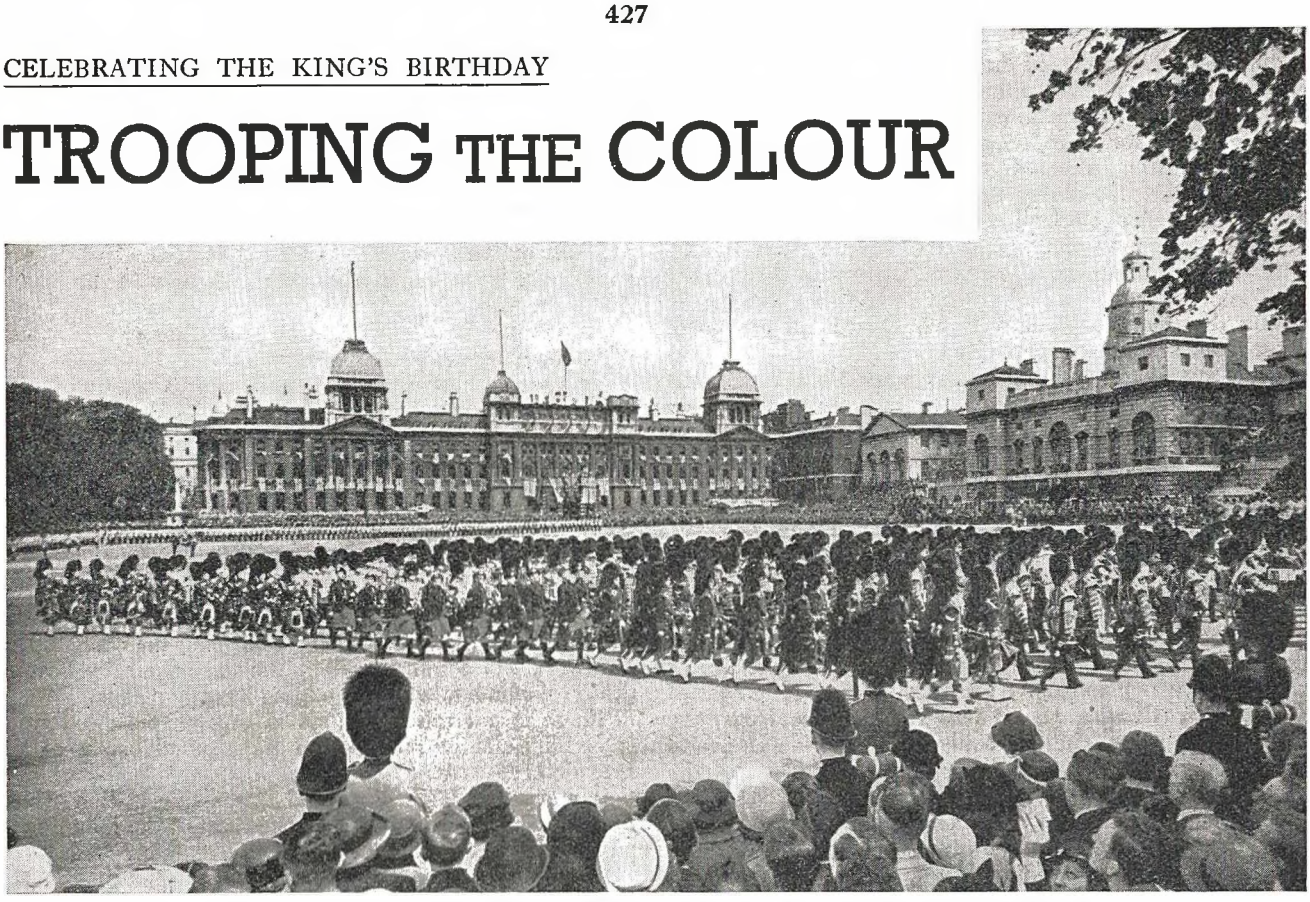
Caution in Cold Water Swimming

When a swimmer gets into difficulties and drowns it is commonly put down to an attack of cramp. But it seems that coldness of the water, and not cramp, is what proves fatal to swimmers. Cramp usually comes on in the calf of a leg, and in such case the swimmer should be able to keep himself afloat or swim with the remaining three limbs. But when coldness of the water seriously affects the heart—and swimming in cold water always increases heart action—it is quite understandable that all a swimmer should be able to do is throw up his arms, perhaps utter a cry, and disappear.

No one in normal health need be afraid of sea-bathing, but in British latitudes the sea is almost always colder than indoor swimming-pools, and while sufferers from heart weakness should not stay in too long, it is unwise for even good swimmers to swim out to sea beyond reach of aid. Remember that Channel and long-distance swimmers are greased over to keep out the cold, and are always accompanied by a boat. It is noteworthy that August and September, when the sea is warmest, are the most popular months for seaside holidays in Britain.

CELEBRATING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

TROOPING THE COLOUR



The scene on the Horse Guards' Parade at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour.

BY

MAJOR J. T. GORMAN

A GREAT deal is always written about the annual ceremony of Trooping the Colour, describing that splendid pageant of colour and sound and movement, with the scene on the Horse Guards' Parade, surrounded by stately Government buildings.

More interest than ever will be taken this Coronation year in that birthday greeting of His Majesty's Household troops to their monarch ; but in the general thrill of excitement produced by a ceremony unmatched in any other country many of the smaller details are apt to pass unnoticed, and this is a pity, since they are often of great traditional and historic interest.

Forewarned is forearmed; if one knows just what to look out for, it is half the battle, and even for those millions of boys not present, the broadcast commentary or the printed article will be better illustrated and coloured if they can fill in the outlines for themselves.

To begin with the central figure of the ceremony, the King himself, when present, invariably wears now the colonel-in-chief's uniform of the regiment whose colour is *trooped*, including the bearskin with its distinctive plume.

When the colour belongs to either the Grenadiers or the Scots Guards, the charger of His Majesty and the other mounted officers of the same regiment are caparisoned in the splendid State saddlery which these two regiments alone possess.

The eight sets of saddlery belonging to the Grenadiers were, in 1851, given to the regiment by the Duke of Wellington, their fifteenth colonel, and bear the cipher C.R.II on the saddlecloths, to commemorate the founder of the Grenadier Guards, King Charles II.

The Scots Guards have three sets of saddlery, likewise worn only on State occasions when the Sovereign is present in person. These were presented to them in 1842 by the Prince Consort, who was their sixteenth colonel.

Besides the Royal Dukes, Colonels of the Guards, Silver Stick-in-waiting and other high officials such as the members of the Army Council, many foreign attachés ride in the King's procession, adding to its colour and pageantry by their splendid and varied uniforms.

Although to the unobservant eye the uniforms of the five regiments of Guards look alike, there are many ways of knowing them apart, and the easiest, at a ceremonial parade such as trooping the colour, is by the plumes in their bearskins, which differ in colour with each regiment, and are also worn with a difference.

This originated when there were only three Guards regiments, Grenadiers, Scots and Coldstreamers, who formed up in that order on Brigade parade.

The Grenadiers, being *right* of the line, wore their white goat's-hair plume on the *left* of the cap, to be on the inner flank ; next came the Scots, who have *no* plumes, and thirdly the Coldstreamers, with red, cut-feather plumes on the *right* of the bearskins, to face inwards

When the Irish Guards were formed after the Boer War, they took position on parade between Scots and Coldstreamers, with their " St. Patrick's Blue " plumes on the *right*, or *inner* side : the Welsh Guards, as junior regiment,

raised in 1915, form up in the centre, and wear their green-and-white leek-coloured plumes on the *left*.

The distinctive bearskin caps of the Guards, by the way, was an honour for Waterloo, granted first to the Grenadiers after that battle. When George IV added several inches to their height, the sentry-boxes at St. James's Palace had to be made taller to accommodate them.

Another way to distinguish the regiments is by the buttons on their tunics. The Grenadiers wear them in the ordinary way, one and one; the Coldstream Guards in twos; the Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards in groups of three, four and five, respectively.

Non-commissioned officers are posted all round the Horse Guards' Parade for the trooping ceremony, holding the company colours of the regiment whose King's colour is to be *trooped*. These small colours are very interesting, because they are a survival of the time when every company in a regiment had its own banner, with a distinctive badge, borne before it in peace and war.

Taking the Grenadiers, for instance, their present King's colour is a direct descendant of the crimson standard of the colonel in Stuart days. The company colours, although shrunk now in size and not carried before each company on parade as of old, *still* bear the different Royal emblems of those days which were given to this, his first Regiment of Guards, by Charles II. Those badges—the Rose, the Sun-in-Splendour, the Portcullis, the Fleur-de-Lys, and many others—appear each in turn in the middle of the Grenadiers' *regimental* colour when this is renewed.

The company colours of each regiment vary somewhat in size and shape: those of the youngest, the Welsh Guards, are particularly striking and effective and bear emblems of the ancient Welsh Kings, such as the Red Dragon.

Watching the ceremony, there are many other things to notice, all with their own meanings,

Before the King arrives, the colour to be *trooped* is posted near the middle of the parade, in charge of a sergeant and two sentries: guarded, that is, only by the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment. At other times the colour is always carried by commissioned officers: so, at this ceremony, it is especially shown that it is safe in the hands and under the protection of the other ranks who are to be trusted with that colour which is the soul of the regiment. For the same reason the eight "guards", as they are called, of sixty-eight men, each drawn up round the square, are mustered there in the first place *without their officers*.

Later in the ceremony, just before the actual *trooping* of the colour, it is taken from the sergeant by the regimental sergeant-major acting as a link between officers and men, and given to the ensign, or officer, who carries the colour.

At the same time the regimental sergeant-major—who can be distinguished by the Royal coat-of-arms worn above the elbow on the sleeve of his tunic—draws his sword; the only occasion on which he does so in peace-time.

Next to the King—and the colour—the most outstanding figure in the ceremony is he who bears the impressive title of field-officer-in-brigade-waiting. He directs the whole parade and is present before the King and his procession arrive, sitting his charger not far from where the colour is posted. He is the lieutenant-colonel of a Guards' battalion, and is the "Field-Officer of Foot Guards", first appointed by Charles II, to be always in waiting upon the Royal person.

Now, he is really the King's chief staff officer, in charge of all military arrangements at Court, except those which affect the Household cavalry. These are the affair of another official with a splendid title, gold-stick-in-waiting, who is also present at the trooping ceremony, riding behind the King, and who is a colonel of the Household cavalry.

Of the eight "guards" drawn up on parade, number one, on the *right* of the line, is the escort to the colour. This post on the right of the line has been the place of honour ever since Roman times, when the legionaries wore their shields on the left arm and the right arm was exposed.

Those on the extreme right were thus in the most danger, so only the bravest men were posted there. In the British Army the senior regiment present has a right to this place. In former days it was claimed also by the "crack" company of Grenadiers—all picked men.

So the Number One or "Grenadier Company" was always the colour escort, and that is why, *whichever* regiment of Guards is actually *trooping* its colour, the two tunes, "The British Grenadiers" and the "Grenadiers' March", are always used in the ceremony.

The Trooping and March Past

After the Royal procession arrives and the King has inspected the "guards", the field-officer-in-brigade-waiting gives the order: "Troop!" This sums up in one word the command: "Salute the colour by beat of drum!" which is what "trooping" really means.

There is a crash of drums in answer, followed by a splendid burst of music from the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards.

But even more thrilling and impressive is that which follows when a *single* drum, on the right of the long line of guards, beats what is known as the Drummers' Call.

At this signal the captain of Number One guard—the escort to the colour—leaves his command, handing it over to the lieutenant of the escort. This is a curious little piece of ceremonial: sometimes it is taken to mean a kind of tribute to youth, a symbol of the responsibility which the young are expected to take upon their shoulders. Or it may be a survival of the old ceremony of "Lodging the Colour"—one of the ancestors of the trooping ceremony—when the younger officer was sent by his senior to fetch or take back the colour to the place where it was "lodged" after it had been seen and saluted by the men.

When the colour has been given over by the regimental sergeant-major to its escort, there is an interesting bit of ceremonial, while "God Save the King" is played. As the escort has presented arms in salute, it would not be in a position to protect the colour, so, following ancient custom, the non-commissioned officers on the flank of each rank turn outwards and stand with their rifles held in a position of defence—port their arms, as it is called—to guard their charge.

The actual "trooping" follows, when the colour is carried along the ranks of the "guards", so that all may see and pay honour to it.

Then comes a magnificent part of the ceremony, the march past the King at the saluting-point, first in slow, afterwards in quick time, to the march tunes of all the Guards' regiments taking part, led by the Household cavalry, with gleaming breastplates and dancing helmet-plumes, clattering chargers, and piebald kettle-drum horse.

The King's colour at the head of its escort is dipped to His Majesty as it passes him, raised again ten paces afterwards. The massed bands play first one march then another as rank after rank swings past, so that it is quite possible, if one happens to know the tunes, to distinguish a regiment by ear alone—the "British Grenadiers" for the Grenadier Guards, "St. Patrick's Day" for the Irish Guards, and "Men of Harlech" for the Welsh.

Finally, there is the last part of the great pageant—almost the best of all.

The field-officer-in-brigade-waiting rides up to the King and says : " Your Guards are ready to march off, sir."

The " guard " which has been escort to the colour is the King's Guard for the day at Buckingham Palace, so it is at the head of his own Guard which carries the King's colour that His Majesty rides off the Horse Guards' Parade, accompanied now only by those in the procession who actually belong to the Brigade of Guards.

The King leads off his Guard, down the Mall, past St. James's Palace to Buckingham Palace, where the ceremony ends fittingly with a final march past and the mounting at the Palace of the King's Guard.

GAMES AND SPORTS IN THE DAYS OF "BLUFF KING HAL"

By C. LEONARD ROSS THOMAS

MUCH of our love of games and sports may be traced to the reign of Henry VIII. The burly and athletic young king—he was only eighteen when he succeeded—took the lead in almost every kind of vigorous outdoor exercise.

" England is a strong land and a sturdy, full of game and of mirth, and of men oft-times able to game and to mirth." So wrote a monk of us some three hundred years earlier, but our long foreign wars, and, still worse, civil struggles with desperate plot and counter-plot, had kept our sporting instincts somewhat in the background, until after 1509 they had the chance to break out, in what proved to be Britain's " Maytime of Games ".

Our cherished archery was now challenged by the new sport of musketry—probably learnt from the Germans — and the still more exciting pastime of pistol-shooting from horseback. But contests in long-bow shooting still persisted, and were heartily encouraged by the Government for the next hundred years and more, both outside the walls of London, and at the village butts on the green.

King Hal, eagerly pole-jumping over a ditch, fell hard into some mud, and head foremost, where he stuck. . . .

Tournaments, with every kind of mimic fighting, were held by King Hal on several occasions : he himself took part, and was no mean jouster in the lists, or combatant on foot with a quarter-staff. Londoners also had the merriment attendant upon a Royal Water Pageant, with tilting from boats, which took place on the bosom of Father Thames, in honour of the coronation of Anne Boleyn. How our rude forefathers roared when one or even both of those tilting overbalanced and fell into the water !

In the merry days of spring, the Queen and her maids-of-honour liked to ride out a-maying to the greenwoods. The King and his bodyguard of archers, or yeomen, would on such occasions appear suddenly from the trees, dressed up as Robin Hood and his cheery band of outlaws, and the ladies would feign surprise !

On each Midsummer Eve old London was wont to hold high revelry in the city streets, and so wild did some of the pranks become that the King was obliged to appoint a Royal Master of the Revels (at a salary of ten pounds !), and also to establish the famous " Marching Watch ", in order to keep the play within sporting limits.

In the darker evenings of autumn and winter, there were wonderful torchlight processions, with no less than five thousand men carrying torches, when King Hal rode forth, as he did one night to Dover Castle. Apart from our native feasts and revels, the new masquerades, masques and dances, were introduced from Italy, and were the fashionable amusement at Court and in castle hall or courtyard.

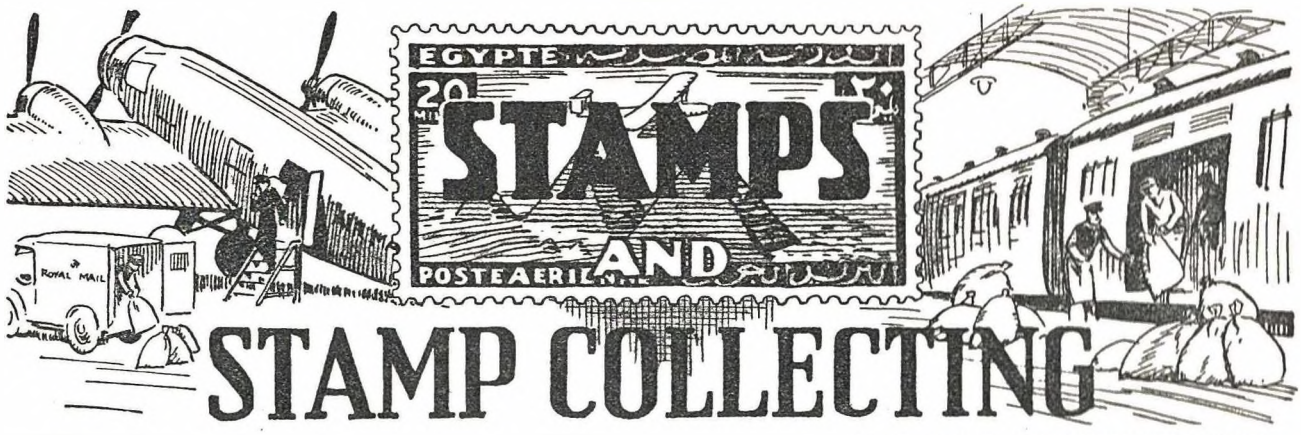
King Hal was a mighty tennis player, and this is vouched for by the Venetian ambassador in his despatches. Tennis courts were made and used, both at Westminster (where not long ago one of the original balls was found lodged in the rafters), and at Hampton Court Palace.

Out on the breezy downland both the King and Queen Anne Boleyn were ardent exponents of the sport of hawking, and on one early occasion it nearly led to the loss of our stout young sovereign. For King Hal, eagerly pole-jumping over a ditch, fell hard into some mud, and head foremost, where he stuck until extricated by an attendant. I wonder if anyone dared to smile ?

That the King was a keen wrestler is proved by his well-known encounter with King Francis I of France, and no doubt many a Cornish and Cumberland stalwart in the art was duly encouraged by the knowledge that the King himself could take part in a bout or fall.

Football is known to have been played in Ireland about the year 1527, and it is highly probable that it was played here in England, too, but in the old form of all the men of one village against all the men of the next one, and an all-day match at that ! A solid ball preceded a bladder, which itself gave way to a bladder enclosed in a leather case.

Ay, England *was* Merry England in the way of games, sports and amusements when " Bluff King Hal " was leader.



STAMP COLLECTING

Conducted by STANLEY PHILLIPS

I SEE a very large number of beginners' collections during the course of each year and also meet, or correspond with, quite a few collectors, young and old. Perhaps, therefore, it may be helpful to some readers of THE BOY'S OWN PAPER if, this month, I try to show how I think many collectors get on the wrong lines with their hobby.

I think the biggest mistake of all, and one made by a vast number of stamp collectors, is to treat the hobby in a mercenary way, as if, instead of being an amusement, it were a means of making money. Why this should be, it is hard to say. If you spend money on a model railway, you don't expect to sell it at a profit when you tire of it. If you are keen on gardening, it is not because you hope to make a fortune by selling your flowers and vegetables. If you go to the cinema, you don't imagine that, as you leave after the performance, someone will give you back your admission fee, plus something additional. In all these instances and in the case of almost every hobby or pursuit, you realise from the start that what you spend will come back *in pleasure*, not in cash—in other words, in going in for model engineering or gardening, or in paying a visit to the cinema, you are out for amusement, not profit. Why then, should you expect to make a profit out of stamp collecting?

Look at the matter from another angle. When you play a game, you play it as an amateur, and would object very strongly if, after you had scored a try or a century for your school, someone offered to pay you for doing so. If you collect stamps with the idea of money always in the back of your mind, you are really being a "pro.", not an amateur. Of course, there are some readers of the "B.O.P." who *will* be cricket or football "pros." eventually, just as one or two readers will probably be stamp dealers in later life, but that is a different thing from pretending to be an amateur and having the mercenary outlook of a "pro."

WHERE STAMP COLLECTORS GO WRONG

Mind you, I am not saying that it is impossible to make a profit out of stamp collecting. Some people who have had good luck or a lot of knowledge have done it, and others will be fortunate in the future. All I suggest is that it is foolish to spoil a jolly good hobby by thinking of it as if it were a business.

Of course, I know that a good deal of talk of stamp values among collectors is not really mercenary. They use catalogue prices as a measure of the importance of their collections, and thus have a standard of comparison. I know that when I was a young collector I used to keep an eye on catalogue prices, and was very proud of my highest-priced specimen, an extremely ugly stamp of the Australian State of Victoria, which rose in price, in course of years, from seven-and-six to half a guinea! I would not have sold it, however, for anything you could offer. All I wanted was to be able to point it out to envious friends, whose best specimen was catalogued at a mere half-crown.

When you look back in later years, as I am able to do, on a lifetime of stamp collecting or work in connection with stamps, I feel sure you will agree with me that the biggest thrills you ever had out of the hobby were the earliest ones—the waiting for that packet of cheap pictorials which was advertised in the "B.O.P."; getting away quietly into a corner to pore over its contents, where nobody could interrupt; mounting the stamps in your album, and then saving up until you could order another packet. You never imagined that that sixpenny packet was ever going to be worth a fortune, but you had a thrill from it for which in later life you would be willing to pay pounds. I know that when I was at school I got more pleasure out of a shilling packet, consisting mainly of Labuan pictorials, than I did the other day when I took my new car on the road for the first time.

The stamp collector who is obsessed by monetary considerations, goes wrong in another way, and one which ultimately hits him hard, especially if he spends a serious amount of money on his hobby. It is natural if you think in terms of money alone, to want to buy things as cheaply as possible. This is a wise plan, when you are buying things which cannot vary in quality, but experience teaches that, in other directions, cheapness is not the only thing to be considered. If you are buying furniture, you want to feel sure that, for the price you are paying, you will get chairs whose legs will not drop off after they have been sat on a few times, and a table whose top will not "come out in spots" after a few weeks' use. If you buy a stamp album, you would feel better pleased with one which cost you half a crown and lasted ten years than with one that cost two shillings and fell to pieces in eighteen months.

In buying stamps, it is not a question of wear and tear, however, but whether you are getting what you think you are. In the first place, some of those tempting bargains which are advertised so plausibly may include forgeries, or stamps which have been cleaned, repaired, or otherwise faked. Unless you have a long experience, you will not spot the "duds", and if you go on for years spending money on bargains of this kind, you can imagine how

much your collection will be worth at the end of the period.

Another point to consider when buying stamps cheaply is the question of " condition ". You will usually be invited (or perhaps " tempted " would be the better word) to buy bargains on the basis of a comparison between the price quoted and " catalogue price ".

" Catalogue Price "

Sometimes unfair comparisons are made. I have known dealers who quote a high catalogue price, knowing very well that, since the current edition of that particular catalogue has appeared, the publishers have announced a reduction in the price. One dealer even went so far as to advertise a set of so many reprints of a certain country, catalogue price so much—his price, of course, being the merest fraction of catalogue price. As the catalogue does not list or price reprints, but only the genuine stamps, I leave you to decide for yourselves whether the reference to " catalogue price " was sharp practice or not.

Tricks like these usually catch only the really foolish collectors, but where condition comes in, matters are much more difficult. The " catalogue price " is for stamps of a certain standard of condition. The catalogue will give some sort of indication of what that condition is, but it will only be vague. It may say that its prices are for stamps in really fine condition, or perhaps for stamps in average condition. This will not help you much, unless you have had a good deal of experience as a collector, so how are you going to judge of your " wonderful bargains " when they arrive ?

Suppose you have paid thirty shillings for a lot of stamps which are said to be catalogued at several pounds, and a couple of the stamps which represent two pounds' worth of catalogue value are in such poor condition that the catalogue publisher would sell them to you at one-fifth of catalogue price, you haven't got much of a bargain, have you ?

Most firms can offer you genuine bargains, on occasion, but the only way to safety for the inexperienced collector (and by " inexperienced " I mean one who has not been collecting for long, or who has not seen many stamps outside his own collection) is to find out which are the reliable firms and to do business with them alone. There are quite enough of them to give you a good choice.

Another way in which collectors go wrong—and again it is due to the mercenary spirit—is when they come to " value " their collections, as they call it. The average collector who wants to find out the value of his collection takes the most complicated catalogue he can get and sets to work. He finds he has a stamp of which there are numerous watermark and perforation varieties—one of the middle issues of such a country as New South Wales, perhaps. He may make play with a watermark detector or a perforation gauge, but in nine cases out of ten, even if he can use those useful adjuncts accurately, he will not believe the verdict they record, but will deceive himself into believing that his stamp is not one of the penny or twopenny ones, but must be that rare perf. or watermark variety catalogued at ten pounds. Over and over again I get letters from collectors who send me stamps which they claim are worth pounds, when even the ordinary use of their eyes would have told them that the stamps were the commonest variety. Whenever it comes to " valuing " everyone seems to be afflicted with a kind of wilful blindness !

In the same way, the would-be " valuer " takes no account of the condition of his stamps. A horrid object, consisting of five-eighths of a stamp, badly discoloured, and bearing a postmark so heavy that it acts as a smoke-screen to obscure any other defects there may be, is put down cheerfully at full catalogue price, though that price is probably for a stamp in fine condition, and the heavily postmarked fragment is entirely valueless.

Finally, after doing everything possible to get the wrong catalogue price for each of his specimens, the collector adds up the individual prices, gets a huge total, and is quite satisfied that he can go to the nearest stamp-shop and get just that amount, or perhaps a very little less, for his collection. He has lost sight of the important fact that " catalogue price " is *the price at which one particular dealer is willing to sell him stamps in a particular condition*, and that no trader, no matter what he deals in, can buy and sell at the same price, nor will any dealer pay good money for " crocks ".

No, dear readers, it is best to leave the money side of stamp collecting severely alone, and reckon the profits of the hobby in terms of pleasure. Regarding stamp collecting from that angle, you will feel, when you look back to your early years of collecting, that the small sums you spent on stamps were repaid a thousandfold in the amusement you had out of your hobby.

Some " Don'ts "

To conclude this article, let me deal very briefly with a few points of another kind on which stamp collectors sometimes go wrong. We will treat them as a series of " Don'ts ".

Don't use benzine for detecting watermarks near to an open fire or naked light or cigarette. Benzine vapour is highly explosive, so carelessness will probably put a speedy end to your collecting !

Don't use benzine on stamps printed by the photogravure process. Many of these lose their colour in benzine.

Don't try to find out the perforations of your stamps by counting the holes round the edges. It's the number of holes in a space of two centimetres which decides the gauge.

Don't lick your stamp hinges too lavishly. If you do, you will remove a lot of the gum from your mint stamps, and, in any case, heavily licked hinges will not peel properly, either from stamp or album page.

Don't try to move a stamp which you have put in the wrong space in your album until the hinge is absolutely dry. If you try to move it too soon, you will almost certainly damage the album page.

MODEL AEROPLANES

Launching Your Plane

WHATEVER type of model aircraft you have, its flying ability will probably depend a good deal on the way you launch it—and its life may easily depend altogether on this. Don't take risks with a plane you have just bought or made. Experiment with short glides and flights until you discover how it behaves. If you launch carelessly, you may get a smash. For extra safety take these first flights over long grass, so that a crash won't do any damage. With a fast model you may have to throw the machine to give it preliminary speed, though the very light type of flyer goes as soon as it is released. With a heavier, bigger plane a more smooth take-off is preferable.

SID G. HEDGES.

ISN'T IT ?

A youngster who was in the habit of saying " ain't " for " isn't " was reproved by his father.

A short time afterwards, on hearing his cousin use the same word, he ran to his father and exclaimed : " Dad, Ted says ' It ain't ', but it isn't ' ain't ', is it ? It's ' isn't ', ain't it ? "

(*From* P. MILNE, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.)

* * * * *

EXCUSE FOR ABSENCE FROM SCHOOL

" Kindly excuse our Ben's absence. He fell in the mud. By doing same you will greatly oblige his mother."

* * * *

THE PASSWORD

SMALL BOY (*playing at soldiers*) : " Halt ! Who goes there ? "

THE CHALLENGED ONE : " Friend, with doughnuts."

SMALL BOY : " Pass, friend. Halt, doughnuts ! "

(*From* R. S. WILMAN, Pontefract.)

* * * *

TAKEN AT HIS WORD

AFFABLE WAITER : " How did you find that steak, sir ? "

DINER : " Oh, quite accidentally. I moved that piece of potato and there it was, underneath."

(*From* W. WILKINSON, Elmwood, Ontario, Canada.)

* * * *

CARRIAGE FREE

A man with a few cases called a taxicab : " How much do you charge to the station ? "

" Three shillings," the driver answered, " but I don't charge for the luggage."

" Well, take the luggage," the man said, " I'll walk."

(*Translation of last month's French joke, sent in by* J. DODINET, Montargis, France.)

* * * * *

A STORMY STORY

Sail—
Gale—
Pale—
Rail.

(*From* D. J. LINDSAY, Monifieth.)

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
With many a gleeful caper ;
For at the town, some distance down,
They'd bought ' THE BOY'S OWN PAPER '

* * * * *

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Reading the " B.O.P."
He said, with a smile,
" It's well worth your while
To take in this paper, like me."

* * * * *

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
He could not leave his post till he
His " B.O.P." had read.

* * * * *

The way was long, the wind was cold
The " B.O.P."s had all been sold.

(*From* WILLIAM LETT, Dundee.)

A SAD STORY

A dashing young fellow named Tim
Drove his car with a great deal of vim.
Said he : " I'm renowned
For covering ground."
But, alas, now the ground covers him.

(*From* D. WOODS, Moreton.)

* * * * *

NO ANSWER

STRANGER (*accosting fisherman*) : " How are the fish to-day, old chap ? "

HE OF THE ROD : " Well, I don't know ; I dropped 'em a line, but got no reply."

(*From* T. E. BUCKLEY, Marple Bridge.)

* * * *

SAFETY FIRST

HOUSEHOLDER (*looking over fence*) : " Is this your ball, Tommy ? "

TOMMY : " Any windows broken ? "

HOUSEHOLDER : " No, Tommy."

TOMMY : " Yes, it's mine, thanks."

(*From* C. GREENAWAY, Eltham.)

* * * *

THE LINGUIST

He had just returned from a visit to Germany.

" Did you have much trouble with your German ? " a friend asked.

" None whatever," he replied ; " but the Germans did."

(*From* G. HUMPHREYS, Denbigh.)

* * * * *

FUEL ECONOMY

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR : " That's better, sir ; you ain't swallerin' so much water—doing more to the gallon, so to speak."

(*From* J. STUART, Aberdeen.)

THE CALL OF THE ROAD

THE CYCLE CAMPER

This interesting feature continues with this number, if we can be of service to any of our Readers, please do not hesitate to let us know, but remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

CAMPING AND THE NOVICE

WITH the coming of " Flaming June ", many a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—camping! He is eager to make close contact with the fresh green fields and to taste the delights of the healthiest of all open-air pastimes. And no wonder. June is a grand month, reasonably free from violent weather conditions, but with just that tang in the air which makes for buoyant spirits and real joy in living. Everything combines to make the lot of the less hardy camper so much easier. It is to novices, therefore, and to those who will be experiencing the joys of camping for the first time, that this article is particularly addressed.

Many would-be campers shrink from the pastime because they prefer the comparative comfort of their own homes; they are afraid of " roughing it ". Actually, with experience, one can be as comfortable at camp as anywhere, although I won't go so far as to advocate bringing a feather bed and a servant to do the cooking! The beginner's chief bugbears are site-finding and tent-pitching, preparing meals, and—most important—sleeplessness. Taking the latter first, there are many ways of overcoming this difficulty. A good idea is to take an ordinary linen sleeping-sack and stuff it with dry grass, straw, dead bracken or any similar material that is easily obtainable. The result will be a first-class mattress. Or, lacking the sleeping-bag, spread the material under your groundsheet. For those who feel the cold, layers of newspaper placed between blanket and groundsheet will help, as will the judicious use of a few blanket pins down the sides of your blankets. An efficient foot-warmer can be made by turning about a foot of the lower end of the bottom blanket over the top blanket and fastening it with blanket pins. This will also prevent your toes sticking out! A groundsheet is, of course, essential.

Most novices find difficulty in pitching their tents at first, even in the best of weather. If the following simple instructions are followed, the task will be considerably lessened. Having unfolded the tent (we are taking a small tent of the patrol type as an example) and laid it neatly on the ground, the first item is to insert the two poles, afterwards tying up the front tapes. Next, the two main pegs at back and front should be driven in, and after attaching the guy-line to the pegs, the tent can be lifted and the guys adjusted, taking care to see that the ridge (top) of the tent is quite taut. See that the poles are upright and exactly in line. Now get your companion to hold one corner while you take the corner on the opposite side; drive the peg in and adjust the guy (loosely), then do the same with the other corner, seeing that the front of the tent is in line with the pole. Deal with the other two corners in the same way, leaving the centre guy-lines till last; indeed, you will probably find that these are unnecessary. Remember that the tighter the centre guy-lines, so will the middle of the tent sag, thus making for less head-room inside. A ridge pole obviates sagging, or a length of thin rope will do the trick almost as well. A certain amount of peg and guy-line adjustment may be necessary when the tent is erected, but that is only a minor detail. With reference to tent pegs, you will find that " Bulldog " pegs are light and compact, and worth getting from a service point of view.

Cooking and the preparation of meals usually takes up more time than any other single item in camp-life; the question of grub is of the utmost importance if the novice is ever to become a keen camper. Lack of wholesome, well-cooked food has driven many a tenderfoot back to the trouble-free comforts of the family fold, never again to emerge. For your first few camps, therefore, take as much ready-cooked food as you can conveniently carry, and confine your cooking to simple things like fried bacon, boiled eggs and the like. In time, you will want to prepare most of your own food, and by then you will have learned enough about stoves, fires, simple cooking, and the orderly planning of camp-life generally to be able to tackle the job with confidence.

With the increased popularity of petrol, paraffin and similar stoves, the good old camp-fire seems to be dying a natural death, but it is lingering one. A wood fire needs a great deal of attention, and is often a nuisance—especially when it is too near the tent! But it has several advantages, notably the fact that one can cook several dishes on it at the same time. It costs nothing (except a lot of elbow-grease

(*Continued on page xv*)

OVERSEAS PRIZE CROSSWORD

A SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR OVERSEAS READERS

FIRST PRIZE, £1. SECOND PRIZE, 10/-. THIRD PRIZE, 5/-.

AND UNLIMITED CONSOLATION PRIZES

IN response to numerous requests, particularly from readers in Australia and other distant countries, we are commencing a series of special competitions for overseas readers only, of which this is the first. Every competitor stands an equal chance of winning a prize in this crossword competition, and we expect to receive many hundreds of entries.

The First Prize of £1 will be awarded to the sender of the first all-correct square checked after the closing date; the prizes of 10*s.* and 5*s.* will be awarded to the senders of the second and third all-correct squares respectively. *All other competitors submitting an all-correct square* will receive a SPLENDID BOOK PRIZE. In the event of not more than five all-correct squares being submitted, extra prizes may be awarded to the runners-up.

The closing date is *August 18th*, 1937, thus giving readers in the remoter parts of the globe a clear five or six weeks in which to send their entries. It will be readily understood that owing to the late closing date (and advance Press arrangements), the result cannot appear for at least four months. Prizes will, however, be forwarded at the earliest opportunity.

The Competition is *not* open to readers in the United Kingdom, Irish Free State or the Channel Islands.

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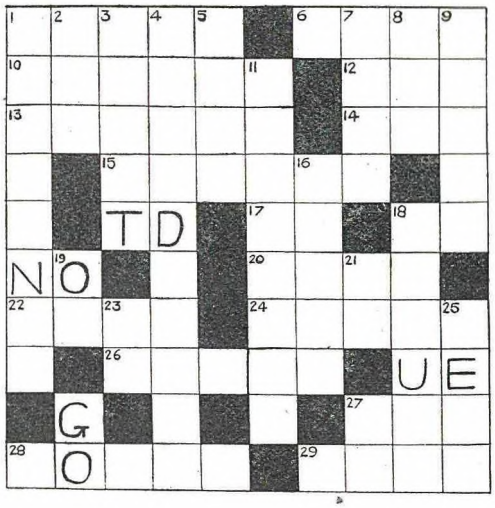

Name.....

Address .....

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JUNE, 1937.

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CLUES

ACROSS

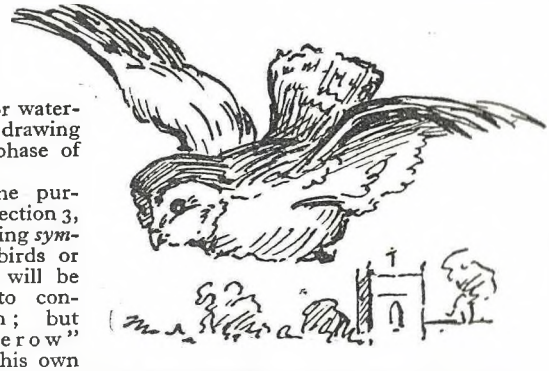
1. A religious fanatic.
6. Low-lying land.
10. Small song-bird.
12. Proscribe.
13. Awaken.
14. Female sheep.
15. Not passed over.
17. Egyptian sun-god.
18. Personal pronoun.
20. Continent.
22. Rough, hard particles.
24. Small.
26. Conclusion.
27. Period of time.
28. An escaped convict should be this.
29. Indicates contempt.

DOWN.

1. Long-legged bird.
2. The atmosphere.
3. Whip.
4. Flood.
5. Sleep.
7. In bed.
8. Statute.
9. Foe.
11. Tortoise.
16. Desert landmarks.
18. Ripe.
19. A connective.
21. The very thing (noun).
23. Supposing that.
25. "This —— of Grace."
27. Errors excepted (abbrev.).

"HEDGEROW'S NATURE COMPETITION"

BIRDS AND BIRD LIFE



HERE is the second of "Hedgerow's" new series of Nature Competitions. Each month a different aspect of Nature is given as the subject for competition, this month's subject being BIRDS AND BIRD LIFE. Divided into three sections, with a Premier Award (value 10*s.* 6*d.*) and six Consolation Prizes available in each section, the contest offers an equal chance to all readers.

Section 1. *Essay or Poem.* Can you write an essay or compose a poem (not exceeding 500 words) on any particular phase of bird life? Of course you can! Describe the song of the blackbird, the flight of a swallow, nesting habits, or any other phase of the subject that is most familiar to you.

Section 2. *Photograph.* Have you ever tried to photograph a bird sitting at its nest, or in flight? That bird-table in the garden, would it not make a good setting for a bird photograph? Get out your cameras, and see what you can do. The result may win you a handsome prize.

Section 3. *Drawing.* Here is a chance for young artists. For this section you are asked to submit a pen-and-ink, pencil, crayon, or water-colour drawing of any phase of bird life.

For the purpose of Section 3, any drawing *symbolising* birds or bird life will be taken into consideration; but "Hedgerow" will use his own discretion as to whether a particular poem, essay, photograph, or drawing can be strictly associated with the subject.

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NATURE COMPETITION COUPON

Name (in full) .....Age.....

Address (write clearly).....

.....

The attached is the original unaided effort of the above-named (*Signature of parent or guardian*)

June, 1937. .....

Cut round here

Rules

All essays, poems, and drawings must be the *original* unaided work of the competitor. Photographs must have been taken by the competitor, but printing and developing need not necessarily be his own work. The age limit is 20, and age will be taken into consideration when the entries are judged. *The Nature Competition coupon must accompany each entry.* The Editor's decision is final.

How to Enter

Send in your entry (together with coupon) to "Birds", THE BOY'S OWN PAPER, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. Closing date, July 12th, 1937. Result in September "B.O.P." **Overseas Readers are specially invited to enter for this Competition.** Overseas entries received after the above closing date will be judged with the next month's entries, irrespective of subject, and special prizes will be awarded.

(Concluding " Camping and the Novice ")

when the pots have to be cleaned), and who, having spent happy hours round a camp-fire at close of day, can imagine having a sing-song round a petrol stove? Perish the thought.

With a little judicious planning, however, a paraffin or similar stove, such as the " Monitor ", can be used with advantage. Unless your stove is a very large one, you will find that there is space for only one utensil at a time ; therefore, ways and means must be planned beforehand. For instance, take a typical menu of boiled potatoes and peas, with fried bacon, followed by custard and pineapple. The potatoes and peas can be cooked together, as they both take about twenty minutes (if you want to keep the peas separate, tie them loosely in a piece of muslin—allowing for swelling), and while waiting for these you can be opening the tin of pineapple and mixing the custard powder with a little milk for the custard. When the vegetables are ready, strain them, and put aside in the saucepan until the bacon is fried. The milk for the custard will not take long to boil and will need some attention, so it is best to leave it until you have finished your first " course ", after which the custard will take only five or ten minutes to prepare.

All this sounds rather involved to some of you, no doubt, but it is really quite a simple business, and umpteen other meals can be similarly planned so as to get the most out of your stove.

THE BOY'S OWN NOTICE BOARD

This Notice Board is your affair. Pinned on it, as it were, will be items concerning your own activities. Club-ites who receive interesting letters from pen-pals abroad, Skywaymen who have broken records or machines, might send extracts to me. If of general interest—and if there's room—it will be pinned on the board. Mark all letters and postcards : " Notice Board ", and address to " The Boy's Own Paper ", 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Spot the Date. Douglas Scott, of Dundas, Ontario, informs me that Club-ites who receive letters from pen-pals in Canada with one of the new 3-cent stamps on the envelope, can, by the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass, see the number 1937 engraved vertically above the " 3 cents ", on the left-hand side of the stamp. Try it.

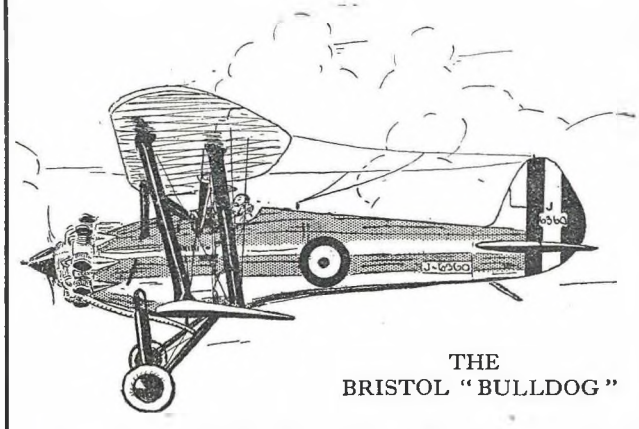
CLUB NOTES

Chain of " Corries ". Bernard Stanley, of Sheffield, writes : " I have just received my April ' B.O.P.', for which I thank you. In it I see that my Canadian corrie, Allan Wilmot, has told you we are firm friends. This is perfectly true, and I would like to add that we have another pen-pal in South Wales. We three are aiming to get a chain of ' corries ' throughout the British Empire, bringing in more and more ' B.O.P.'-ites as we go on. I, also, thank the good old ' B.O.P.' for my corresponding happiness."

Correspondence Section. This section is open only to Club members. Full details are sent to all new members ; they will be sent to existing members post free upon request. The following wish to correspond with fellow members in the countries indicated :—

5391. *D. S. Maharaj (SOUTH AFRICA, 19)—Anywhere.
5891. R. Targett (ENGLAND, 15)—France.
6186. *A. Lines (ENGLAND, 14)—Anywhere.
6275. *R. Chagnot (ENGLAND 13)—British Empire.
6512. *R. Lyon (LONDON, ENGLAND, 12)—British Colonies.
6865. W. McKay (SCOTLAND, 15)—Australia, U.S.A., France.
6956. *D. J. Doughty (ENGLAND, 15.6)—British Empire (especially Aden, South Africa, Canada).
7003. (Miss) P. Weedon (ENGLAND, 14)—Canada, U.S.A., South America.
7029. G. Cooper (ENGLAND, 15.9)—Anywhere, except British Isles.
7052. R. F. Sanderson (ENGLAND, 14)—California.
7211. D. McVey (SCOTLAND, 12)—India, Australia.
7463. J. D. Parnaby (ENGLAND, 13)—Anywhere.
7547. R. C. Adams (ENGLAND, 14)—U.S.A., Canada, Australia.
7551. R. G. Brown (ENGLAND, 10.10)—Nigeria, Australia, New Zealand.
7757. D. Venables (ENGLAND, 16)—British Colonies.
7832. G. Hamilton (SCOTLAND, 13)—France, Germany, Spain.
7860. G. Haughey (ENGLAND, 13)—Anywhere except British Isles.
7880. T. J. Moosajee (KENYA, 12)—Anywhere.
7936. *D. Henderson (ENGLAND, 16)—New Zealand, India, British West Indies.
7944. *J. G. Simpson (ENGLAND, 13.8)—Anywhere.
7987. D. C. Barker (ENGLAND, 14)—India, Canada.
8016. L. T. Chee (PENANG, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, 15)—Italy, Germany, China, or elsewhere.
8017. D. E. Mortimer (ENGLAND, 16)—India, Egypt, Canada.
8118. *(Miss) T. Stokes (FRANCE, 14.6)—Anywhere.
8129. *C. Bagley (ENGLAND, 15.3)—British Empire.
8043. *I. Stuart (ENGLAND, 10)—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa.
8054. *G. Nakoozie (SOUTH AFRICA, 16)—France, Far East, Australia.
8060. *A. G. Kendall (CANADA, 14)—British Colonies (not England).
8070. *W. Hocking (ENGLAND, 13)—British Empire, except Canada and Australia.
8114. *R. G. Johnson (ENGLAND, 14.6)—U.S.A., Australia.
8120. A. C. Fairhead (ENGLAND, 14)—British Empire.
8163. (Miss) M. Mason (ENGLAND, 15)—France, Malaya, South Africa.
8206. *G. D. Ditcham (ENGLAND, 14)—British West Indies, Rhodesia, Kenya.
8214. J. Morritt (ENGLAND, 15)—U.S.A., Belgium, Egypt.
8215. A. B. Smith (SCOTLAND, 17)—South Africa, British West Indies Seychelles.
8222. *L. B. Usher (ENGLAND, 13)—Newfoundland, St. Helena.
8227. B. bin Lahamin (MALAYA, 17)—Anywhere.
8234. R. L. Brewster (ENGLAND, 15)—Australia, South Africa, North America.
8235. R. W. Litchfield ENGLAND, 15)—U.S.A., Newfoundland, England.
8240. *K. Case (LONDON, ENGLAND, 12)—New Zealand.
8244. *E G. Peters (ENGLAND, 24.6)—British Empire, British Isles.
8246. *F. V. Scholey (ENGLAND, 15)—Anywhere.
8249. *L. B. Thorne (ENGLAND, 30)—Canada, Australia, New Zealand.
8253. W. H. Lowry (U.S.A., 15.8)—England and anywhere.
8268. R. Coleman (ENGLAND, 14.10)—Anywhere.
8281. *A. G. Root (ENGLAND, 13)—British Empire, especially British West Indies.
8286. D. Winter (ENGLAND, 15)—N.W. India, U.S.A., Burma.
9298. P. Walker (ENGLAND, 10.9)—India, South Africa, Holland.
8313. *A. J. Fisk (LONDON, ENGLAND, 14.3)—Canada.
8318. F. Spencer (ENGLAND, 16)—Anywhere abroad.
8320. T. Smith (ENGLAND, 13.6)—Anywhere.
8322. *A. Longbottom (ENGLAND, 16.6)—Canada, Greece, Gold Coast.
8383. *R. D. Turner (ENGLAND 12)—British Colonies.

* Indicates Stamp Collector.



THE BRISTOL " BULLDOG "

The Bristol " Bulldog " was one of the commonest of all fighting aircraft, but speedier aeroplanes are now taking its place. Its top speed is 174 m.p.h., as compared with the Hawker " Fury's " 214 m.p.h. The power plant is a 450 h.p. Bristol " Jupiter VIIF " nine-cylinder engine, which can carry up to 3,490 lbs. It is armed with two Vickers guns, which are mounted on either side of the fuselage and fire through the airscrew. (Sketch and description by Skywayman-Pilot R. Kerridge—2158—of Holt, Norfolk, who will receive the usual award of 2s. 6d.)

Members wishing to write to any of the above should write to the Editor, enclosing a stamped and sealed letter for their desired pen-pal (whose number, as well as their own, MUST be quoted), and he will then undertake to forward it direct. Members living abroad should enclose an Imperial or International Reply Coupon to cover postage. LETTERS NOT FORWARDED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ABOVE INSTRUCTIONS WILL BE RETURNED TO THE SENDER. NON-MEMBERS, PLEASE NOTE.

Correspondence. Full particulars of the Youth Hostels Association can be obtained from the National Office, Trevelyan House, Church Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. (*Reply to various enquirers.*)

Full instructions for making a Canvas Canoe are contained in " Canoes, Dinghies and Sailing Punts " (" B.O.P." Office, 1s. 6d., postage 3d. extra). This practical manual is edited by Geoffrey Prout, the " B.O.P." Boating, Canoeing and Sailing Expert. (*Reply to* F. DICKSON, Cockermouth.)

CAREERS BUREAU.

Readers requiring advice on Careers should write to our Careers Expert, who will be pleased to give all possible assistance. Address your letter to Careers Bureau, " B.O.P." Office, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

THE BOY'S OWN NOTICE BOARD

THE "B.O.P." FLYING LEAGUE

Skywaymen Information Bureau. The Skywaymen Information Bureau has been established in order to help those members of the Flying League who desire information on any subject connected with model aeronautics and aviation generally. Non-technical queries regarding books, materials, blue prints, construction kits, etc., are answered by the Skywayman-in-Chief. The Skywayman-Adviser, Mr. H. J. C. Harper, A.M.Inst.C.E., who has an extensive knowledge of all branches of aeronautics, is in charge of the Technical Department, and will answer all queries relating to technical points in model aeroplane construction, aero engines, types of aircraft, etc. *A tamped and addressed envelope must accompany each query.*

"Scud" Model Aeroplanes have achieved a deservedly high reputation among discriminating model flyers, and I have pleasure in bringing some of their latest models to your notice. The Scud Coronation model meets the popular demand for a low-priced fuselage model. It is extremely easy to fly and owing to its unique construction is practically crash-proof. The wing span is 17½ ins. and the machine will fly distances up to 650 ft. Attractively coloured in red, white and blue, the price is only 5*s.* 6*d.* The Pixie spar monoplane (2*s.*) weighs less than 2 oz. and yet gives a remarkable performance. Other Scud models include the Envoy monoplane (12*s.* 6*d.*), which flies for over 50 secs., and reaches a speed of 14 m.p.h., and the Silver Swallow monoplane (£1 1*s.*), which is capable of long flights up to half a mile. The Scud Sailplane (17*s.* 6*d.*) is the only machine of its type and has the performance and appearance of a real sailplane. When correctly trimmed and launched and under suitable weather conditions, it will soar distances of two miles and over. Full details of these and other models will be sent post free to any "B.O.P." reader on application to *Messrs. Scud Models, Ltd., Lovaine Crescent Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne,* 2.—THE SKYWAYMAN-IN-CHIEF.

Questions and Answers. Q.—*How can I make my model fly higher?*

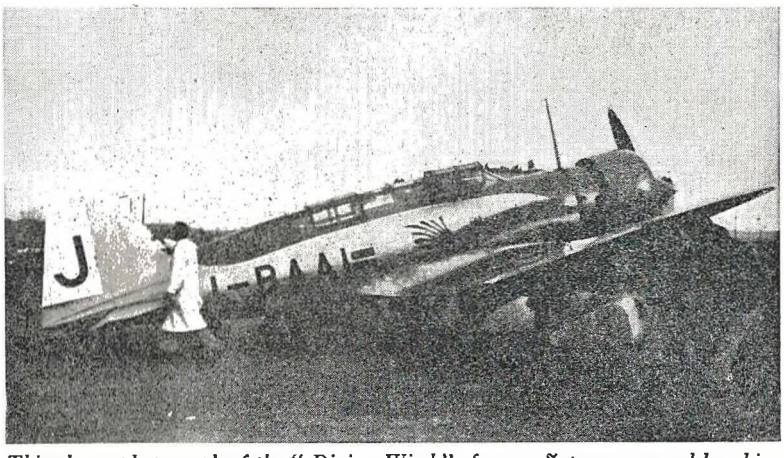
A.—In order to gain height you need to increase the angle of incidence. The angle at which the greatest lift is obtained depends upon the shape of the wing section. It is usually about 16–18 degrees. The best climbing angle is about 12–14 degrees.

Night Flying.—"I decided to do some night flying," writes Skywayman-Rigger-Pilot L. Harlow, of Walthamstow, "so I went to a nearby field, wound the model up, and set it on the ground. The result was thrilling. With a whirr of the prop. the model gathered speed and rose into the air. I could just see the moonlight gleaming on its silvery wings as it climbed higher and higher, outlined against the moon like a big black bird. . . . It makes a change from daylight flying, but I have to take a powerful torch with me, as 'out of sight' flights are very common." Harlow tells me that "the usual flock of small boys seem to materialise from nowhere" on these occasions, when he hoped to be free of spectators, but he sportingly adds: "Still, they may be model flyers themselves later on, so I don't discourage them from watching." A special prize has been awarded to Harlow for this interesting contribution.

Facts and Figures for Flying "Fans". The "Robot-plane or Queen Bee" is only used by Great Britain, and it is unlikely that it will be sold abroad. Other countries will have to produce their own design. The Q.B. was designed by the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, and is not any one man's invention.

The motor-cannon fires a small shell and would consequently do more damage than a machine-gun bullet. It is incorporated with the engine, so that it fires through the airscrew shaft. With its slow rate of fire it would be difficult to use an interrupter gear, as is done with a machine-gun.

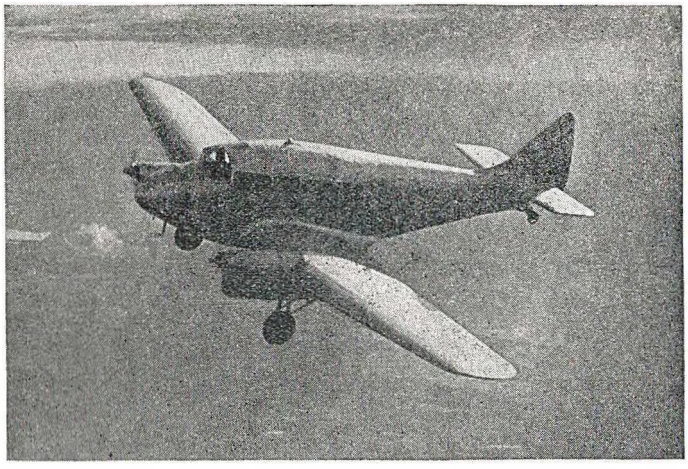
For operation by synchronising gear, the automatic firing gear of the Vickers gun is removed and the gun is fired by pressing a trigger on the pilot's control column through pulsations of oil in a system of pipes in such a manner that the gun is not fired when a blade of the airscrew is in the line of fire. There is a special cam gear on the engine driving the impulse generators and these impulses are only generated when the airscrew is not in the path of the bullet.



This clever photograph of the "Divine Wind", famous Japanese record-breaking plane, was taken at Croydon Aerodrome by Reader Percy Nightingale, of Thornton Heath, who writes: "As it is a side view, I thought it would be a help to Skywaymen who wished to make a model of it!" Many thanks, Nightingale. (2*s.* 6*d.* award.)

Hints for Aeromodellers.—*Power-Driven Models.* "Power-Driven Model Aircraft," by F. J. Camm (George Newnes, 1*s.* net), contains much useful information on petrol engines, compressed-air engines, and other power plant. Of course, rubber motors are the cheapest and give good results; for instance, the "Duraplane" described in the "New Model Aeroplane Manual", by Sparey and Rippon (Percival Marshall & Co., 3*s.* net), made a flight of 9 mins. 14 secs. Power-driven models have to be larger, of course, owing to the extra weight, and more space is required to fly them.—THE SKYWAYMAN-ADVISER.

FOR YOUR SCRAP-BOOK



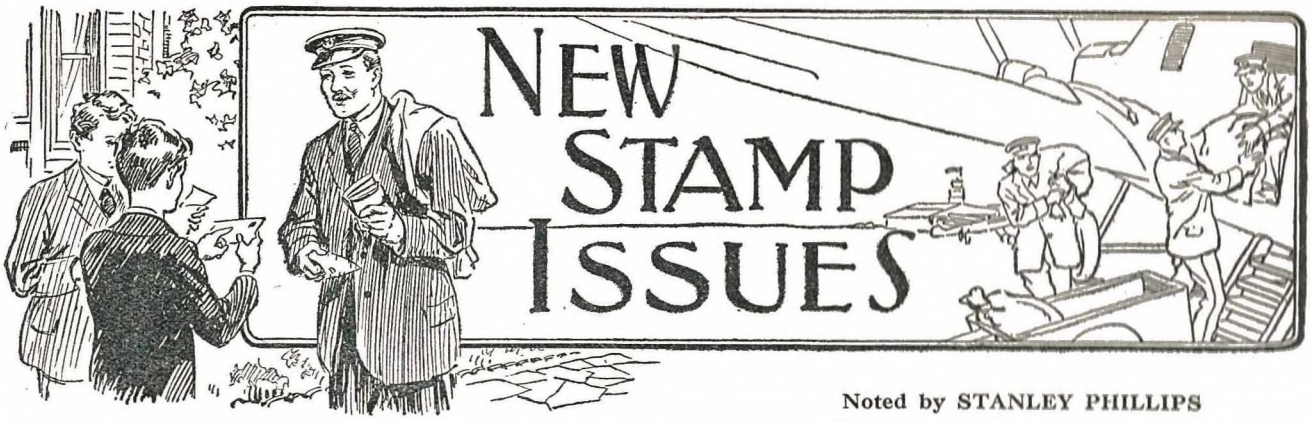
No. 2. THE PEREGRINE

"Peregrine" is the first Phillips & Powis twin-engine aeroplane. Carries two pilots and six passengers. Two Gipsy Six Series II engines and D.H.-Hamilton v.p. airscrew. Electric engine-starter. Retractable undercarriage. Top speed 180 m.p.h. Cruising speed 160 m.p.h.

NOTES

FULL DETAILS OF THE "B.O.P." CLUB AND THE "B.O.P." FLYING LEAGUE CAN BE OBTAINED BY APPLYING TO THE EDITOR, 4, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

A SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR SKYWAYMEN WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.



Noted by STANLEY PHILLIPS

CORONATION STAMPS. These notes are being written some weeks before the Coronation, so I am still unable to illustrate any of the special stamps. It is true that Papua has sent out a sample of her Coronation stamp design, but it is so feeble and utterly unworthy that I do not propose to immortalise it in the pages of the "B.O.P." The portrait of the King is not too bad, perhaps, but the lettering, scattered about without any regard for artistic balance, is in several different styles and the cumulative effect is indescribably sloppy.

Aden's first stamp.

There were rumours that our own country was only to have high-value Coronation stamps, which would have been a pity, as everyone wants to be able to buy these stamps and we cannot all afford to buy 6*d.* and 1*s.* values. However, the authorities changed their minds and have decided to issue a special 1½*d.* stamp only. Some low values of the regular King George VI series will also be issued at Coronation time.

South Africa's Coronation design is rather better than Papua's, and if properly printed may prove popular, though it cannot be called a work of genius. It must be remembered, however, that neither designers nor printers have had much time to get these special stamps ready, so we must be prepared for some rather makeshift efforts.

Canada is not going to have many Coronation stamps, but has made up for this by being the first part of the Empire to issue stamps bearing the portrait of King George VI. I cannot illustrate them, as they have not yet arrived.

Australia has decided not to have any Coronation stamps, but will issue some King George portrait stamps for regular use at about the time of the great event.

Perhaps some readers are wondering what constitutes a "Coronation" stamp and are asking themselves: "Why is not a King George VI portrait stamp, which is issued on Coronation Day, a Coronation stamp?" The distinction is that a Coronation stamp is commemorative in character and, after it has been in issue for a limited period, will be withdrawn from use. There will, of course, be hundreds of King George stamps eventually, forming part of the regular postal issues of the Dominions and Colonies concerned, but even if they appear on Coronation Day, they will not be Coronation stamps.

Two New Stamp-Issuing Countries. Two issues of stamps owe their origin to the new Act which gives self-government to India. The separation of Burma from India has rendered it necessary for the country to have stamps of its own. The first issue is a stop-gap one, formed by overprinting Indian stamps, but we may look forward to an attractive pictorial set later, when Burma gets into its stride.

A Hyderabad Jubilee stamp.

The other newcomer, Aden, has been governed from India for many years, though, as every reader knows, it is in Arabia, at the entrance to the Red Sea. Now it is to be ruled from London, and it has been given a handsome new issue of stamps, all of large and quite unpractical size, but nicely designed so that the stamp collector may do his share in contributing to the local revenue.

The central picture shows one of the local sailing craft with a peep at Aden in the background, while the borders are adorned with deadly-looking daggers.

Another Silver Jubilee. Hyderabad, whose Nizam is one of the greatest princes of India, has been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. This was to have been done last year, but the death of King George V caused the rejoicings to be postponed.

The four special stamps issued on this occasion show buildings erected during the Nizam's progressive reign, three of which bear his name. They are the Osmania University, the Osmania Jubilee Hall, the Unani Hospital, and the Osmania General Hospital.

Some New "Zoo" Stamps. The Mozambique Company rules over a wide territory in Portuguese Africa and has already given us some very attractive pictorial stamps, but these are not to be compared with the really beautiful set that has just been issued.

A Mozambique "Zoo" stamp.

On the 1-c. stamp is our friend the giraffe, usually associated in the stamp album with Portuguese Nyasa. The 5-c. has a view of some curious native huts, while on the 10-c. there is a picture of an Arab dhow. The 15-c. design takes us back into the past, as it shows the fortress of San Gaetano at Sofala, built in the sixteenth century by one of the early adventurers.

The 20-c. introduces us to Burchell's zebra and the next four values, all of which are triangular in shape, are reminiscent of Liberia, particularly the 30-c., which illustrates a fearsome-looking python. The 40-c. is devoted to a picture of the white rhinoceros, which is shown in black on the stamp, the 45-c. shows a rather surprised lion, and the fourth triangular, the 50-c., adds a crocodile to our reptile house.

First Hitler stamp.

On the 60-c. is a leopard, the 70-c. shows a native with water-pot on his (or her) head, the 80-c. has a very good hippopotamus scene, and the 85-c. and 1-escudo (both triangulars) depict Vasco da Gama's ship and a native in a canoe respectively.

No African pictorial set would be complete without a view of palm trees, so the 1-e. 40-c. is allotted to this subject. The 2-e. is another triangular, with a picture of the Kudu antelope, and the 5-e. depicts the new Zambezi bridge, which has already figured on an earlier stamp. Another "ancient monument"—an archway this time—is shown on the 10-e., and the highest value, the 20-e., reproduces the Arms of the Company.

This is a fine set, and though not all the subjects are new, it is one to get when you can, if you like pictorials.

Hitler Portrait Stamps. The likeness of the Führer appears for the first time on some stamps recently issued in Germany. They are in sheets of four stamps and bear a very haggard likeness of the ruler of Germany. When the King Edward VIII stamps were issued, many people saw an unfortunate omen in the fact that the King's head was cut off sharply at the neck and that he was looking forward into darkness. I wonder what such folks will say about the new Hitler stamps, for in this case there is hardly any sign of a neck at all, and the head is surrounded by almost unrelieved darkness.

Dutch Jamboree Stamp.

Jamboree Stamps. Holland has issued special stamps in connection with the World Jamboree of 1937. Unfortunately the designs, though artistic, are symbolical rather than pictorial, so, though every scout will want them, they will not add any new pictures of scouting to our collections.

STAMP REVIEW

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST BRILLIANT STAMP MAGAZINE.

4d. MONTHLY

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

OVER THE PAGE FOR MORE STAMP BARGAINS

THE CORONATION AND NEW ISSUE PACKET FREE

You must send for this historical packet immediately. It includes one of the CORONATION Cayman Island stamps depicting our newly crowned King and Queen, also one of the Duke of Windsor, a fine equestrian Jubilee stamp of King George V, and another of Queen Mary, an old Great Britain (nearly 96 years), many sets including Bohemia, Magyar, Canadians and Australians. Finally 4 beautiful Montenegro stamps, and 24 other varieties. Just send 2d. postage requesting approvals.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND (B.O.P.), LIVERPOOL, 3.

SPRING CLEARING!

I am clearing the remains of packets sent out on my "PICK YOUR OWN" terms. These packets contain 500—700 stamps all different, all world. My price to clear is **2/6** per packet, post free. I have only a limited quantity to clear, so early application is essential.

DON'T DELAY, SEND TO-DAY AND GET YOUR BARGAIN PACKET RIGHT AWAY.

A. E. W. LANGLEY, Member J.P.S., P.T.S., Dept. C., 243, Narborough Rd., Leicester.

CORONATION STAMPS FREE

40 Commemorative, British Colonial & Air Mail Stamps, including ADEN (Native boat), Large pictorial Nigeria, Belgium (Queen Astrid and Prince), 7 Air Mail Stamps, Cyprus, etc. A wonderful packet offered as an advertisement for 6d. To all purchasers of this packet who ask to see our bargain approval sheets and add 2d. for postage we will present 5 Colonial Coronation Stamps (portraits of King George & Queen Elizabeth). Only one packet and gift can be supplied to each applicant.

STOCKTON & CO.,
" Glendale," NORTH MIMMS, HERTFORDSHIRE.

SOMETHING NEW!

120 different stamps—cat. over 10/-, used and unused—many uncommon—mounted in booklet—7½d.

APPROVALS—real bargains 3 a 1d. State requirements—Foreign or Colonial.

H. A. CRAWFORD, 22, Green Moor Link, Winchmore Hill, N.21

CORONATION!

Complete mint set from 45 Colonies, 135 stamps 27/-
One Stamp from each Colony 5/-
Specially printed loose-leaf Coronation Album 6/-
Post free inland. Cash with order.

D. E. White, 17, Upland Road, London, S.E.22.

UNUSED JUBILEES.

Dominica 1d., Barbados 1d., Grenada 1d., Gold Coast 1d., Bechuanaland 1d., St. Vincent 1d., Antigua 1d., Leeward Is. 1d., Morocco Ag. (Fr.) 5c., Montserrat 1d., Jamaica 1d., Falklands 1d., Swaziland 1d.—3d. each. Mauritas 6c.—4d. Gilbert & Ellice 1d.—2/-. Postage 1½d. extra.

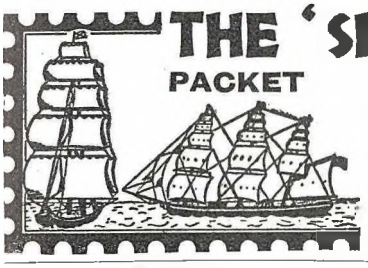
M. RATCLIFFE, 18, Micheldever Rd., LEE, S.E.12

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS

KING GEORGE VI

The three Canadians issued on April 1st, which were the first stamps of the new reign, and 25 other Colonials, including pictures of the Duke of Windsor and his three predecessors on the throne, sent free to all genuine applicants for approvals enclosing 2d. postage.

R. D. HARRISON, ROYDON, WARE



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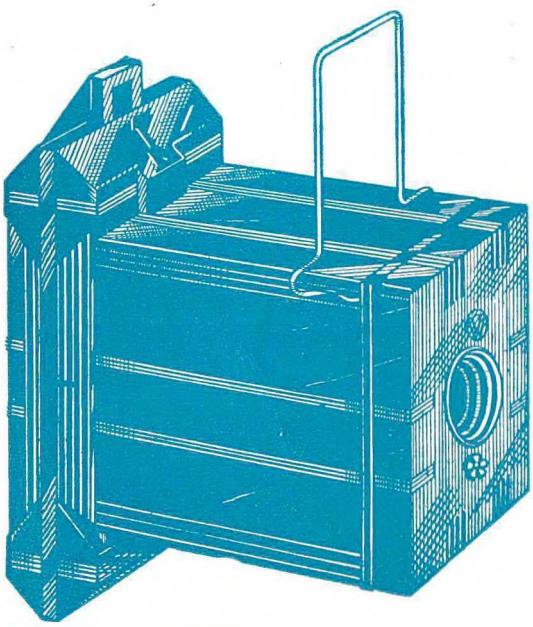

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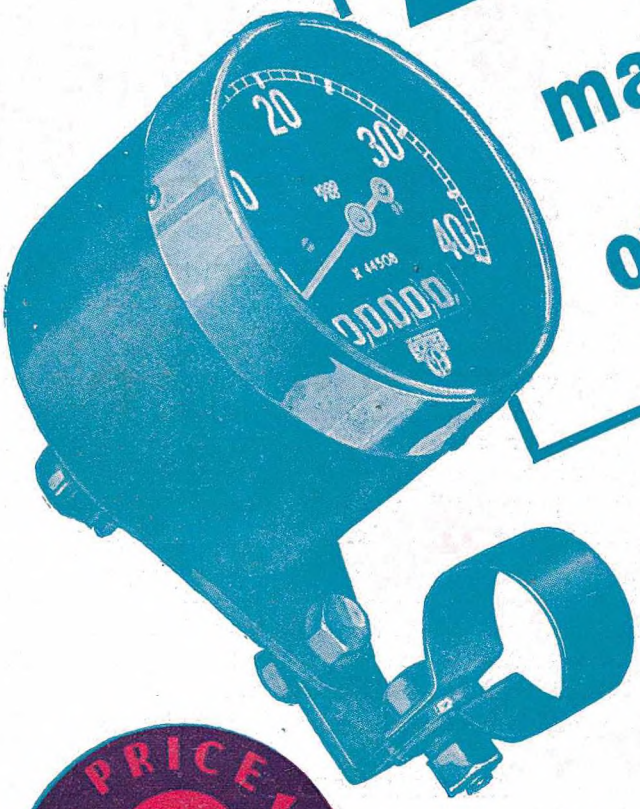

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